May 29, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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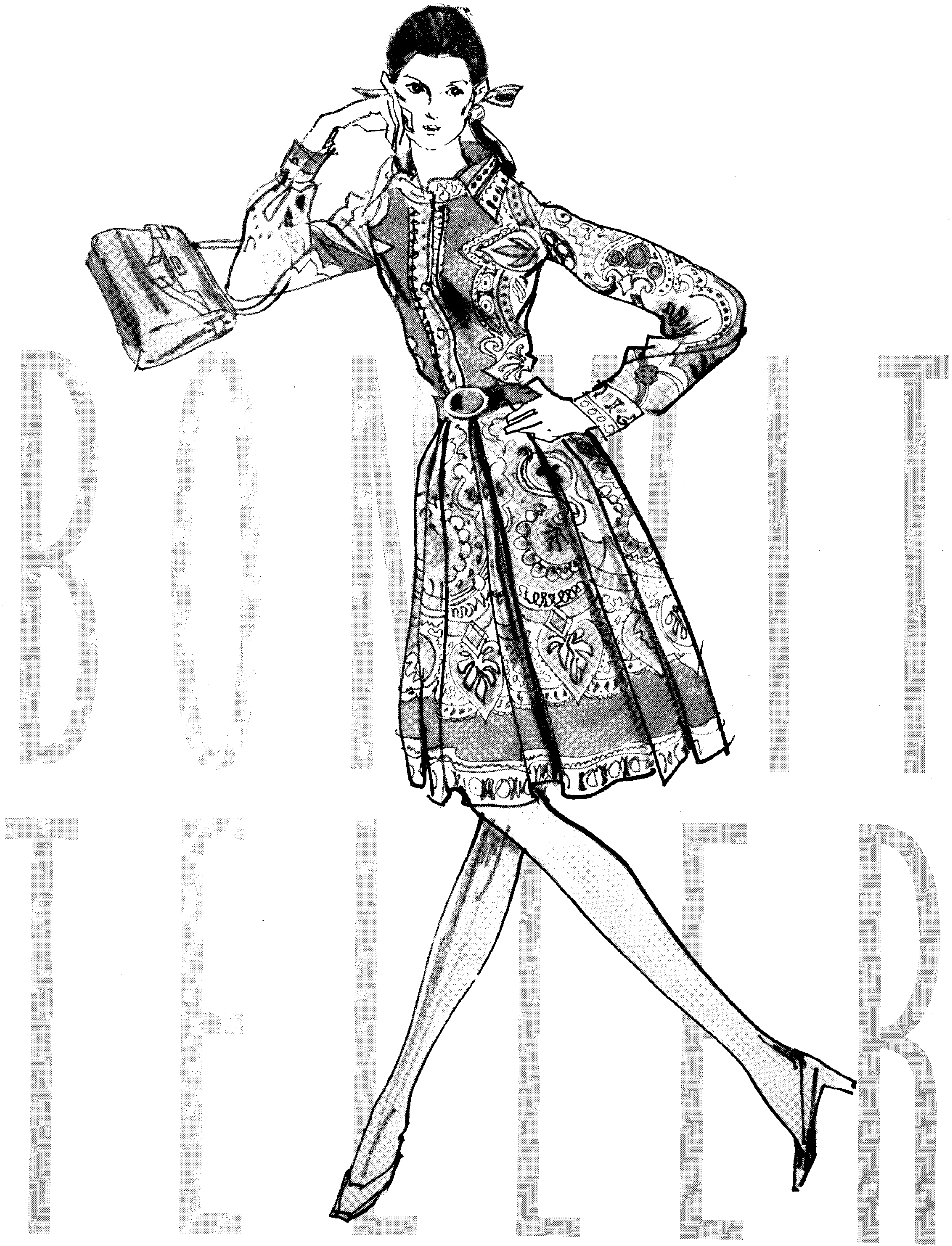

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Memorial Day holiday, which will be observed on Monday, May 31. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned play by Paul Zindel about three unpleasant sisters. With Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Julie Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Any Resemblance to Persons Living or Dead . . .—A comedy by Elliott Caplin. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 777-1690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Back Bog Beast Bait—A play by Sam Shepard. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 5.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This first play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Homecoming—A rather superficial production of Harold Pinter's acrid, enigmatic domestic comedy, but with a good performance by Danny Sewell. Also with Janice Rule, Tony Tanner, and Eric Berry. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A dreary domestic comedy, written in English in England and now translated into coarse and unfunny American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lenny—A play by Julian Barry based on the life and words of Lenny Bruce. With Cliff Gorman, Tresa Hughes, and Jane House. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Opens Wednesday, May 26. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31.)

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Long Day's Journey Into Night—A triumph. Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sophocles' **Antigone:** A conscientious attempt to do justice to a very great play. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Ride a Black Horse—A play by John Scott, the last in this season's series of offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The School for Wives—Brian Bedford plays a man so obsessed with the need not to be cuckolded that he would sooner stop the world than risk an ordinary marriage. The translation of Molière's delightful comedy is by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—**The Metamorphoses:** Ovid is well served by a company of handsome young people who know how to turn

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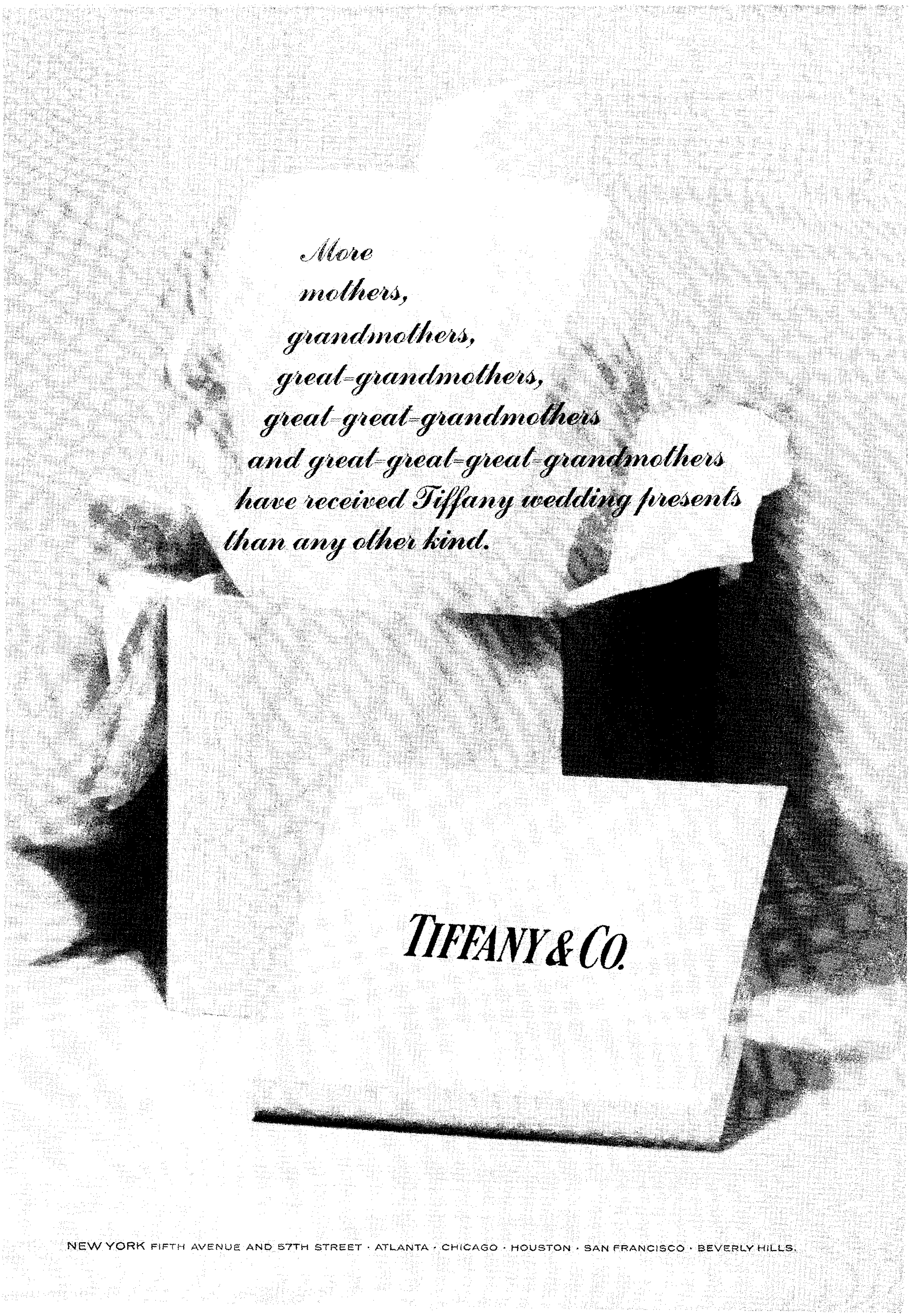
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

his wit into play. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **STORY THEATRE:** In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

SUBJECT TO FITS—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 4 and 7:30. Moves on Wednesday evening, June 2, to the Lyceum Theatre, 45th St., E., JU 2-3897, where performances will be nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TWO BY IBSEN—A DOLL'S HOUSE: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Wednesday, June 2. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

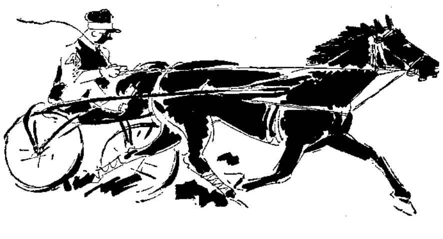
THE WANDERERS—Mabel Mercer, Marian Mercer, and Nancy Andrews in six playlets taken from the stories of Eudora Welty. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Monday, May 31, at 7:30.)

WOYZECK—Georg Büchner's play. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 674-1430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 9:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 2.). . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 3.)

MUSICALS

FOLLIES—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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GODSPELL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO, NO, NANETTE—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —You're not a believer, are you? Haines asked. I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the word. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me, Stephen said. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** The Kellynch estate should be transmitted whole and entire, as he had received it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Their two confidential friends, Mr. Shepherd, who lived in the neighbouring market town, and Lady Russell, were called on to advise them. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 3.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** And both father and daughter seemed to expect that something should be struck out by one or the other to remove their embarrassments and reduce their expenditure, without involving the loss of any indulgence of taste or pride. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 2:30.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. Reopens Tuesday, June 1. Previews through Sunday, May 30. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 26, at 8: "Fantasies," "Illuminations," "Octandre," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 8: "Dim Lustre" and "The Goldberg Variations" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 8: "Illuminations" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Octandre," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 1: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 7: "Symphony in C" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 1, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Allegro Brillante," "Octandre," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 2, at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Four Last Songs," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "PAMTGG" (première), and "Illuminations.". . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: "Prodigal Son," "Dim Lustre," and "Episodes.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, May 26; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 27-28; and Saturday matinée, May 29: "The Taming of the Shrew.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 26, and Saturday evening, May 29: "Mozart Concerto," "Divertissements," and "The Seasons." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—By closing time on Monday, May 31, some of the inhabitants will have been up

I say this
because I, too,
am a businessman.

**Guten Tag
smiling flight crews on
Lufthansa
German Airlines:**

You will treat businessmen
on their way to Germany
even better than you treat me,
The Red Baron.

And I run this airline.

The Red Baron

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in the air for nine weeks. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 2 and 7:30; Saturday at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sunday at 1:15 and 5:30; and Monday at 1 and 5:30. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comic Albert Brooks will be in this tenebrous room through Monday, May 31. On Wednesday, June 2, keyboard specialist and composer Herbie Hancock (he wrote "Watermelon Man") will arrive, along with singer Jackie Lomax. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The current bandwagon contains a mixture of jazz and soul food, and this new spot makes pretty good use of both. On Wednesday, May 26, Bob Sardo will play piano. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2, Hal Waters will play guitar. Thursdays through Sundays, May 27-30 and June 3-6, Cedar Walton will be at the piano, along with a bassist and a drummer. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz from ten to two, usually on electric piano and bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One by one, the characters who long ago haunted Café Society Uptown and Downtown return, under the aegis of Barney Josephson, their original mentor, to the scene of their prime. Now it is Susan Reed, soft of voice and dreamy of zither. Quite another form of revivalism is provided by Sammy Price, a peer of the boogie-woogie regime. Eight until one is their stint. Sundays, though, are the property, from seven to twelve, of Dill Jones and his piano. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—A new-old coffeehouse that opened recently at the site of the extinct Café au Go Go. The brick walls and the wooden benches remain, and cider is still the strongest drink. Through Sunday, May 30, the bill will include Dizzy Gillespie's band and ten musicians known as Earth, Wind, and Fire. On Wednesday, June 2, Rita Coolidge, a former associate of Delaney and Bonnie and of Joe Cocker, will come in to sing. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where the jazz guitar is apotheosized five nights a week. Wednesday through Sunday, May 26-30, Carl Thompson will be working with a bassist. On Wednesday, June 2, Joe Puma and a bass-playing friend will take over. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Restricted amounts of soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The J.P.J. Quartet (with Budd Johnson, Oliver Jackson, Bill Pemberton, and Dill Jones) will be onstage through Sunday, May 30. On Tuesday, June 1, the tried-and-true Zoot Sims quartet will come mainstreaming in again. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band will perform. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are coöperating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, tenor player Yaya will lead a quartet. On Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire is up. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—An outfit called Circle (with Chick Corea, Barry Altschul, David Holland, and Anthony Braxton) performs through Sunday, May 30. Guitarist Larry Coryell—who straddles jazz and rock with aplomb—brings in his quartet on Tuesday, June 1. The room is a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Starting at about nine-thirty, pianist Ahmad Jamal conducts a trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when the sound is Latin. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pharoah Sanders, a multifaceted reed man with mystical ideas about music, leads his quintet through Sunday, May 30. On Tuesday, June 1, drummer Elvin Jones, polyrhythmic and powerful, will move in with his quartet. Mondays are reserved for the mighty Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

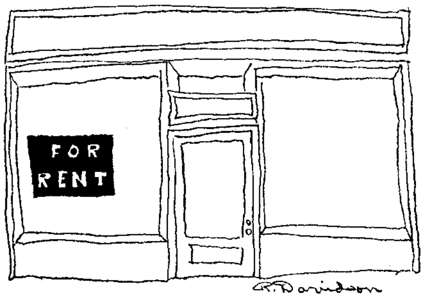
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, May 30, trombonist Conrad Janis and clarinettist Sal Pace will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoopla and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—A designer on a Moorish trip must have dreamed this one up, with its series of ornamental arches. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.



Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. What is all this? A transmogrified evocation of the late eighteenth century, apparently. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help set it. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only roast beef is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it), then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the décor. The records are varied and danceable. Cody Marshall sings thrice nightly through Saturday, May 29, after which the Zaras move in to do American pop with a Spanish veneer. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Emmis alternates with preserved music. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along, but on fewer nights than formerly, the doors being open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations are recommended, despite the doorkeeper's occasional lapses of memory.

BIG DEALS

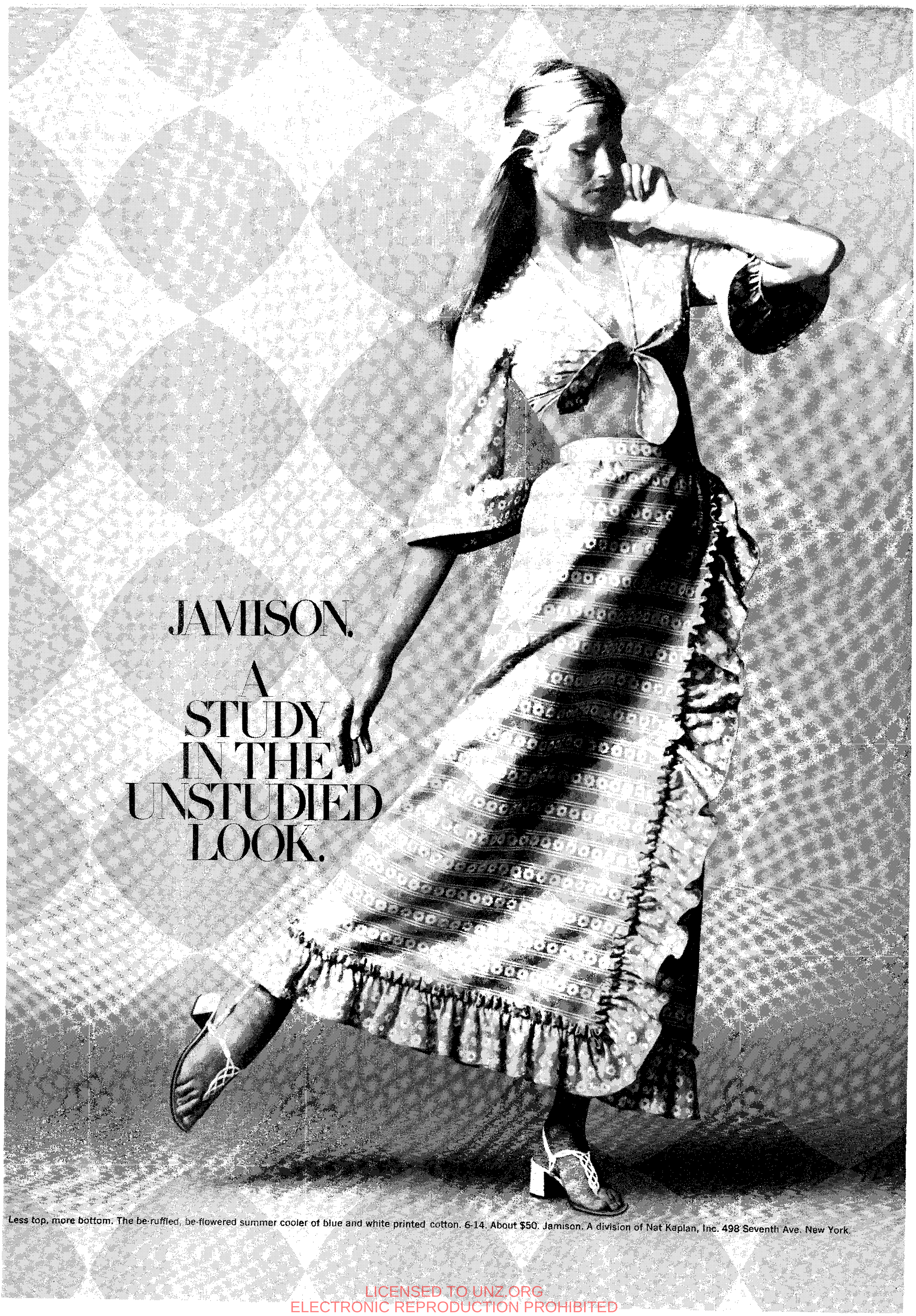
(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The management lays down, years in advance, its selections of flamencan groups, and the one now being unbottled at the Château is called La Zambra. With it, to make the evenings wholly Latin, comes the Mexican tenor known as Armando Manzanero. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ In the next-door **FLAMENCO ROOM,** tiny though it is, further ululation, prancing, and music (all guitar) occur, only inches from the spectators, from eight to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Bobby Vinton, a rather mannered Pied Piper these days, but a certified Pied Piper nevertheless, takes his leave on Wednesday, May 26. Next evening, in come Gladys Knight and the Pips, full of beans and bop balladry. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Nevada. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **LA FORÊT,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quartet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) is the principal event, and other musicians, arriving as early as eight, help him carry on until two. At two, the chefs go home, and music starts to arrive by coaxial cable. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,**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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Doc Severinsen's band, which spends most of its academic year in the ceaseless battle to rule the air waves, will begin enjoying its time off for good behavior by reintroducing its brand of jazz to the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten-fifteen on Wednesday, May 26. From then on, the bugles will blow during both dinner and supper. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band will fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the **EDWARDIAN ROOM**, the traditional violin weaves its way through the dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The cricket on the hearth is Frankie Avalon, chirruping away during dinner and supper in the firm belief that reluctant spring is here. Dancing, as well, some of it disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Always something new in the old barony, such as—in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** after the theatre—the forthright, pungent self-expression of the tandem guitars plied by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. But life begins as early as five-thirty in the **OAK ROOM**, with a buffet theatre-dinner-and-piano session. Then it proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **MAISONETTE** (more music, most of it for dancing) and **LA BOITE** (more piano). The Oak Room is a seven-day operation; the St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the Maisonette and La Boite shut down Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Saturday, May 29, at dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM**, Paul Anka (now quite literally a barefoot boy, and one with both cheek and charm) will be singing. A new set of players moves in on Tuesday, June 1.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The life that Bobby Short, who has his piano and his loyal henchmen (Beverly Peer, Dick Sheridan) front and center, sings of is just too good to be true, but it's great to hear about it in his special words and music. Closed Friday through Monday, May 28-31. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The commanding figure is Joan Rivers, a garrulous girl whose supply of household hints (the care, feeding, and containment of husbands and other domestic animals) is ample indeed. From maybe ten until well after midnight. Music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): The kibbutz overlooks the entire Eastern Mediterranean; the kibitzer (Avram Grobard, prop.) overlooks no opportunity to chaff. An amiable life, sprinkled with perpetual music and song. Yoel Sharr is the principal tenor, and the oud plucked by George Mgrdichian gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at

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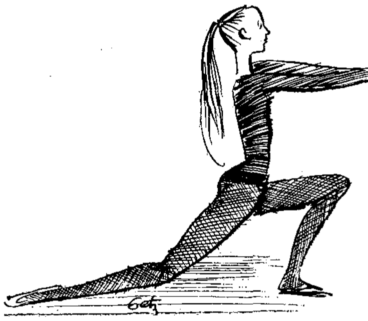
64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood, an arborway buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is frequently active; the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Though there's only piano, from five-thirty until whenever, in the lounge, the whole place, including a restaurant whose cuisine is most plausible Moroccan, has a way of bustling all the time; i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE**, 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): Mixing current Broadway and period-piece Manhattan and making it into a bar-and-grill is a catch-as-catch-can project, but here it is, with Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty until midnight. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the restrospective piano run by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays, Sundays, or Monday, May 31. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 31. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Trafalgar Square should be next door, so neat is the optical illusion (not to mention the gustatorial illusion) that this is a London hotel room on its best behavior. George Feyer presides over his poetic piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Dan Edwards, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays; from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The walking-around musicians have departed the Roman villa after all these years; in their stead is a triad in which voice, piano, guitar, and harp are blended. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well-educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S**, 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): Take a tried-and-true musical ("The Boys from Syracuse," at the moment), sandpaper it down to dining-room size, invest it with a lively young cast, and serve dinner and supper around it, one flight up, in a comfortable old brownstone—this is the venture here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, plus an eleven-thirty rerun Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): A duplex specializing entirely in New York supper-club life as it used to be—a spot wherein people gather to hear someone they know and claim as their own. This time, it is Mary McCarty, whose happy-go-lucky reprises, commencing about ten-thirty, are done for that sort of loyal audience. Dancing. Closed Mondays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, May 31.)

GALLERIES

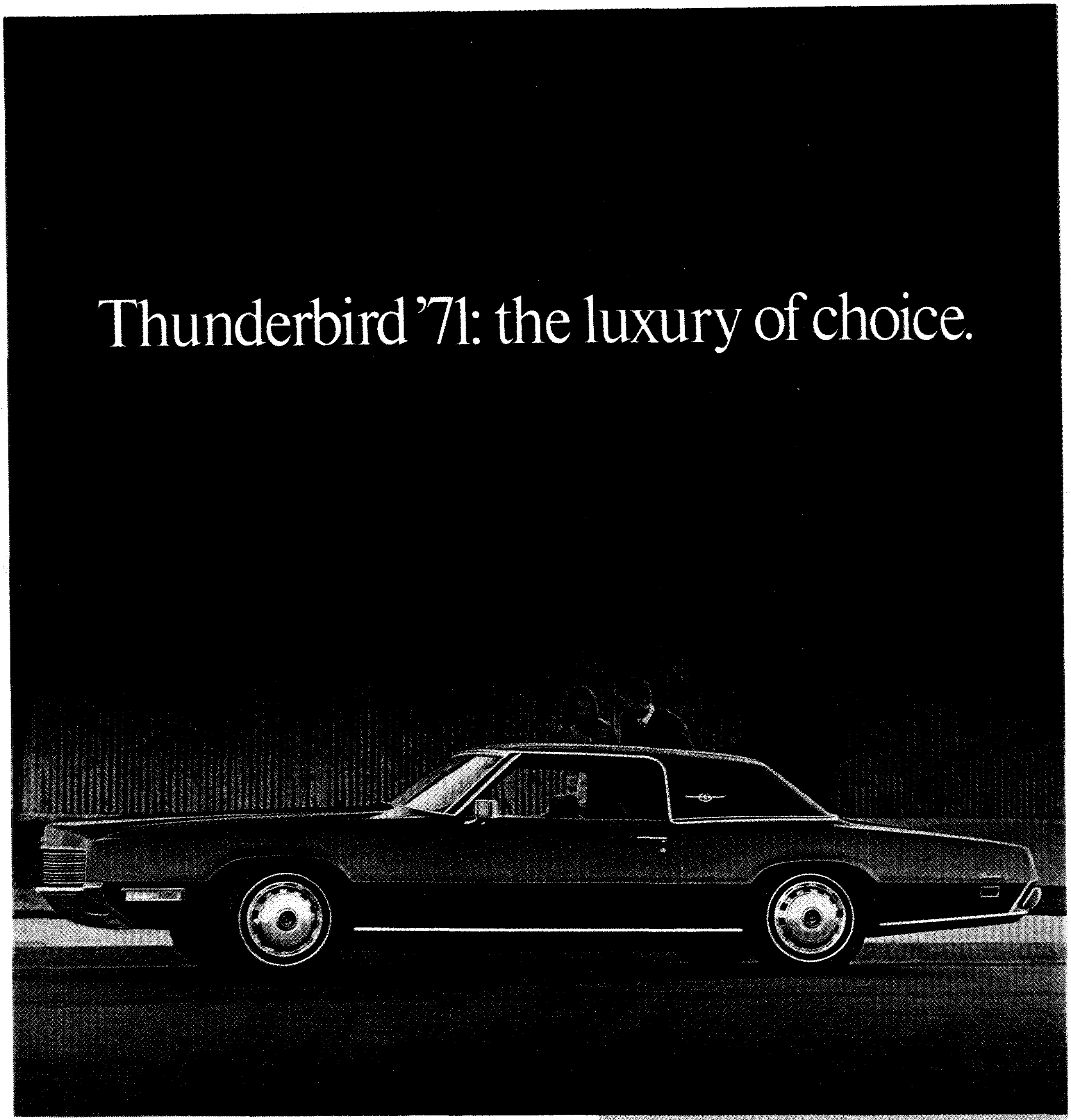
Yaacov Agam—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in Paris; through June 8. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

Peter Agostini—Heads, horses, and figures in bronze and terra cotta by a veteran New York sculptor known for his work in plaster; through June 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joannis Avramidis—The first one-man show in New York of figurative sculptures, many of them large, and working drawings by a Russian who studied in Vienna; through June 12. (Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract canvases incorporating acrylics and charcoal; through Saturday, June 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

Lee Bontecou—Sculptures, drawings, and lithographs by this prominent constructionist;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 20.)

Clarence Carter—Paintings by an American identified during the past thirty years with Magic Realism and Surrealism; through Saturday, June 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

Moshe Elzaar Castel—Relief paintings by an Israeli artist who uses calligraphy to represent impressions of the Middle East; through June 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Ciarrochi—The first one-man show in New York of the artist's realistic landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Thursday, June 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Couture—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century French artist who taught many Americans; through June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roberto Crippa—Abstract landscapes in collage and paint on wood; through Friday, May 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Vieira da Silva—Paintings by this prize-winning post-Cubist who works in Paris; through Saturday, June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Francisco Farreras—Abstract paintings using collage by this Spanish artist; through Saturday, June 5. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

David Gibbs—Soft horizontal and vertical stripes; through June 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935) **and Ernest Lawson** (1873-1939)—Paintings by the American Impressionists; through Saturday, June 5. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

Milton Hebald—Figurative bronze sculptures and low reliefs; through June 8. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Golf in the twenties as seen in watercolors by the hip-flask generation cartoonist; through June 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

Douglas Huebler—Photographs relating to projects of a conceptualist; through Saturday, June 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Early drawings and watercolors by this Expressionist; through Friday, May 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Eleven drawings of the female figure; through June 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Collage paintings by a German husband-and-wife team of post-First World War experimentalists; through Saturday, June 5. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

Frank Modell—Drawings and constructions; through Saturday, May 29. (Zingale, 1057 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in rich color; through June 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Louise Nevelson—Welded and painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; through Wednesday, June 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

Picasso, Braque, and Gris—Works presented in connection with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum and the coinciding Cubist exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Friday, June 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

Giò Pomodoro—Sculptures by a Milanese contemporary; through June 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

George Rickey—Constructions by a leading kinetic sculptor; through Saturday, June 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

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Lucy Steig—Landscapes, figures, and fantasies in oil; through Sunday, May 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Joyce Treiman—Oil paintings of figures in interiors; through Friday, May 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

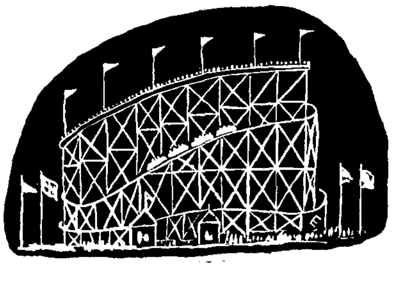
Andy Warhol—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through June 26. It is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Monday, May 31.)

David Weinrib—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through Saturday, June 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Isaac Witkin—Sculptures, including three large works in raw steel for outdoors; through Friday, June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1971 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; through Sunday, May 30. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; starting Tuesday, June 1. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through June 26. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.) . . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by seven artists, including Benglis, LeWitt, Marden, and Ryman; through June 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: A changing selection of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Forakis, Ginnever, Grosvenor, Quaytman, and Van Buren; through June 25. (Closed Saturday, June 5.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Eight oils by leading twentieth-century Americans, also drawings by gallery artists; starting Tuesday, June 1. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, who include Andre, De Maris, Flavin, and Smithson; starting Tuesday, June 1. . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by six younger artists; through June 30. (Closed Saturday, June 5.) . . . **FLATSFIXED**, 453 West Broadway: Works by four young artists using odd materials and techniques; through Thursday, June 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings by about thirty-five contemporary Americans—de Kooning, di Suvero, Goodnough, Gottlieb, Guston, Johns, Lieberman, Newman, and Oldenburg, for example; through June 23. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists: Katzen, Meadmore, Rich, Tobias, and others; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such gallery artists as Bishop, Cadmus, Mayhew, Thon, and Vickrey; through Friday, June 4. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionists—Beckmann, Jawlensky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schlemmer, and the like; starting Tuesday, June 1. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: A gallery group of painters and sculptors, among whom are Brandt, Cavallon, Ferren, John Little, Mehring, Crovello, and Kipp; through June 19. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 29.)



Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through June 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Velázquez, "Juan de Pareja," is now being shown. . . . ¶ More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 8. Complements to this show are the exhibits of Cubist painters at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ A major exhibition presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred outstanding items from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through Tuesday, June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred objects—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through Tuesday, June 1. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty pieces done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; through June 6. . . . ¶ Thirty-six Cubist paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; through June 6. Complements to this show are "The Cubist Epoch" show at the Metropolitan Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, May 31, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol, displayed against a wallpaper-like pattern of gentle cow heads; through June 13. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of works by sixty-six artists, plus thirty-eight paintings by young Americans done between 1969 and 1971, grouped under the classification of "Lyrical Abstraction;" starting Thursday, May 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, May 31, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"A Rainbow of East African Butterflies" recently acquired by the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum and enhancing its collection of over fourteen million insects; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Ancient Mayan Calligraphy," a display of about eighty-five examples of Mayan art, most of them funerary vases; through Saturday, June 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays, except May 31, through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . . ¶ An intimate selection of sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 31, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. Wednesday through Sunday, May 26-30, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is being supplemented by the showing of films by British artists. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 31, from 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—One large collage presenting symbols of the situation of blacks and of America, also sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Benny Andrews; through June 6. (Mondays, except May 31, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of a two-week non-subscription season that will run through Saturday, June 12—Monday evening, May 31: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 1: "Rigoletto," with Gabriella Tucci, Batyah Godfrey, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Díaz, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Enrico Di Giuseppe, William Walker, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 3: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 4: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Matteo Manuguerra, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 5: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Peter Glossop, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 5: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Hunter College Opera Theatre—The New York première of "Horspfal," with music by Eric Stokes and a libretto by Alvin Greenberg. Conducted by Thomas Nee and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30; Thursday, May 27, at 8:40; and Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—"Venice Promenade" on Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30 (with Anna Moffo, soprano, and Aaron Rosand, violin); "Invitation to the Dance" Thursday through Saturday, May 27-29, and Tuesday, June 1, all at 8:30 (with Edward Villella and Anna Aragno, dancers); "Carnival Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, June 2-3, at 8:30 (with Tony Randall, narrator, and Theodore Lettvin, piano); "Promenade Romantique" on Friday, June 4, at 8:30 (with Maralin Niska, soprano); and a repeat performance of the "Carnival Promenade" on Saturday, June 5, at 8:30.

Utah Symphony—Maurice Abravanel conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, June 2, at 8:30.)

Naumburg Orchestra—Charles Wilson conducting, with Joanna Bruno, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, May 30, at 8.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band—William D. Revelli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Brooks Tillotson—French horn, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Henry Schuman; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30.)

Käbi Laretei—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 27, at 8:30.)

Alice Tully Hall Sampler—The first in a series of ten programs, this one called "Music Italian Style" and performed by the Master Virtuosi of New York conducted by Gene Forrell. (Saturday, June 5, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.

The Free Theatre—William Russo's rock opera "Aesop's Fables," with a text by Jon Swan, performed by this company from Chicago. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, at 7:30 and 9:30; Friday, May 28, at 8:30 and 10:30; Saturday, May 29, at 3, 8:30, and 10:30; and Sunday, May 30, at 3 and 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Bobby Jones-Kenny Dorham Ensemble—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, May 28, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Al Kooper—With Buzz Anderson. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 28, at 8.)

Lee Michaels, Fanny, and Humble Pie—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

Laura Nyro and Spencer Davis & Peter Jameson—Fillmore East. Sunday, May 30, at 8.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention and

Head Over Heels—Fillmore East, Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, May 26, at 8:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. California, Friday, May 28, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 29-30, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Monday, May 31, at 1 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, June 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 2, at 2, and Thursday, June 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, June 4, at 8, and Saturday, June 5, at 2.

Golf—Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Wednesday, June 2.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, and Monday through Saturday, May 31-June 5.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Sunday, May 30.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 26. The Mother Goose, Saturday, May 29; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 31; the Juvenile, Friday, June 4; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 31. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 31. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Tuesday, June 1, through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, May 29, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, May 30, and Saturday, June 5, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday and Sunday, May 29-30, at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturday and Sunday, May 29-30, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty paintings by children of Italy; through Wednesday, June 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "On the Shoulders of Giants." (Monday, May 31, at 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Hugo and Josephine," a Swedish film with English dialogue, Saturday, May 29, at 11. . . . ¶ "Vacation in the Clouds," a Czech film with English dialogue, Saturday, May 29, at 3. . . . ¶ "My Side of the Mountain," with Teddy Eccles and Theodore Bikel, Sunday, May 30, at 3. . . . ¶ "The Big Store," with the Marx Brothers, Monday, May 31, at 11. . . . ¶ A program of short films, Monday, May 31, at 3. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, ducks, rabbits, and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—In BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: Michael Benedikt, Allan Kaplan, Frank Lima, and David Shapiro. (Wednesday, May 26, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Michael Brownstein, Merrill Gilfillan, Maureen Owen, Harris Schiff, and Anne Waldman. (Wednesday, June 2, at 12:30.) . . . CITY HALL PARK: Carol Clemmons, Audre Lorde, and Raymond Patterson. (Thursday, May 27, at 12:30.) . . . ¶ Erica Jong, Gerard Malanga, Kathleen Norris, Gregory Orr, and Bill Zavatsky. (Thursday, June 3, at 12:30.)

The Great Outdoors—Karl Hampton Porter will conduct the New Breed Brass Ensemble in the third annual Martin Luther King, Jr., Memorial Concert. (Central Park Mall. Monday, May 31, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 26, at 2: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 2: Post-Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many collections. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century works of art, including animal bronzes, carved ivories, and portrait medallions; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 2, and Friday, June 4, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 28.

Commencement Dates—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, May 30, and Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 1.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Coming Apart" (1969), directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg, with Rip Torn and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2 and 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride and Bob Maurice. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "The Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), in Russian, directed by Dziga Vertov; no English titles. . . . ¶ May 28 at 2 and 5:30: "October in Madrid" (1965), in French and Spanish, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English titles. . . . ¶ May 29 at 11:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ May 29 at 3 and 5:30: "Everything for Sale" (1968), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda. . . . ¶ May 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Le Départ" (1967), in French, directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. . . . ¶ May 31 at 12:30: "Trans-Europ-Express" (1968), in French, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet, with Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ May 31 at 6: "A Day in the Country" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2: "Trans-Europ-Express" (1968). . . . ¶ June 1 at 5:30: "A Day in the Country" (1937). . . . ¶ June 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lickerish Quartet" (1970; X-rated), directed by Radley Metzger. . . . ¶ June 3 at 2: "Square Crooks" (1928), directed by Lew Seiler, with Johnny Mack Brown. . . . ¶ June 3 at 5:30 and 8: "Soft Living" (1928), directed by James Timling, with Johnny Mack Brown. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Wednesday, June 2.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 1: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Hour of the Wolf."
From June 2: "Tristana" and "Closely Watched Trains."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"A New Leaf."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 1: "The Love Goddesses."
From June 2: "Run the Wild River."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 27: "Two-Faced Woman" and "The Painted Veil."
From May 28: "Daughters of Darkness."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 27: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."
From May 28: "Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Villain."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Dirtymouth."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Sky at Morning."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse" and "My Night at Maud's."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 27: "Bed and Board."
From May 28: "The Grissom Gang."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 27: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."
From May 28: "Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Confession."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Cat o' Nine Tails."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Big Jake."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Guess What We Learned in School Today?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Support Your Local Gunfighter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
May 26: "12 Angry Men" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."
From May 27: "The Holy Outlaw" and "Good Times, Wonderful Times." (The 7 and 9:30 performances opening day will be benefits.)

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A New Leaf."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
May 26: "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Dead of Night."
From May 27: "Une Femme Douce."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Confession."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 29: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "The Immortal Story."
May 30-31: "Aparajito," "Pather Panchali," and "The World of Apu."
June 1-2: "Carnival in Flanders" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."
From June 3: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 1: "When Eight Bells Toll."
From June 2: "One More Train to Rob" and "The Lost Flight."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
May 26: "The Sword of Doom."
May 27-29: "Kuroneko" and "Sanjuro."
May 30: A program of Greek films.
May 31-June 1: "Bwana Toshi" and "Dawn of Judo."
June 2: "Woman in the Dunes."
From June 3: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" and "Double Suicide."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Barefoot Executive."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Cop."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through June 1: "The Love Goddesses."
From June 2: "Citizen Kane."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Claire's Knee."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Red Sky at Morning."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 1: "The Barefoot Executive."
From June 2: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 1: "Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
From June 2: "Perfect Friday" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 26: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Outward Bound."
May 27: "Outward Bound" and "The African Queen."
May 28: "The African Queen" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
May 29: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood."
May 30: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "Her Majesty Love."
May 31: "Her Majesty Love" and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying."
June 1: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "Charade."
June 2: "Charade" and "Topaz."
June 3: "Topaz" and "The Quiller Memorandum."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 1: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
From June 2: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "I Love My Wife."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 27: "My Uncle" and "My Wife's Husband."
May 28-31: "The Gold Rush" and ten U.P.A. cartoons.
June 1-3: "The Knack" and "Billy Liar."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Confession."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn swashing his buckle. (New Yorker; May 29-30.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked river-boat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. (New Yorker; May 27-28.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Cinema I.)

Aparajito (1957)—Satyajit Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in school that makes one understand the survival of art in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, revealing that it is not a primitive society but a corrupted society. The protagonist Apu, however, demonstrates Ray's visionary belief that individuals need not become corrupt: Apu remains unscathed through experience and keeps his strength. In Bengali. (Elgin; May 30-31.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; starting June 3.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Symphony; through June 1.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

The Barefoot Executive—With Kurt Russell, di-

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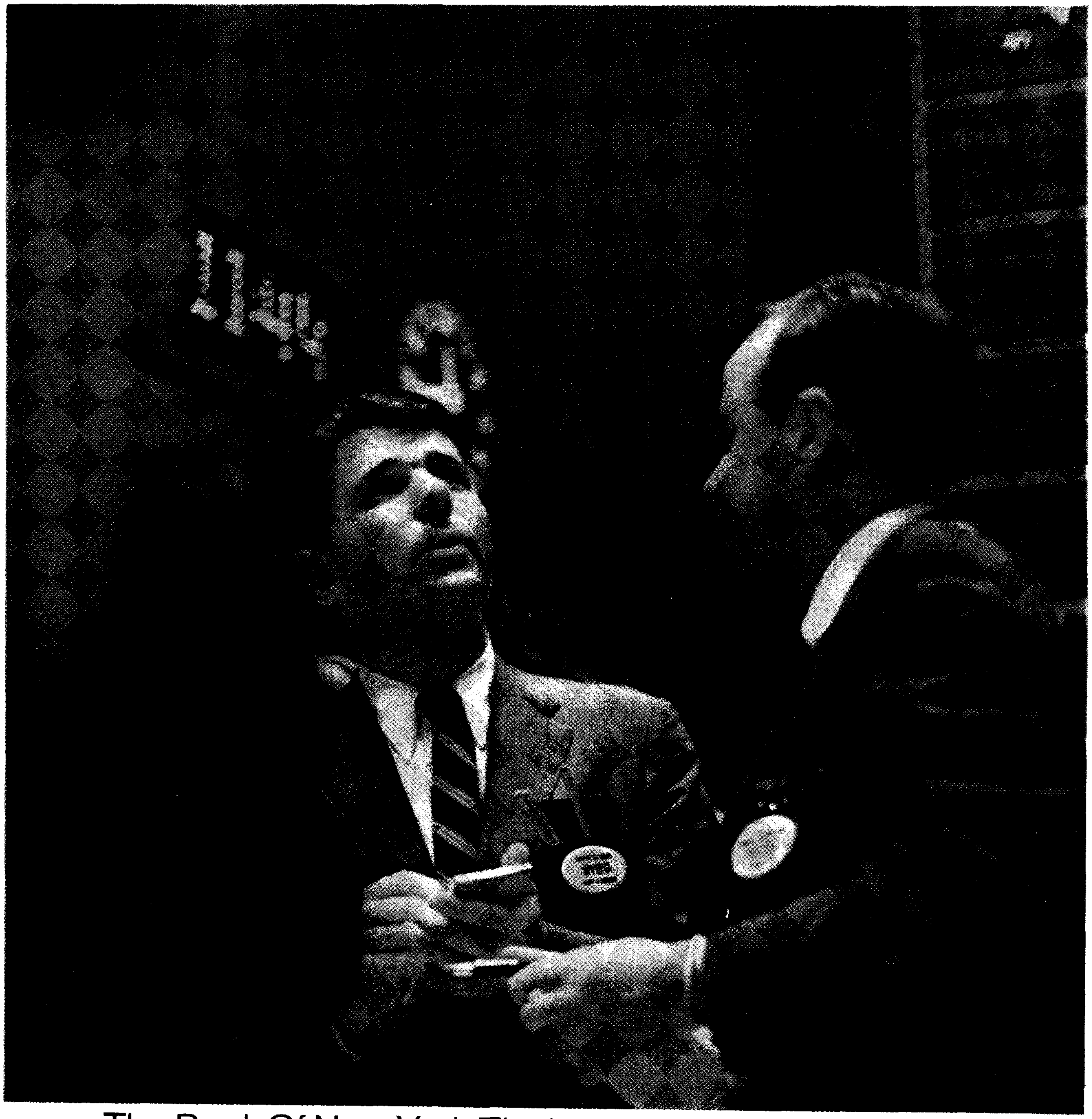

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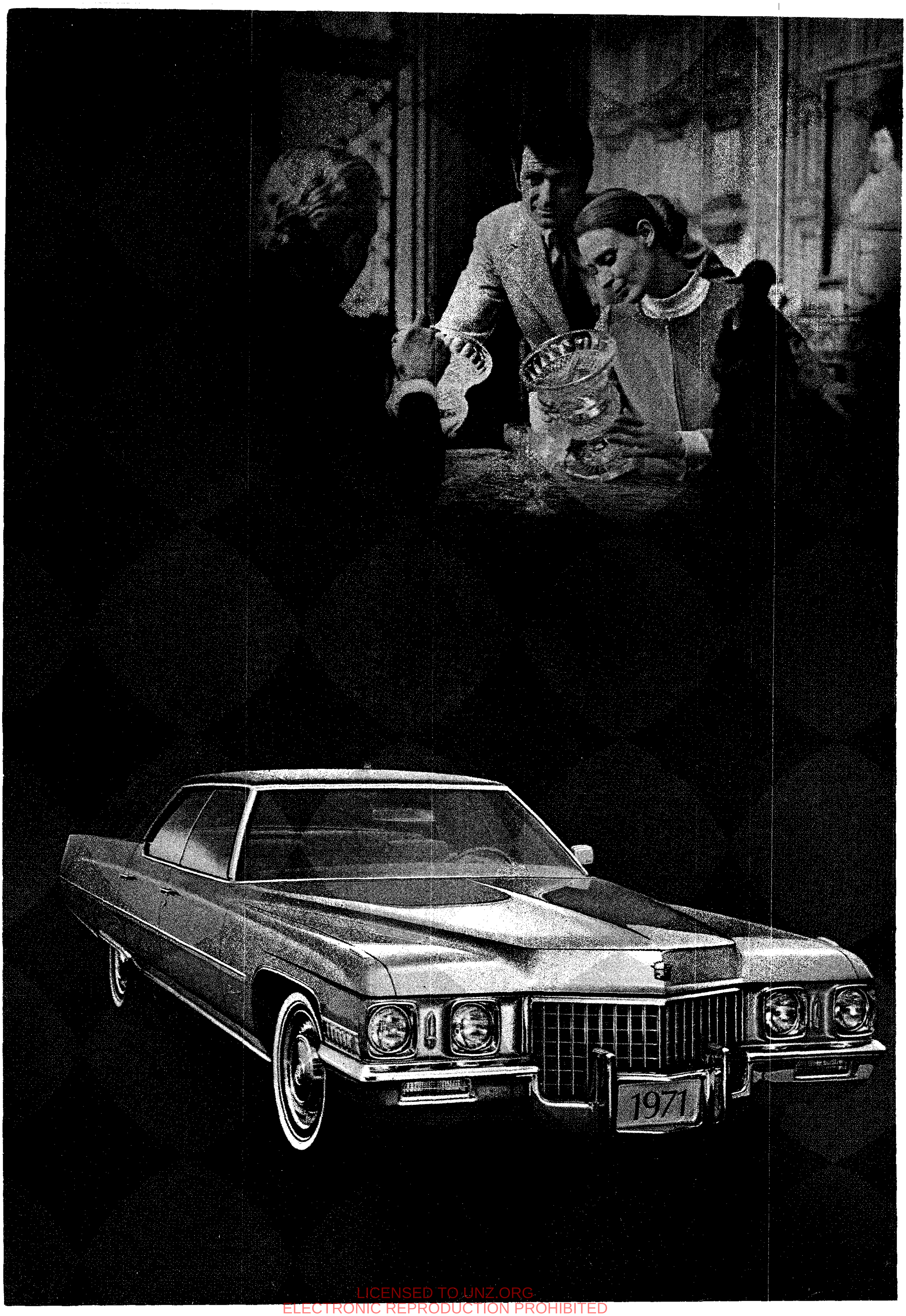
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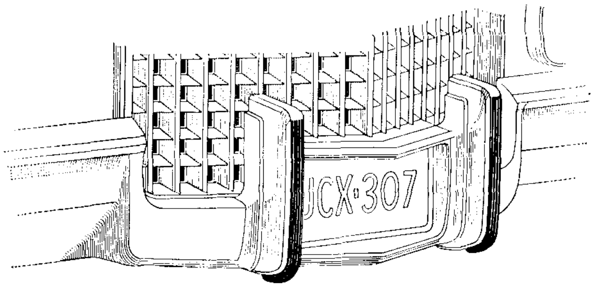

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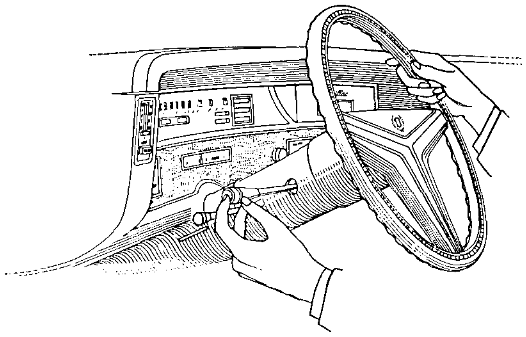

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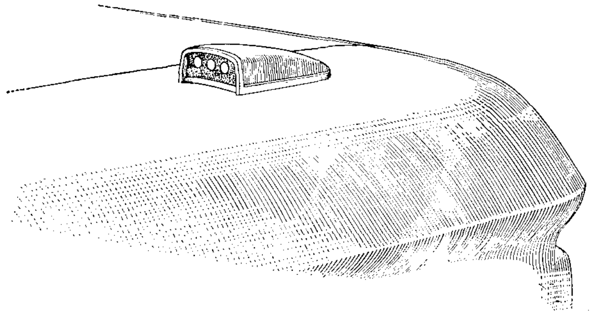

So if you add it all up—what you get out of your Cadillac now and what you get out of it when you trade it—you could be in for a very pleasant surprise. A Cadillac is not only beautiful but beautifully practical. It could well be your best car buy.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rected by Robert Butler. (Guild. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through June 1.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; through May 27.)

Big Jake—With John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Orpheum.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; June 1-3.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

Bwana Toshi (1956)—The talented Japanese director Susumu Hani made this film in Kenya. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 31-June 1.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Elgin; June 1-2.)

Cat o' Nine Tails—With James Franciscus, Karl Malden, and Catherine Spaak, directed by Dario Argento. (U. A. East.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps. Love and money triumph. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (New Yorker; June 1-2.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 2.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Waverly and Lincoln Art.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more clearly etched on viewers' minds than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forbears. In Czech. Based on the wittily compressed short novel by Bohumil Hrabal ("A Close Watch on the Trains"). (Charles; starting June 2.)

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La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Cop—With Michel Bouquet, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. This is 1935, and he is at the bottom of the heap. We see him, looking hungry, spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. Jules Berry is his foppishly dressed employer, a gifted embezzler. Some scenes have the temperament of Restoration comedy. The film amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll sweetened by the grace of reprieve as the lovers on the run push their luck in a plundered interlude before the hero is caught. In French. (Elgin; June 1-2.)

Daughters of Darkness—With Delphine Seyrig and John Karen, directed by Harry Kumel. (Murray Hill; starting May 28.)

Dawn of Judo (1965)—Directed by Kunio Watanabe. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 31-June 1.)

Dead of Night (1946)—A series of eerie episodes that includes everything from Death disguised as a bus driver to a ventriloquist's dummy that succeeds in dominating its master. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 26.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Symphony; starting June 2.)

Dirtymouth—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting June 3.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes—With Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter, directed by Don Taylor. (34th St. East and Juliet 2; starting May 28.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Charles; through June 1.)

Une Femme Douce—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 27.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 1.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

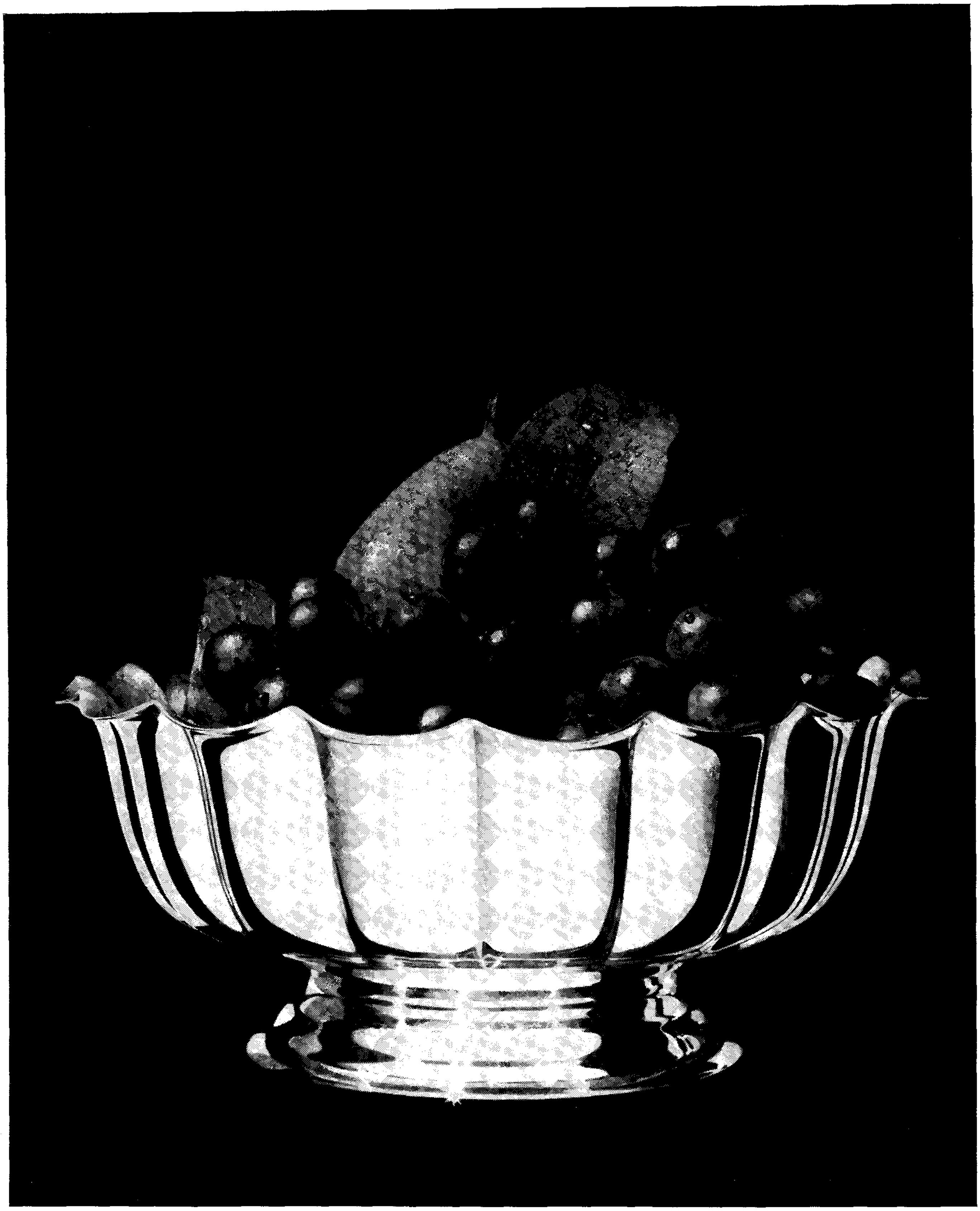
The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl that Charlie wins. (Thalia; May 28-31.)

Good Times, Wonderful Times (1966)—When newsreels of children killed and mutilated in the two world wars are interspersed with scenes of glib cocktail-party talk about war and sex, can there be a dry eye—or indeed, another dry Martini? Lionel Rogosin made this semi-documentary and laid it on very thick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting May 27. The 7 and 9:30 performances opening day will be benefits.)

The Grissom Gang—With Kim Darby and Scott Wilson, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Juliet 1; starting May 28.)

Guess What We Learned in School Today?—About sex education in school. Directed by John Avildsen, who directed "Joe." (Loew's Ciné.)

Her Majesty Love (1931)—Dopey William Dieterle musical, with Marilyn Miller in love with Ben Lyon in old Berlin. W. C. Fields



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suddenly helps immensely by appearing as a juggler parent in possession of the fullest acerbic faculties. (New Yorker; May 30-31.)

The Holy Outlaw—A filmed report by Don Lenzer and Lee Lockwood on the rustication last year of Father Daniel Berrigan. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting May 27. The 7 and 9:30 performances opening day will be benefits.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—Max von Sydow as an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann as his troubled wife. Ingmar Bergman, of course, and not at his best. In Swedish. (Charles; through June 1.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967)—Produced, directed, and written for the screen by David Swift. Robert Morse stars, as he did in the Broadway original. For once, the film version of a good and funny musical remains good, and very funny. (New Yorker; May 31-June 1.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived serio-comic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Symphony; starting June 2.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Elgin; through May 29.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 1.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia; June 1-3.)

Kuroneko (1968)—Directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 27-29.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Juliet 2; through May 27.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton.)

The Lost Flight—With Lloyd Bridges and Anne Francis, directed by Leonard J. Horn. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 2.)

The Love Goddesses (1965)—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines, astonishingly various in their beauty, dress, and deportment. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 1.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (New Yorker; May 28-29.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—A suspense story, with Joel McCrea and Leslie Banks, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 26.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (34th St. East; through May 27.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle, intermittently inventive satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia; through May 27.)

My Wife's Husband (1965)—Labyrinthine French farce, tirelessly complex and trivial, with Fernandel and Bourvil. There is one quite funny scene about a waterside restaurant near Marseille being visited on an off day by a representative of the *Guide Michelin*. In French. (Thalia; through May 27.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

One More Train to Rob—A Western, with George Peppard and Diane Muldaur, directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 2.)

Outward Bound (1930)—With Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., from Sutton Vane's hugely popular play of the time, directed by Robert Milton. (New Yorker; May 26-27.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslawsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall as her husband and George Brent as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Murray Hill; through May 27.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Elgin; May 30-31.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 2.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall.)

The Quiller Memorandum (1966)—George Segal, Alec Guinness, and Max von Sydow, directed by Michael Anderson, who is superseded by the Harold Pinter script. Pinter has a true feeling for film; the picture blasts to death the blanket theory of the director-as-*auteur*, for so many of the visual ideas are unmistakably Pinter's. Junk stuff, but Pinter's presence distinguishes it. (New Yorker; June 3.)

Red Sky at Morning—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (Beekman and Paramount.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—One of the most interesting documents about history and power that the cinema possesses. Rossellini made it in 1965-66 for French-Italian television. The view is Brechtian, sly, funny, very intelligent; life in the splendid palaces is seen in all its mixture of *luxe* and squalor. In French. (Elgin; through May 29.)

Run the Wild River—Jack Currey's documentary

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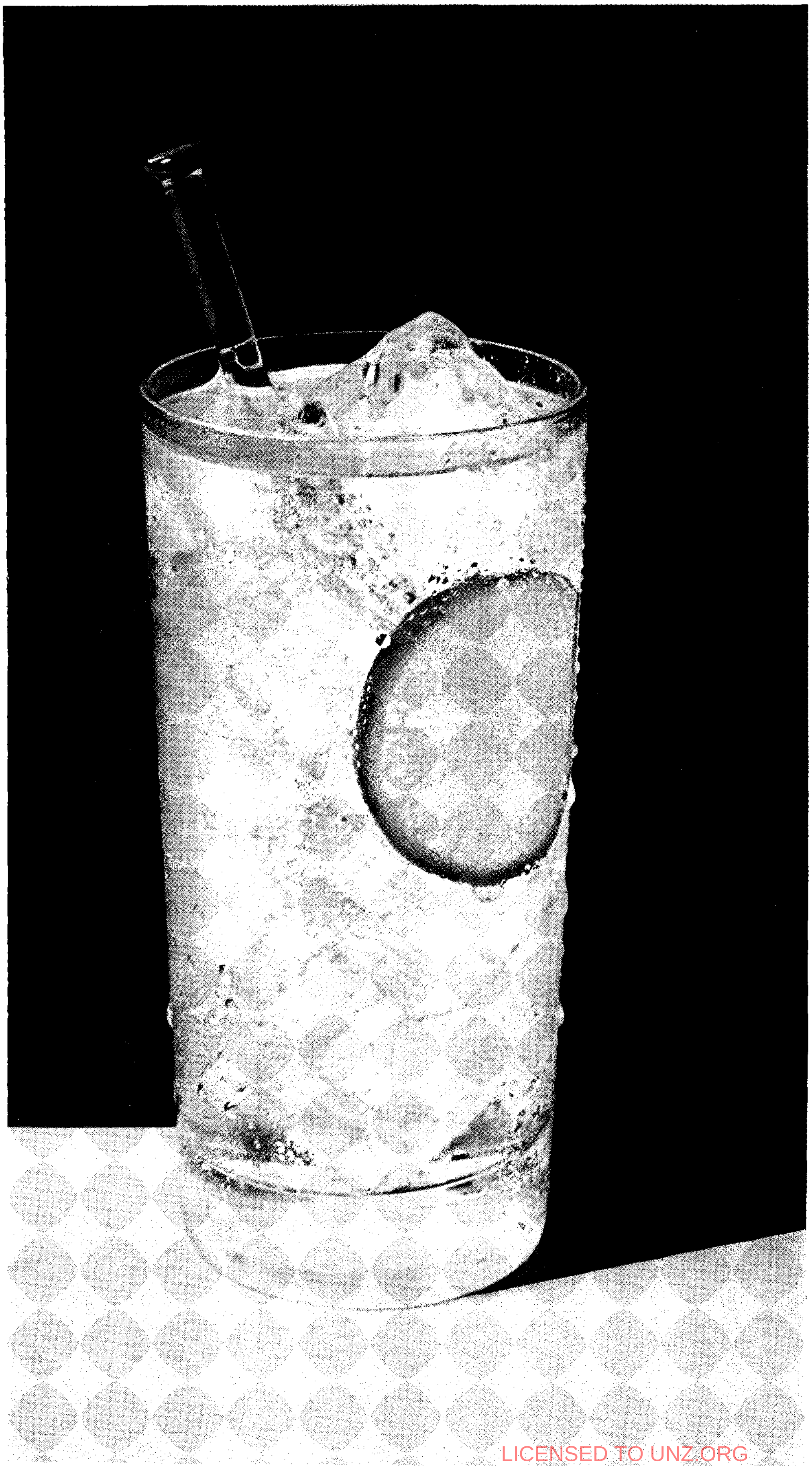

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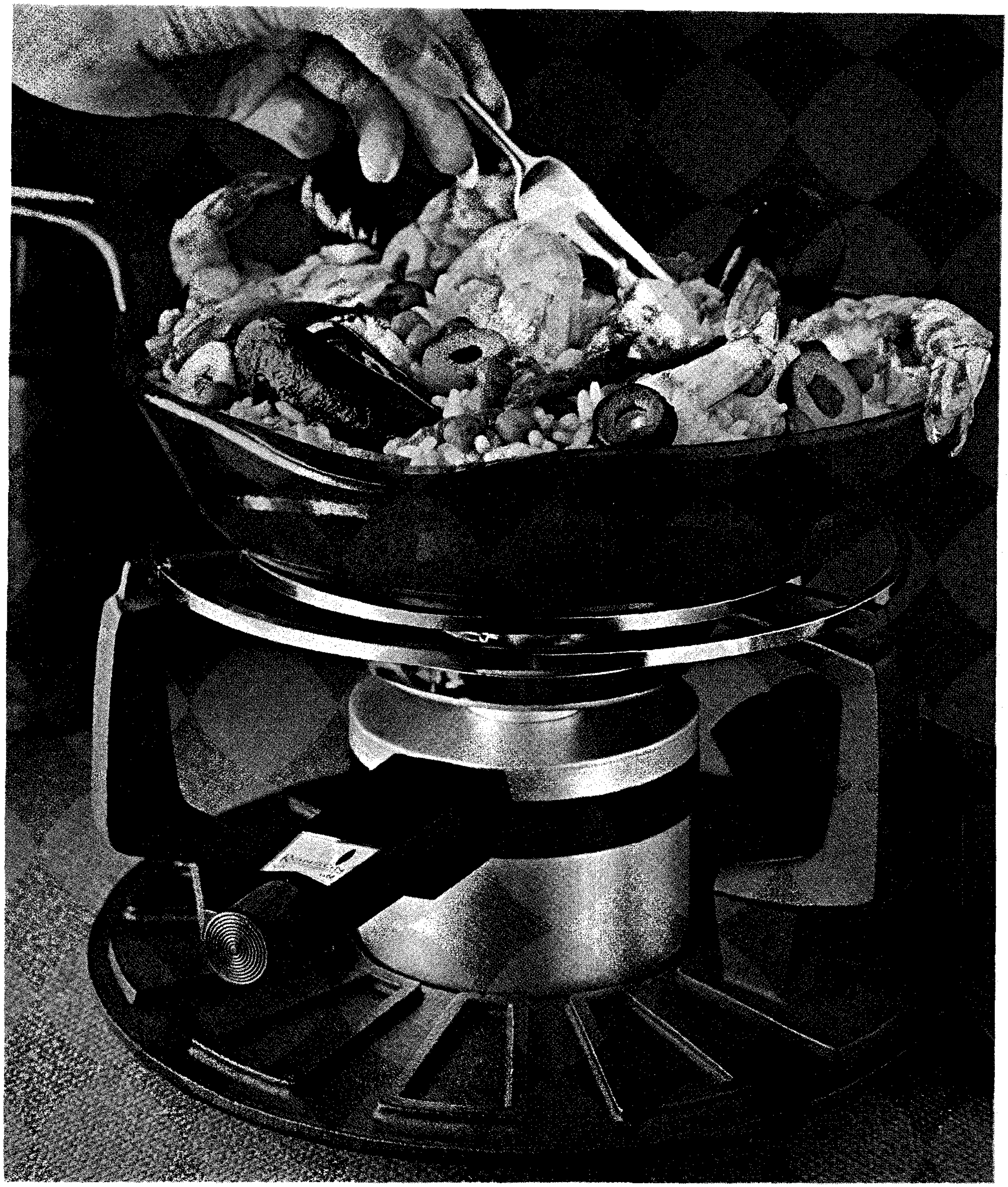

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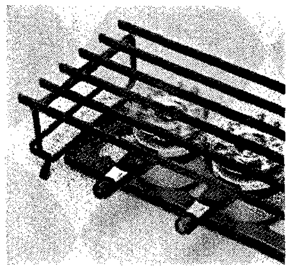

Two-Unit Table Chef® Stand. Removable grill and multi-position base accommodates two Table Chefs. With two Table Chefs and two 250 gram Multi-Fills, $44.95. Standard model (not shown) $24.95.

about riding the rapids in the Grand Canyon. (Kips Bay; starting June 2.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 27-29.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan—With Tatsuya Nakadai and Suisen Ichikawa, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting June 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (New Yorker; May 26.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly fatuous, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Support Your Local Gunfighter—A Western, with James Garner and Suzanne Pleshette, directed by Burt Kennedy. (86th St. East.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star actor of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (Art.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 26.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 26.)

10 Rillington Place—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Baronet.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and düller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (New Yorker; June 2-3.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Charles; starting June 2.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 26.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Murray Hill; through May 27.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Cinema Studio; starting June 2.)

Villain—With Richard Burton and Ian McShane, directed by Michael Tuchner. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 2.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

When Eight Bells Toll—A suspense thriller, with Anthony Hopkins and Robert Morley, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. Directed by Etienne Perier. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 1.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Juliet 2; through May 27.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Symphony; through June 1.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 2.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild-Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (34th St. East; through May 27.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and one of the rare modern films that are an affirmation. In Bengali. (Elgin; May 30-31.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; starting June 3.)

We're skirting the short shorts issue.

Join us!

We've wrapped up the jumpshort look with a button-on (or -off) skirt. Summer-cool in Arnel® triacetate jersey. Navy/white or brown/white. 8 to 16, 28.00*

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Fifth Avenue and Branches

For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

(an informative advertisement)

We're one of the causes of air pollution.

(We're also one of the prime solutions.)

A sunny day in New York City. Automobiles are to blame for that—or are they?

We listen. We know people are upset about air pollution, and they have every right to be. If you're one of those people, you'll be interested in this ad. It isn't a pious cop-out, and it doesn't sugarcoat the issue. What it does offer is a frank discussion of what Ford Motor Company is doing to solve its share of the problem.

First of all, Ford Motor Company is concerned about air pollution.

Because we're in business to make money.

And we make money by listening to what you want.

And we know there isn't much future in offering you a product that is going to make an already serious problem worse.

But on with the facts.

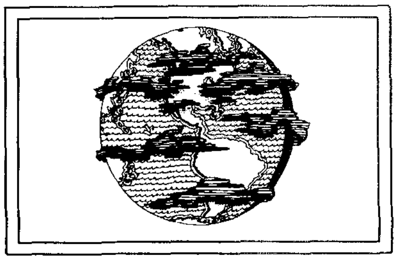
"I REGARD THIS (POLLUTION) AS THE MOST IMPORTANT PROBLEM FACING THIS COMPANY..."
HENRY FORD II

Fact number one is a sad one.

That if automobile air pollution were ended tomorrow, there would still be a serious problem. Not just in this country, but in cities the world over. And that is because automobiles are not the only cause of air pollution.

Visible air pollution in New York City, as well as most other cities, comes primarily from industrial smokestacks, jet aircraft, incinerators and many other sources—not just automobiles.

It is true, however, that in certain areas such as the Los Angeles Basin, cars are the major source of air pollution. Nationally, on a weight basis, automobiles represent 39 per cent of the total pollution output. But a recent study by two California professors indicates that cars are responsible for only 12 per cent of U.S. air pollution, based on "harmfulness."



Cars are part of the problem; but not the *whole* problem.

But that is not to duck the issue.

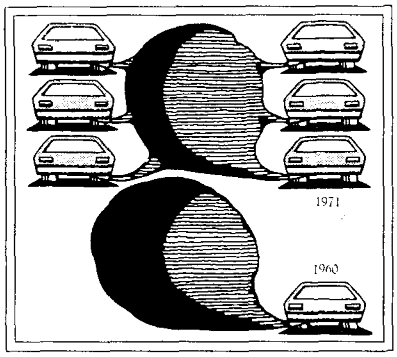
"THIS CONCERN WILL BE REFLECTED... IN SPECIFIC, CONCRETE ACTIONS..."
HENRY FORD II

Automobiles do give off hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxide, the last two of which can be toxic. Furthermore, hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxide are the main elements in what is known as "photochemical smog."

Ford Motor Company began tackling the hydrocarbon part of the problem years ago. In 1961, we brought out our first anti-pollution device. It wasn't a magic cure-all, and it certainly didn't solve the entire problem. But it was a start.

Today, our cars have a clean-air system that reduces carbon monoxide emissions by 70 per cent, hydrocarbons by 80 per cent.

In fact, it takes five to six of our 1971 products to equal the carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions of a single 1960 automobile.

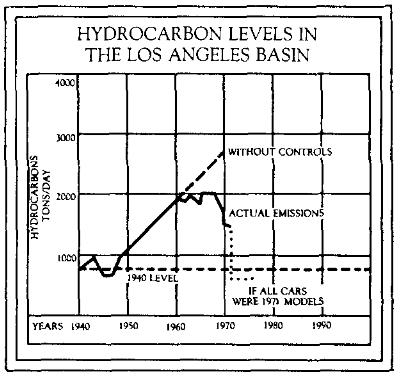


Today's car isn't the polluter its ancestor was.

The nagging problem, however, is getting rid of the nitrogen oxides. It's going to require control— not just of car exhausts—but of many sources of combustion as well. By 1973, Ford engineers plan to have our share of the problem cut in half. And by 1976, even greater reduction will be required.

Progress is being made.

In Los Angeles, for example, the town with the worst smog problem in the country, hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide levels are down 20 per cent since 1966. And, as the chart shows, if all cars were as "clean" as our 1971 models, hydrocarbon levels would be well below what they were in 1940.



The battle against pollution is being won because we didn't start fighting it yesterday.

Nevertheless, there's a lot more to be done. And because there is, we're committed to a continued detailed program of specific activities to reduce pollution from our plants and products (see below).

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

Indeed, Ford Motor Company is not a lot of things—and perfect is one of them.

But another thing we're not, is insensitive.

We want your business. And we think we know what we're going to have to do to keep it.

So much for our point of view. We'd like to hear yours.

Send us your likes, dislikes, wants, needs, gripes, etc. We guarantee your letter will be read, considered, and answered.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT NY
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN 48121

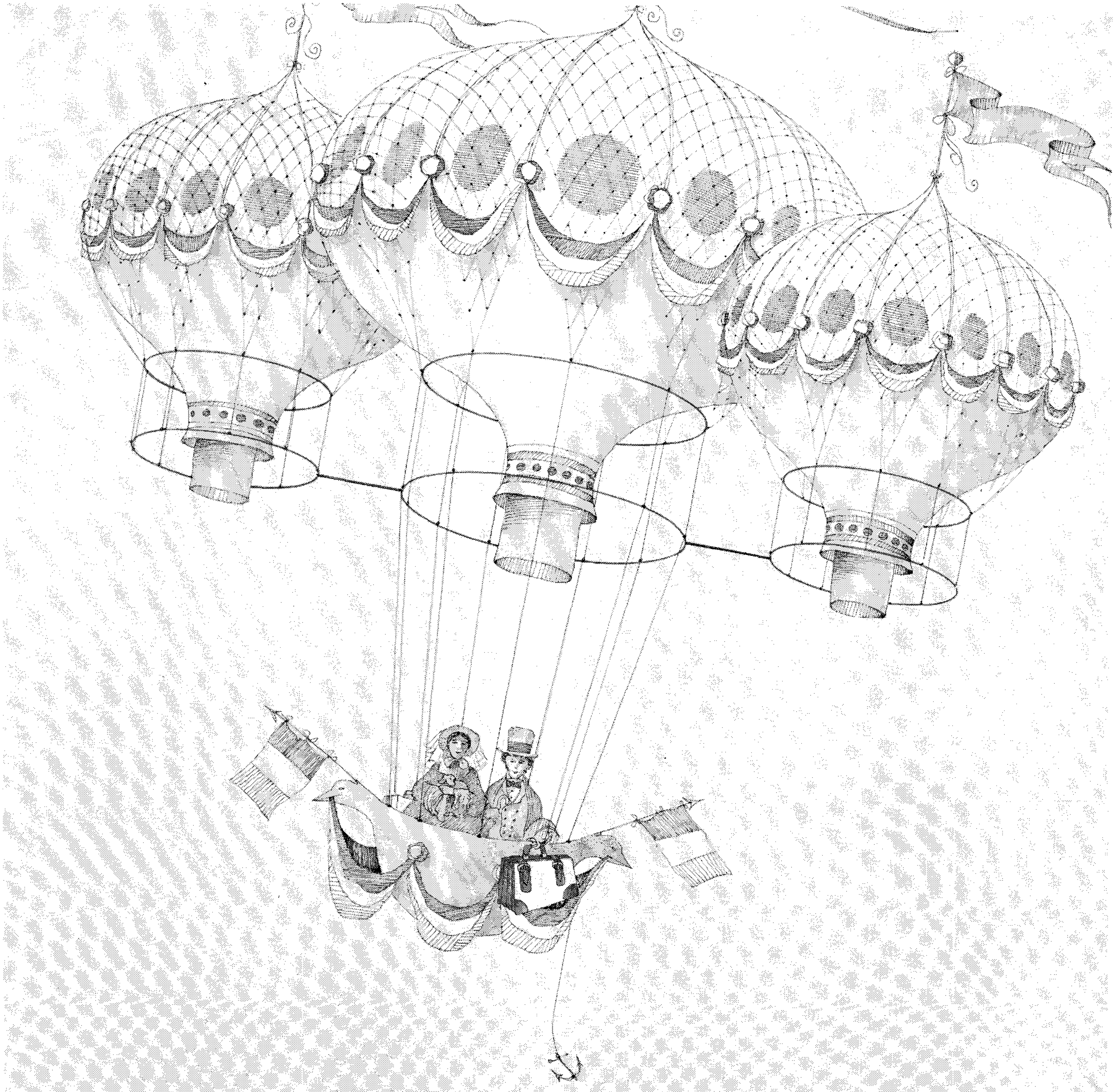
Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.

Ford

...has a better idea (we listen better)

FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S COMMITMENT TO FIGHT POLLUTION:

1. Accelerate programs to eliminate air pollution from our manufacturing plants.
2. Continue development of water recycling systems for manufacturing plants which will eliminate water pollution.
3. Continue to develop techniques for disposing of plant waste without pollution.
4. Continue to develop engines which will further reduce carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions below the 70% to 80% reduction achieved to date.
5. Make multi-million dollar investment to strengthen quality control procedures for measuring anti-pollution devices on all Ford Motor Company products to meet required low-emission levels.
6. Explore new fuel compositions in accordance with latest developments in engine and pollution control technology.
7. Develop new tools to aid emission inspection at automotive repair centers and assist Ford Motor Company dealers in improving emission inspection procedures.
8. Make multi-million dollar investment in permanent laboratories and test facilities designed to better understand combustion processes.
9. Continue to investigate alternate power sources such as steam, turbine, electric, etc., although we believe the internal combustion engine still is the most practical power source.
10. Accelerate procedures for worldwide dissemination of pollution control information within all Ford engineering facilities.



AROUND THE WORLD IN FIVE GIVENCHYS

Ah, to be en route now that Hubert de Givenchy luggage is here.
Impeccably designed in oatmeal linen with navy cowhide borders.
Sizes to see you from overnight to overseas.
In the Luggage section on the First Floor at Field's in Chicago.
There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

THE NEW YORKER

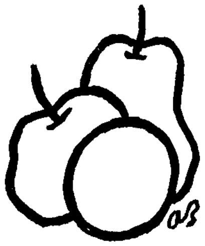
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE been thinking about certain lists we've seen recently, and about a whole new kind of list that seems to be cropping up wherever we look. One of these was a list, quoted in this magazine a few years ago, in which the Army summed up its progress in "pacifying" a certain village in South Vietnam. The list included the following achievements: 5,269 Medcap patients, 2,200 litres of chemicals used for defoliation, 250 acres cleared by bulldozers, 20,860 sheets of roofing issued to 1,156 families, 524 hours of psychological warfare by loudspeaker, and 4 music concerts conducted. As a means of arriving at a quick judgment on a complicated matter, such a list has advantages that are obvious. It is simple, precise, and objective. Vague, intangible questions that never can be answered satisfactorily are avoided—questions such as: Did the villagers enjoy the 524 hours of psychological warfare by loudspeaker? Did that help to win them over to our side? What is the proper balance between "music concerts conducted" and "litres of chemicals used for defoliation"? Is 2,200 litres of chemicals to 4 concerts right, or should it be 4 litres of chemicals to 2,200 concerts? Should any litres of chemicals be sprayed or any concerts be conducted at all by us in Vietnam?

Another list having to do with pacification added a refinement. It listed the tasks necessary for the pacification of a village and also listed "maximum number of points" that could be won for full accomplishment of each task. Some of the tasks, together with their maximum-point score, were as follows: "V.C. local/main force units destroyed or driven out, 15 points; Census completed, 2 points; V.C. infrastructure discovered, destroyed, or neutralized, 8 points; Census Grievance Teams completed interviewing each family, 2 points; Principal grievance completely processed, 3 points." The list closed with some catch-all points, such as "Agricultural, 4 points" and "Social and administrative organization of villages completed to meet immediate needs of villagers, 1 point." (This last, one-point task, of course, is one that all governments everywhere since the beginning of history have been trying to accomplish.) When the people in charge have given themselves a score for each task, they add up the figures to get the score for the whole village. This score, together with the scores of the other villages in the country, is fed into a computer to produce one big score, which is given out as the progress in pacification to date.

The list technique for judging difficult matters has become widespread in the United States, too. We don't know why it should be on the increase just now, but we have observed that it tends to flourish in the vicinity of bureaucracies and computers. One of these lists came out of the White House not long ago. Americans naturally are concerned over whether their President understands the mood and temper of the nation, and the White House apparently felt it would be reassuring for the public if it knew just how much the President had rubbed shoulders with other human beings in his first two years in office. A report stated that the President has "met or talked by phone with leaders—both individually and in groups—from every area of American life: from labor, more than 30 such contacts; racial minorities, almost 30 such contacts; campus representatives, more than 50 such contacts; businessmen, more than 150 such contacts . . . worship services in the East Room of the White House, more than 8,000 guests attended. . . . More than 13,000 guests enjoyed the Nixons' hospitality at 132 dinners . . . and more than 40,000 additional guests enjoyed an ongoing series of breakfasts, luncheons, teas, coffees, and receptions." This list has the simplicity and precision of the first list we mentioned. One almost expects to find "4 music concerts conducted" or "524 hours of psychological warfare by loudspeaker" somewhere in it. And one appreciates the trouble the President must have gone to, cutting a notch in his telephone receiver every time he had a phone conversation with a Negro or a student.



But the most ambitious list of all was put together by a magazine. In an advertisement several months ago, *Seventeen* stated that "the February issue of *Seventeen* . . . contains an exclusive study of American youth of both sexes, aged 14 through 22, covering these areas in depth: America's Future, Campus Revolution, Consumerism, Drugs, Education, Environment, Generation Gap, Government, Health and Welfare, International Affairs, Life Style, Politics, Pollution, Poverty, Race Relations, Religion, Sex and Morality, Silent Majority, Values, War and Peace, Women's Rights." *Seventeen's* list is like the second one from Vietnam, except that instead of giving the key for evaluating a village it gives the key for evaluating an entire generation. Also, it has the virtue of getting things of wildly disparate magnitude and character (such as Consumerism and Values) cut down to the same size for measurement. Lists have become an invaluable new tool for coping with the world. The baffling interconnectedness of things is dissolved at a stroke, and phenomena are made to line up in a neat row followed by a number. The intellectually stymieing disproportion between one thing and another (between America's Future and Drugs, for example) is eliminated. The tiresome obligation of deciding whether something is "right" or "wrong" is likewise lifted. So when it comes to making judgments, we can throw away "traditional" thinking, with its sentences, its paragraphs, its "reason," and its "feeling." Lists are a whole new way of looking at the world. And if you don't believe it, think about what this country has done to Vietnam.

We've already got busy on a list ourself. Our list is designed to pretty much sum up the situation on the entire planet. After all, if a list can give the key to evaluating a village or a generation, what's to stop us from making up a kind of planetary point sheet? Our list draws on the lists we have mentioned so far and follows the new logic of listmaking closely. We think it's nearly definitive: Values, music concerts conducted, litres of chemicals used for defoliation, guests enjoying dinner with the Nixons, campus revolutions, principal grievances completely processed, sex and morality, V.C. local/main force units destroyed, America's future, hours of psychological warfare, women's rights, agriculture, silent majority, war and peace. It still needs a scoring system, but someone might like to throw it into the computer and see what comes out.

Moving In

EVERY week, or so it seems, we read about another corporation's murmuring its apologies and announcing that it is moving out of New York City, which is why we were surprised to discover, rather recently, that there still are companies eager to move *into* the city. Since last summer, for instance, without any particular attention from the press, such major concerns as Norton Simon and U.M.C. Industries (formerly Universal Match Corporation) have come to town; Morse Electro Products, which produces high-fidelity radio and phonograph equipment, has opened a new plant within the city; Continental Insurance has moved about a hundred administrative people over from Newark; and just last month Avon Products, the cosmetics company, announced plans to move its computer center from Westchester to West Fifty-seventh Street. Certainly the longest pilgrimage to New York, however, was made by Norton Simon, the parent corporation of ten such well-known companies as Canada Dry, Hunt-Wesson Foods, McCall Publishing, and United Can Company. With a comparatively small staff of about eighty employees, who exercise control over some thirty-five thousand employees at one hundred and seventy plants and fifty-five sales offices, this enterprise moved in quietly last September from Fullerton, California, where it had been established by the West Coast industrialist and art collector who founded and gave his name to the company.

The current president and chairman of the board of Norton Simon is David J. Mahoney, a forty-eight-year-old native of the Bronx who began his business career in the mailroom of a New York advertising agency and now, in addition to looking after his corporate responsibilities, is the chairman of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. We found him, one recent morning, on the tenth floor of the office tower at 230 Park Avenue, surrounded by a number of opened and sealed cartons and several coverall-clad moving men.

"Still not unpacked?" we asked.

"Oh, we've unpacked and packed once again," Mr. Mahoney said, coming from behind a large circular table, which functioned as his desk. He shook our hand and steered us toward a window. "We're moving right there this afternoon," he said, and pointed two blocks north on Park Avenue. "This is just temporary space that we borrowed from McCall. Over at 277 Park, we'll have the forty-fifth floor and half of the forty-sixth, and a great view of the whole city."

We asked Mr. Mahoney to tell us what brought Norton Simon to New York.

"Well, in the first place, the city is convenient," he said, resettling his substantial—six feet one inch—frame back into a leather chair behind the table. "Some of our larger companies are in New York—Canada Dry, McCall Publishing and McCall Patterns, Somerset Importers (which is Johnny Walker Scotch), and Talent Associates (the television producers), and there is the greater access to Europe, too. But that isn't the real reason."

He paused, just long enough for us to ask what the real reason was.

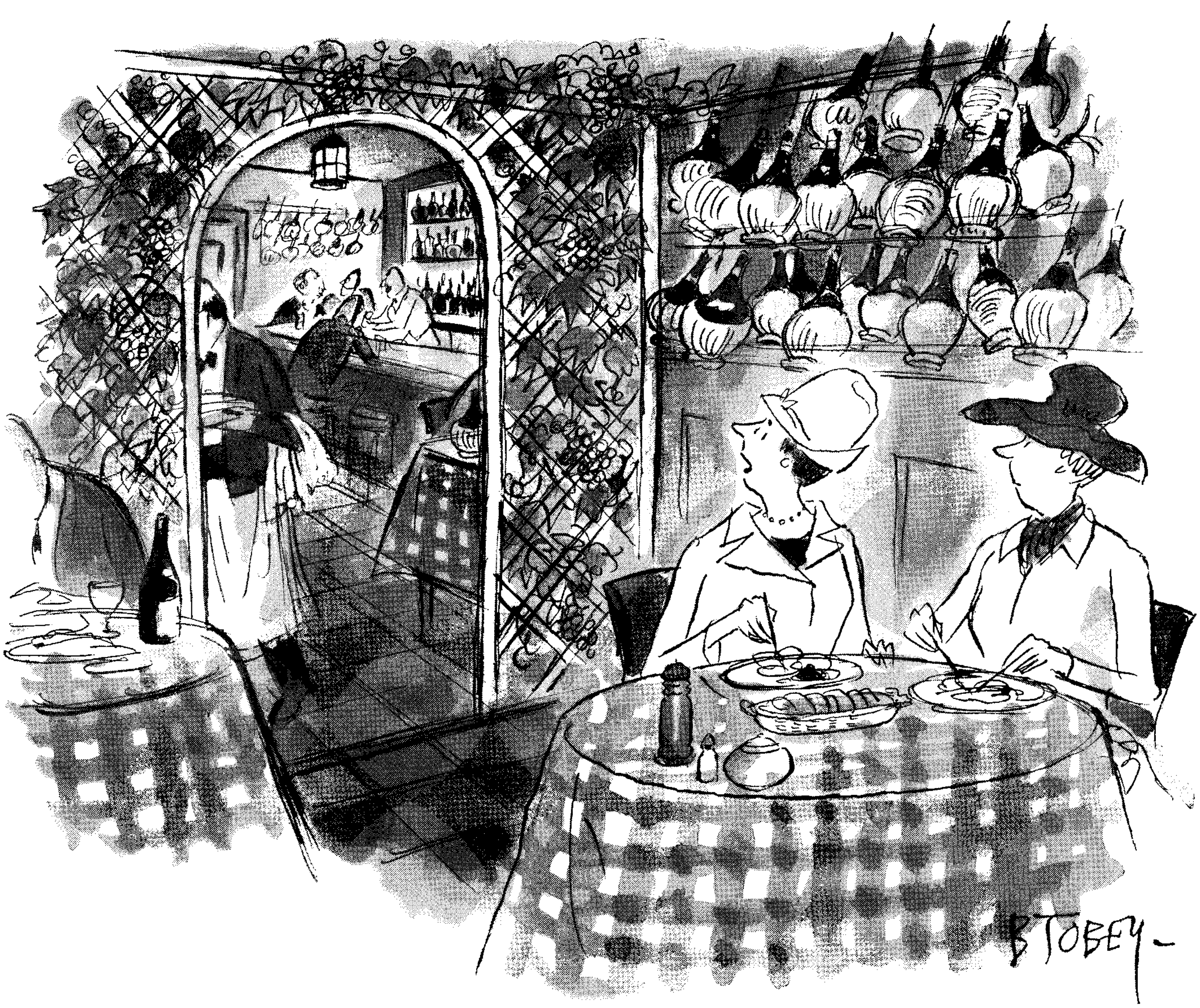
"It's all here," he said. "Our ties to the financial community, our advertising agencies—they're in New York. Our executives are well paid, I may say. Don't we owe it to the company to be where we can utilize our time most effectively? And despite the problems that exist—they're myriad, and I concede them—New York is still the most vital capital in the world."

"Capital?" we interjected.

"Sure, capital," he replied. "The idea-and-communications capital of the world is New York. Just look at the resources we draw on here. The universities, the eating places, the agencies, the consultants, the theatres—they're all here. You can bump into more people you want to see in a day in New York than you can in a month anywhere else. The people *in* New York are probably the most important resource of all. Look, let me give you an example. Recently, at a meeting of the Bicentennial Commission, I said something about not wanting to be niggardly in our efforts, and before I knew what was happening I was being accused of making a racial slur. I checked with the dictionary and satisfied myself that there was no racial context surrounding that word, but that still didn't mollify some people. So I called up Norman Cousins, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, which is one of the McCall publications, and he sent over a two-page etymological memorandum showing that 'niggardly' had no racial derivation. Now, where else in the world could I have had immediate access to a resource like Norman Cousins?"

All right, the New York area, we conceded, but why Manhattan, and particularly why midtown, at a time when other corporations are moving out to the suburbs?

"Sure, we could have done that," Mr. Mahoney said. "Put up a nice campus complex somewhere around Greenwich—which is lovely, I know; I lived there for three years, from 1963 to 1966—and moved all our people out there. I've talked to a lot of executives from other corporations who have done just that, and they say that now they have all the advantages of the city and none of its disadvantages. Trouble hiring good people is something they're always talking about. They say they can have their cake and eat it, too, this way. My answer to that is that in the center of the city I can have my cake whenever I want it, and I don't have to keep it around for myself, either—it's always here for me. Anyway, we haven't had any problem hiring all the excellent people we wanted—and the important thing is that we aren't all tucked off somewhere in some pretty, isolated spot and talking only to ourselves. When you gather all your key people in one spot,



"I suppose I don't dare order iced tea."

• •

the only people they ever come into contact with are each other; there's no cross-pollinization of ideas, and that has complications for management that I just don't care for."

We wondered whether Norton Simon's other employees had been as enthusiastic about coming to New York as Mr. Mahoney.

"Sure, it was unsettling," he said. "Literally unsettling. But we offered a moving bonus, and everyone we wanted came with us. What I hear from them now is that they enjoy working here as much as I do. After all, we sell in the United States, and when they see the people in the streets, on the commuter trains, and in the subways, I think it gives them a better experience about what the United States really is than if we were in some remote spot. Really, Piscataway or Tahiti may be lovely places, but are they really where it's at these days?"

By now, the movers were politely but pointedly beginning to pack up the boxes around Mr. Mahoney's chair, and, one step ahead of them, he accompanied us to the door. "Sure, New York has problems, but are they any worse here today than they're going to be all over America tomorrow?" he said in conclusion. "People who run out of the city aren't escaping them—they're only delaying them. As for Norton Simon—well, for our development, at this stage New York is where the action, good and bad, is. So that's where we should be."

Ready to Mail

As of last week, the National Mail Order Merchandise Show got into the show act, which includes the Auto, Boat, Lamp, Stationery, Flower, and Boutique Shows, and we didn't pass it up. It took place in the Hotel New Yorker, where the Grand Ballroom was given over to displays of tricky photo pillows, photo jigsaw puzzles, private-label vitamins and non-prescription drugs, emblems, bookmarks, placemats, wall plaques, birdhouses, animated-cartoon-character watches, water beds, artificial foliage, and novelties made out of wrought iron, vinyl, glass, tin, rubber, fur, papier-mâché, ceramics, straw, rope, leather, paper, wood, cotton, nylon, polyester, polyurethane, and God knows what else that's adding to the litter around us.

We regarded a substantial display of wide neckties, all imprinted with the same pattern of repeated smile faces that we've been seeing around town on buttons. The ties were part of the wares of Best Seal Corporation, whose president, Jon P. Schweitzer, a young man with a full, scraggly reddish beard and matching hair, spoke to us between short puffs on a stubby cigar. He was wearing gray trousers, a brown jacket, a red shirt, and one of his smile-face ties. "The smile face has been around for years, but we were the first to put the smile face on other things," he said, unsmiling. "We put it on inflatable vinyl pillows, in two sizes. We put it on chunky notepads. We put it on paperback-book covers. We put it on coasters. On litter bags. On checkbook covers. On clipboards. The past year, I sold more than one million vinyl pillows—all, I want to make perfectly clear, with the smile face."

"Is this an interesting business to be in?" we asked.

"I can say this much," said Mr. Schweitzer. "Fascinating."

"Why?"

"I have to tell you. It most assuredly gives me a chance to be creative. Before this, I was in the paper-clothing business. For seven years. Then it went. Now I can create original art work. Like putting the smile face on ties. Or my latest—'The Devil Made Me Do It' pillow, with a picture of a little red devil on it. And making my things black-light-sensitive. All kids have black lights now. If they get up at night, they shine the black light on my black-light-sensitive merchandise."

"And?" we asked.

"They get to feel more secure. There's no doubt about it. That much we know."

We moved along to the display of Russ Berrie & Co., of East Paterson, New Jersey, whose slogan, "The Guys Who Put the 'Pulse' in Impulse," was featured prominently over a display of a bunch of little plastic statuettes called Sillisculpts. Another young man, wearing a lapel card identifying him as Martin J. Shapiro, was in charge. He had on a navy-blue jacket, green corduroy trousers, and metal-rimmed eyeglasses. He had loads of youthful enthusiasm for Sillisculpts. "They're unbreakable, packaged, and ready to mail," he told us. "We're on every greeting-card shelf in the country. We're on every stationery shelf in the country. Our items are what people these days *want*."

"Are you sure?" we asked.

"Let me put it this way," he said. "My boss is very well fixed. If I had what he has, I would be very well fixed."

"Well, why do people want Sillisculpts?" we asked.

"Let me explain," he said. "A Sillisculpt is basically a statue with a greeting or saying engraved on it. All our sayings are contemporary sayings. Like this No. 1 seller, this female figure saying, 'I Love You This Much.' Or another big seller, this male figure in bed saying, 'Happiness Is Finding Someone Like You Under the Covers.' "

We backed away a little.

"Let me tell you something," Mr. Shapiro said. "The market is getting bigger all the time. A year ago, Sillisculpts had only thirty-five different numbers. The easy way would have been to keep it confined to the thirty-five. But we chose to follow the more difficult alternative. We expanded. And we have *seventy*-five different statues today, and, as I say, the market is getting larger all the time."

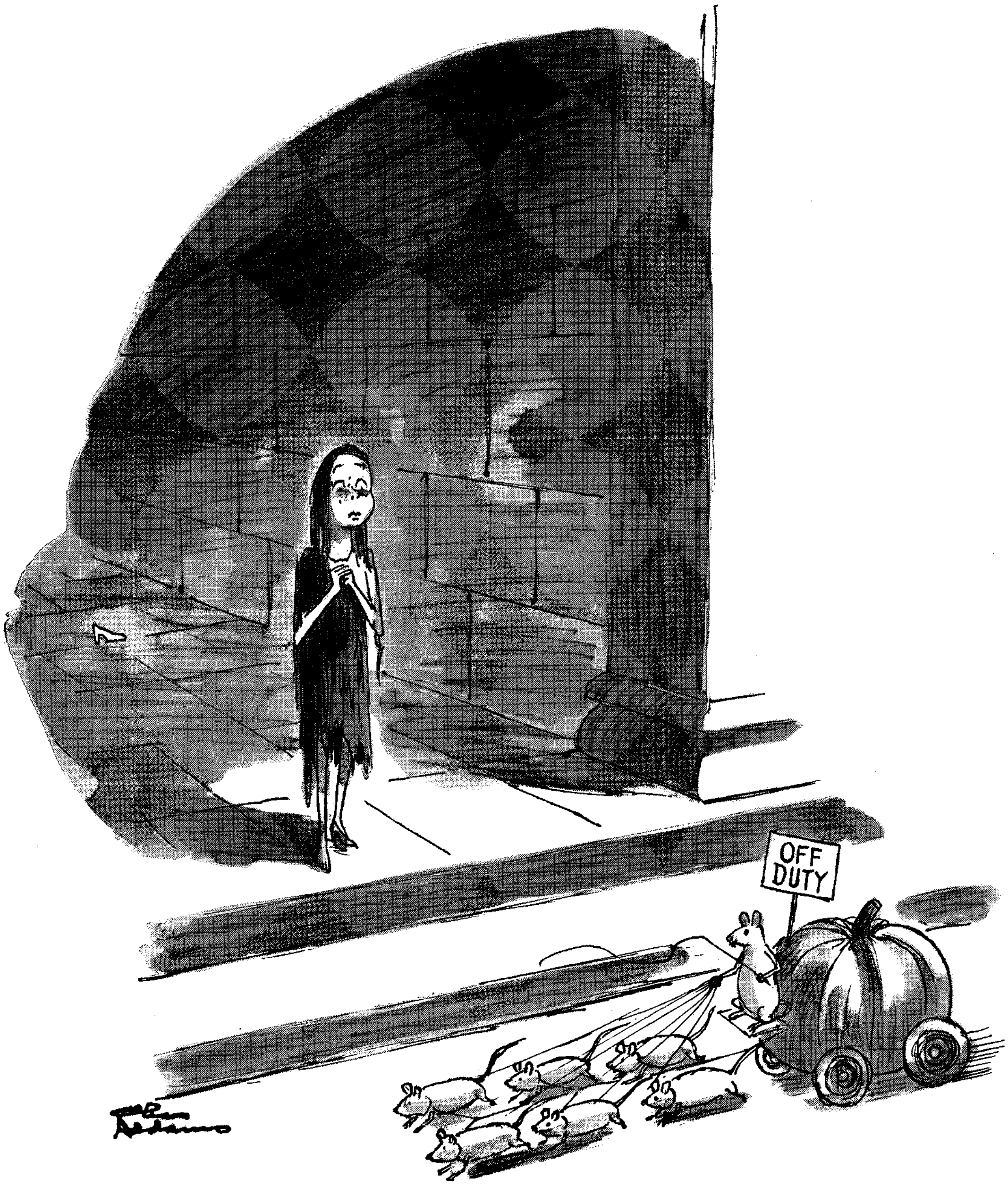
We stopped next at the headquarters of a postage-meter manufacturer named Postalia. "This is the hardware," a serious, stocky man named Thomas J. Casey, regional manager of Postalia, told us. "It seals, affixes postage, and ejects. You can imagine the volume of business this hardware does if you remember that the mail-order business is something like eleven *billion* pieces of mail a year."

"Can Postalia do something that other postage meters can't do?" we asked.

"Let me say this much," Mr. Casey said. "We imprint directly on a package. That much I can say, without hesitation."

"How many did you sell?" we asked.

"Let me put it this way," Mr. Casey said, spreading the fingers of his hands and placing the palm of one hand emphatically against the palm of the other. "We've sold five. Those five have been sold, and we know they're sold. There's no doubt in my mind or in the minds of any of the men with Postalia. Then, on top of the

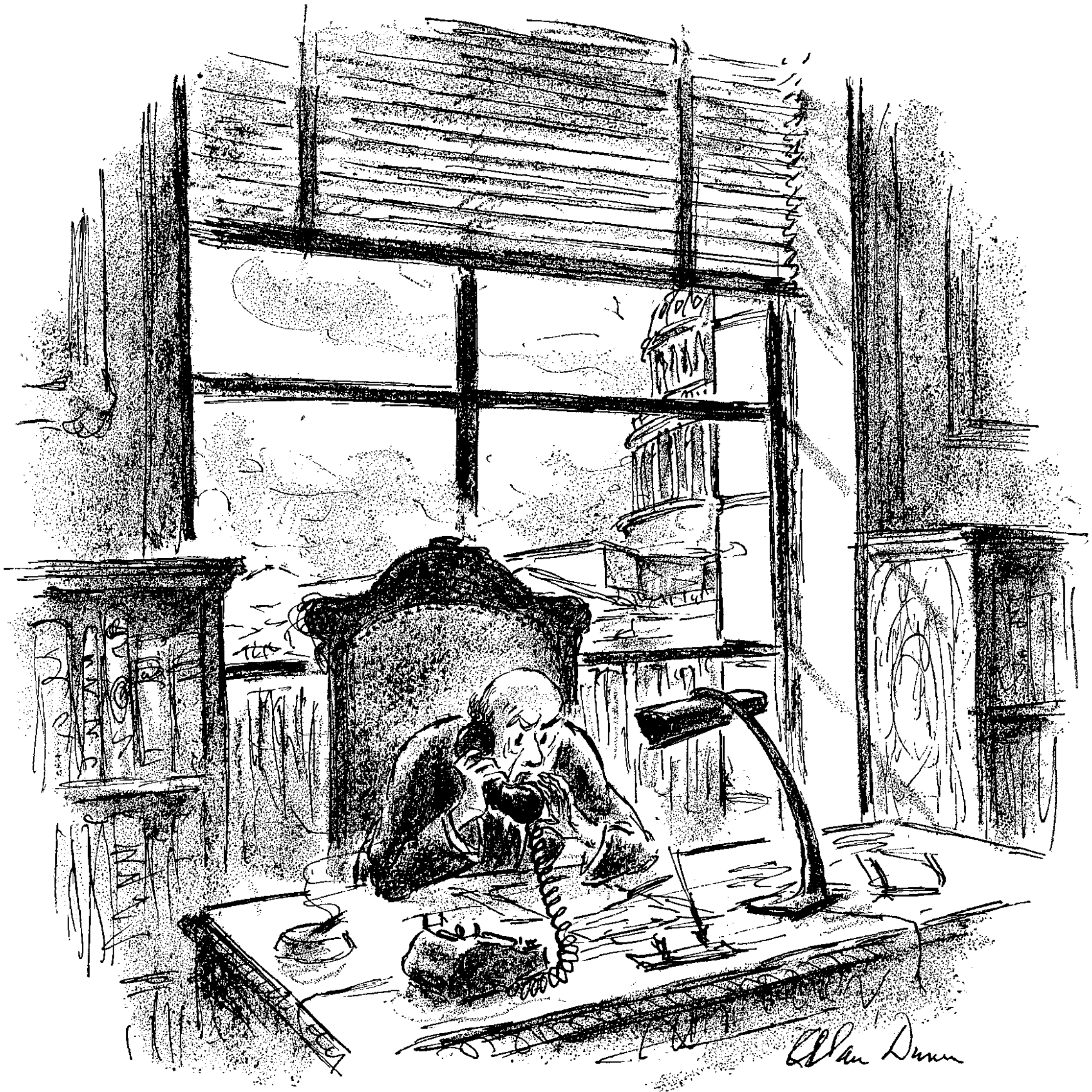


five we've sold, we have been able to muster at least two hundred and fifty leads. And that's pretty good in terms of results to be realized in the future."

Next stop for us was called Tip 'n Twinkle, where we met Tom K. Clark, whose brother, Charles F. Clark, founded Tip 'n Twinkle, with headquarters in Roanoke, Virginia. Tom K. Clark was wearing the kind of light-fabric suit and two-tone shoes that Tennessee Williams' characters are often costumed in. He had a Virginia accent and watery, light-blue eyes. He handed us Tip 'n Twinkle's big seller, the Balloon Wine Making Kit, containing small balloons used in making the wine, special yeast packets, and instructions, including a list of necessary ingredients not provided by the kit: sugar, grape-juice concentrate, and a jug. "This really works," Mr. Clark said softly and proudly. "It retails for one dollar."

"And did your brother Charles think up the idea for the kit?" we asked.

"Charles thinks up everything," Mr. Clark said. "He got to be famous when he invented the belly-button brush. He had people laughin' all over with that one. No doubt about it."



"*Is this entre nous, Senator?*"

• •

We asked Mr. Clark for the origin of his company's name.

"Why, Charles started it as a ring-cleanin' business, givin' people this little receptacle containin' the ring-cleanin' chemical. Tip it in. Presto! The ring twinkles."

We started on our way, but not before Mr. Clark had pressed upon us a booklet written, published, and sold ("Fifty cents Yankee money") by Tip 'n Twinkle. It was entitled "Colonel Horsepasture's Guide Book & Dixie Dictionary." The first word in the dictionary was "Auto." "I auto go to work, but Ahm tared," the definition read.

We went on to the Snapshooter Camera Company, of Philadelphia ("We Shoot Pictures, Not People"), which was featuring a camera, with film, costing one dollar wholesale. "It's a very unique concept," said Earl M. Slosberg, Snapshooter spokesman, a man with puffy sideburns who had on a red-and-pink striped shirt and a brown-green-and-orange striped necktie. "The principle is a made-wholly-in-the-United-States-of-America camera. It takes any cartridge of 126 Instamatic film. The concept is you take the cartridge and snap it onto the back of the camera. No dials to set. No numbers to work. It's ready to shoot. They retail for three dollars. If you want to take it a step further, one dollar wholesale to three dollars retail leaves quite a substantial margin of profit, and that's the kind of thing people care about these days." Mr. Slosberg pressed his hands together in the same way Mr. Casey, of Postalia, had.

"Do you make anything else for mail-ordering?" we asked.

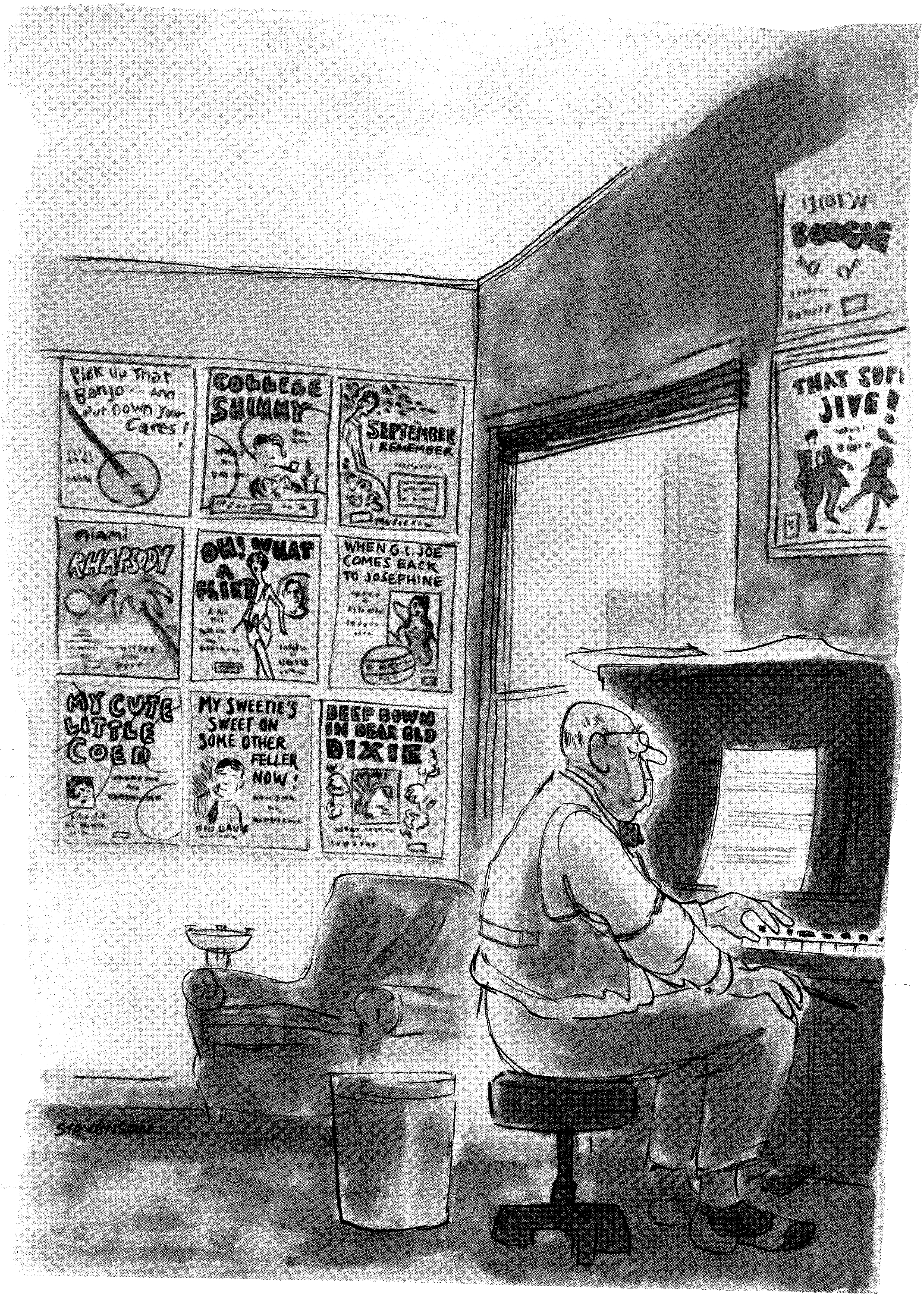
"I can tell you this," said Mr. Slosberg. "We also have an indoor model, which will sell for two dollars wholesale, and will have a little flashbulb. I have every reason to believe it will be ready in the fall. And I might add this. You don't even have to look at the film. You hear the click, and that's it."

"How many mail-order houses are carrying your camera?" we asked.

"I can tell you this," said Mr. Slosberg. "One is putting us out in six million catalogues." Mr. Slosberg snapped all ten of his fingers out straight toward us and gave a modest laugh.

"Who owns Snapshooter Camera Company?" we asked.

"I can't think of any reason for not being absolutely forthright about it," Mr. Slosberg said. "We're part of Plastics Development Corporation of America. We also compound, just to round out the picture I'm giving you, chemicals, and design and distribute machinery to dispense the chemicals. Things like polyester and polyurethane and compounds of that sort—today sort of things." Mr. Slosberg gave another little modest laugh and repeated, "*Today* things."


Pick Up That Banjo — And Put Down Your Cares!
COLLEGE SHIMMY
SEPTEMBER I REMEMBER
Miami RHAPSODY
OH! WHAT A FLIRT
WHEN G.I. JOE COMES BACK TO JOSEPHINE
MY CUTE LITTLE COED
MY SWEETIE'S SWEET ON SOME OTHER FELLER NOW!
DEEP DOWN IN DEAR OLD DIXIE
BOOGIE
THAT SUP
JIVE!
STEVENSON

SUBPOENA

AND now in the mail a small white Subpoena from the Bureau of Compliance, Citizen Bergman there, he wants me to comply. *We command you that, all business and excuses being laid aside, you and each of you appear and attend . .* The "We command you" in boldface, and a shiny red seal in the lower left corner. To get my attention.

I thought I had complied. I comply every year, sometimes oftener than necessary. Look at the record. Spotless list of compliances dating back to '48, when I was a pup. What can he mean, this Bergman, finding a freckle on my clean sheet?

I appeared and attended. Attempted to be reasonable. "Look here Bergman what is this business." Read him an essay I'd written about how the State should not muck about in the affairs of its vassals overmuch. Citizen Bergman unamused.

"It appears that you are the owner or proprietor perhaps of a monster going under the name of Charles Evans Hughes?"

"Yes but what has that to do with—"

"Said monster inhabiting quarters at 12 Tryst Lane?"

"That is correct."

"This monster being of humanoid appearance and characteristics, including ability to locomote, production of speech of a kind, ingestion of viands, and traffic with other beings?"

"Well, 'traffic' is hardly the word. Simple commands he can cope with. Nothing fancy. Sit. Eat. Speak. Roll over. Beg. That sort of thing."

"This monster being employed by you in the capacity, friend?"

"Well, employed is not quite right."

"He is remunerated is he not?"

"The odd bit of pocket money."

"On a regular basis."

"See here Bergman it's an allowance. For little things he needs. Cigarettes and handkerchiefs and the like. Nose drops."

"He is nevertheless in receipt of sums of money from you on a regular basis?"

"*He is forty-four per cent metal, Officer.*"

"The metal content of said monster does not interest the Bureau. What we are interested in is compliance."

"Wherein have I failed to comply?"

"You have not submitted Form 244 which governs paid companionship, including liaisons with prostitutes and pushing of wheelchairs by hired orderlies not provided by the Bureau of Perpetual Help. You have also failed to remit the Paid Companionship Tax which amounts to one hundred twenty-two per cent of all moneys changing hands in any direction."

"One hundred twenty-two per cent!"

"That is the figure. There is also a penalty for noncompliance. The penalty is two hundred twelve per cent of one hundred twenty-two per cent of five dollars a week figured over five years, which I believe is the period at issue."

"What about depreciation?"

"Depreciation is not figurable in the case of monsters."

I went home feeling less than sunny.

HE had a knowing look that I'd painted myself. One corner of the mouth curled upward and the other downward, when he smiled. There was no grave-robbing or anything of that sort. Plastic and metal did very nicely. You can get the most amazing things in drugstores. Fingernails and eyelashes and such. The actual construction was a matter of weeks. I considered sending the plans to *Popular Mechanics*. So everyone could have one.

He was calm—calm as a hat. Whereas I was nervous as a strobe light, had the shakes, Valium in the morning and J & B beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Everything was all right with him. "Crushed in an elevator at the welfare hotel!" someone would say.

"It's a very serious problem," Charles would answer.

When I opened the door, he was sitting in the rocking chair reading *Life*.

"Charles," I said, "they've found out."

"Seventy-seven per cent of American high-school students declare that religion is important to them, according to a recent Louis Harris poll," Charles said, rocking gently.

"Charles," I said, "they want money. The Paid Companionship Tax. It's two hundred twelve per cent of one hundred twenty-two per cent of five dollars a week figured over five years, plus of course the basic one hundred twenty-two per cent."

"That's a lot of money," Charles said, smiling. "A pretty penny."

"I can't pay," I said. "It's too much."

"Well," he said, both smiling and rocking, "fine. What are you going to do?"

"Disassemble," I said.

"Interesting," he said, hitching his chair closer to mine, to demonstrate interest. "Where will you begin?"

"With the head, I suppose."

"Wonderful," Charles said. "You'll need the screwdriver, the pliers, and the Skil saw. I'll fetch them."

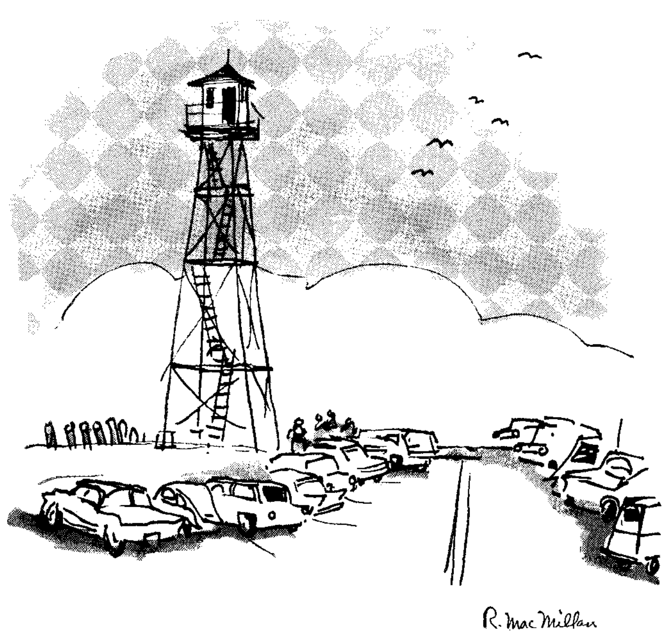
He got up to go to the basement. A thought struck him. "Who will take out the garbage?" he asked.

"Me. I'll take it out myself."

He smiled. One corner of his mouth turned upward and the other downward. "Well," he said, "right on."

I called him my friend and thought of him as my friend. In fact I kept him to instruct me in complacency. He sat there, the perfect noncombatant. He ate and drank and slept and awoke and did not change the world. Looking at him I said to myself, "See, it is possible to live in the world and not change the world." He read the newspapers and watched television and heard in the night screams under windows thank God not ours but down the block a bit, and did nothing. Without Charles, without his example, his exemplary quietude, I run the risk of acting, the risk of risk. I must leave the house and walk about.

—DONALD BARTHELME



TWO MORE UNDER THE INDIAN SUN

ELIZABETH had gone to spend the afternoon with Margaret. They were both English, but Margaret was a much older woman and they were also very different in character. But they were both in love with India, and it was this fact that drew them together. They sat on the veranda, and Margaret wrote letters and Elizabeth addressed the envelopes. Margaret always had letters to write; she led a busy life and was involved with several organizations of a charitable or spiritual nature. Her interests were centered in such matters, and Elizabeth was glad to be allowed to help her.

There were usually guests staying in Margaret's house. Sometimes they were complete strangers to her when they first arrived, but they tended to stay weeks, even months, at a time—holy men from the Himalayas, village welfare workers, organizers of conferences on spiritual welfare. She had one constant visitor throughout the winter, an elderly government officer who, on his retirement from service, had taken to a spiritual life and gone to live in the mountains at Almora. He did not, however, very much care for the winter cold up there, so at that season he came down to Delhi to stay with Margaret, who was always pleased to have him. He had a soothing effect on her—indeed, on anyone with whom he came into contact, for he had cast anger and all other bitter passions out of his heart and was consequently always smiling and serene. Everyone affectionately called him Babaji.

He sat now with the two ladies on the veranda, gently rocking himself to and fro in a rocking chair, enjoying the winter sunshine and the flowers in the garden and everything about him. His companions, however, were less serene. Margaret, in fact, was beginning to get angry with Elizabeth. This happened quite frequently, for Margaret tended to be quickly irritated, and especially with a meek and conciliatory person like Elizabeth.

"It's very selfish of you," Margaret said now.

Elizabeth flinched. Like many very unselfish people, she was always accusing herself of undue selfishness, so that whenever this accusation was made by someone else it touched her closely. But because it was not in her power to do what Margaret wanted, she compressed her lips and kept silent. She was pale with this effort at obstinacy.

"It's your duty to go," Margaret said. "I don't have much time for people who shirk their duty."

"I'm sorry, Margaret," Elizabeth said, utterly miserable, utterly ashamed. The worst of it, almost, was that she really wanted to go; there was nothing she would have enjoyed more. What she was required to do was take a party of little Tibetan orphans on a holiday treat to Agra and show them the Taj Mahal. Elizabeth loved children, she loved little trips and treats, and she loved the Taj Mahal. But she couldn't go, nor could she say why.

Of course Margaret very easily guessed why, and it irritated her more than ever. To challenge her friend, she said bluntly, "Your Raju can do without you for those few days. Good heavens, you're not a honeymoon couple, are you? You've been married long enough. Five years."

"Four," Elizabeth said in a humble voice.

"Four, then. I can hardly be expected to keep count of each wonderful day. Do you want me to speak to him?"

"Oh, no."

"I will, you know. It's nothing to me. I won't mince my words." She gave a short, harsh laugh, challenging anyone to stop her from speaking out when occasion demanded. Indeed, at the thought of anyone doing so her face grew red under her crop of gray hair, and a pulse throbbed in visible anger in her tough, tanned neck.

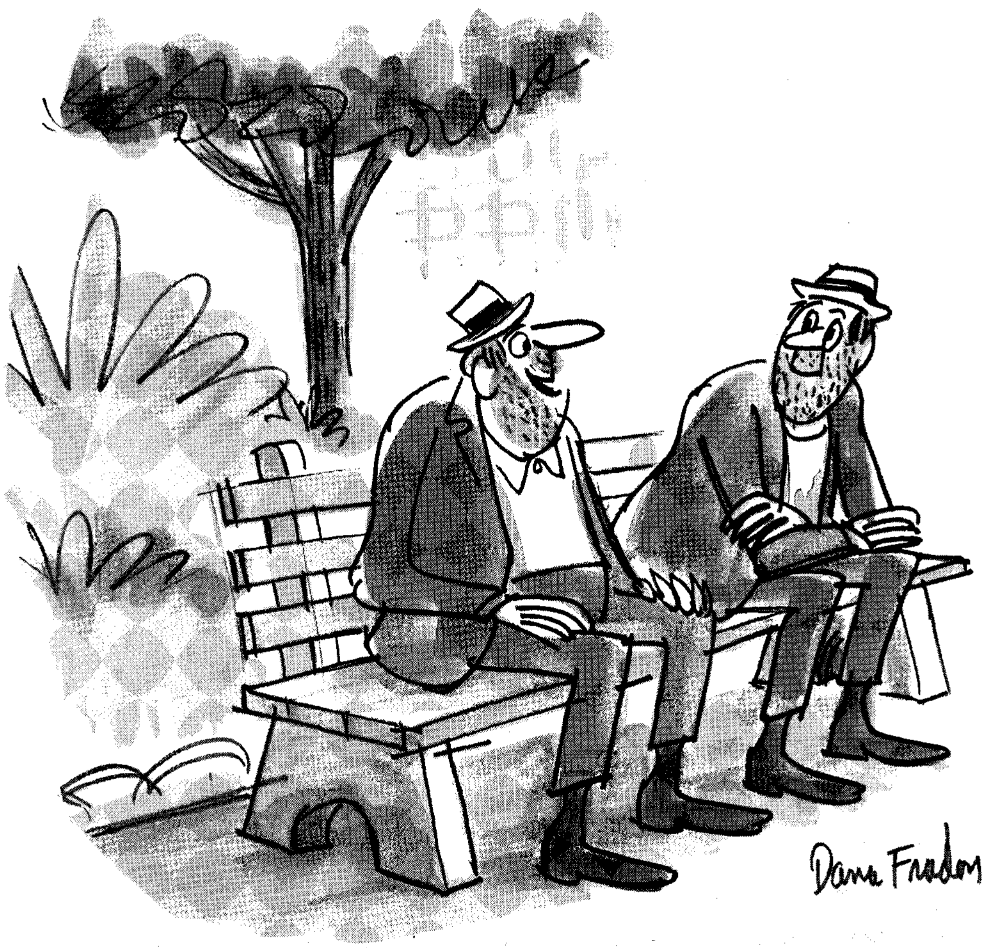
Elizabeth glanced imploringly toward Babaji. But he was rocking and smiling and looking with tender love at two birds pecking at something on the lawn.

"There are times when I can't help feeling you're afraid of him," Margaret said. She ignored Elizabeth's little disclaiming cry of horror. "There's no trust between you, no understanding. And married life is nothing if it's not based on the twin rocks of trust and understanding."

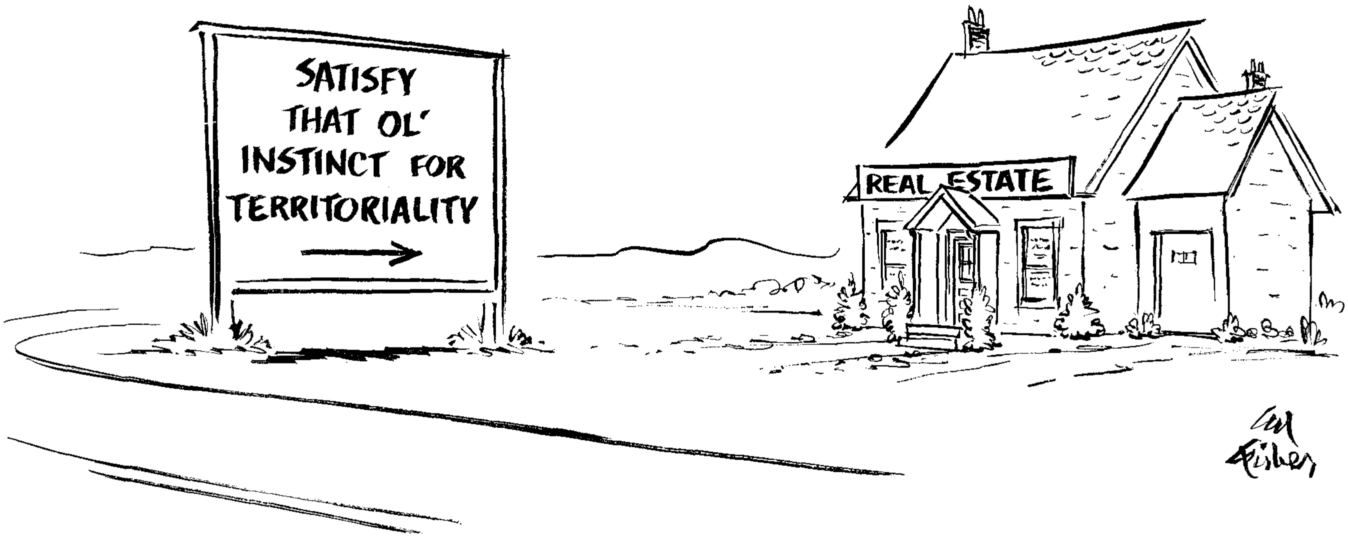
Babaji liked this phrase so much that he repeated it to himself several times, his lips moving soundlessly and his head nodding with approval.

"In everything I did," Margaret said, "Arthur was with me. He had complete faith in me. And in those days— Well." She chuckled. "A wife like me wasn't altogether a joke."

Her late husband had been a high-up



"I dreamed Ronald Reagan was a panhandler and I wasn't, and I refused to give him a dime, and I gave him a lecture to boot."


SATISFY THAT OL' INSTINCT FOR TERRITORIALITY
REAL ESTATE
Ed Fisher

• •

British official, and in those British days he and Margaret had been expected to conform to some very strict social rules. But the idea of Margaret conforming to any rules, let alone those! Her friends nowadays often had a good laugh at it with her, and she had many stories to tell of how she had shocked and defied her fellow-countrymen.

"It was people like you," Babaji said, "who first extended the hand of friendship to us."

"It wasn't a question of friendship, Babaji. It was a question of love."

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

"As soon as I came here—and I was only a chit of a girl, Arthur and I had been married just two months—yes, as soon as I set foot on Indian soil, I knew this was the place I belonged. It's funny, isn't it? I don't suppose there's any rational explanation for it. But then, when was India ever the place for rational explanations?"

Babaji said with gentle certainty, "In your last birth, you were one of us. You were an Indian."

"Yes, lots of people have told me that. Mind you, in the beginning it was quite a job to make them see it. Naturally, they were suspicious—can you blame them? It wasn't like today. I envy you girls married to Indians. You have a very easy time of it."

Elizabeth thought of the first time she had been taken to stay with Raju's family. She had met and married Raju in England, where he had gone for a year on a Commonwealth scholarship, and then had returned with him to Delhi, so it was some time before she met his family, who lived about two hundred miles out of Delhi, on the outskirts of a small town called Ankhpur. They all lived together in an ugly brick house, which was divided into two parts—one for the men of the family, the other for the women. Elizabeth, of course, had stayed in the women's quarters. She couldn't speak any Hindi and they spoke very little English, but they had not had much trouble communicating with her. They managed to make it clear at once that they thought her too ugly and too old for Raju (who was, indeed, some five years her junior) but also that they did not hold this against her and were ready to accept her, with all her shortcomings, as the will of God. They got a lot of amusement out of her, and she enjoyed being with them. They dressed and undressed her in new saris, and she smiled good-naturedly while they stood round her clapping their hands in wonder and doubling up with laughter. Various fertility ceremonies had been performed over her, and before she left she had been given her share of the family jewelry.

"Elizabeth," Margaret said now, "if you're going to be so slow, I'd rather do them myself."

"Just these two left," Elizabeth said, bending more eagerly over the envelopes she was addressing.

"For all your marriage," Margaret said, "sometimes I wonder how much you do understand about this country. You live such a closed-in life."

"I'll just take these inside," Elizabeth said, picking up the envelopes and letters. She wanted to get away, not because she minded being told about her own wrong way of life but because she was afraid Margaret might start talking about Raju again.

IT was cold inside, away from the sun. Margaret's house was old and massive, with thick stone walls, skylights instead of windows, and immensely high ceilings. It was designed to keep out the heat in summer, but it also sealed in the cold in winter and became like some cavernous underground fortress frozen through with the cold of earth and stone. A stale smell of rice, curry, and mango chutney was chilled into the air.

Elizabeth put the letters on Margaret's worktable, which was in the drawing room. Besides the drawing room, there was a dining room, but every other room was a bedroom, each with its dressing room and bathroom attached. Sometimes Margaret had to put as many as three or four visitors into each bedroom, and on one occasion—this was when she had helped to organize a conference on Meditation as the Modern Curative—the drawing and dining rooms, too, had been converted into dormitories, with string cots and bedrolls laid out end to end. Margaret was not only an energetic and active person involved in many causes but she was also the soul of generosity, ever ready to throw open her house to any friend or acquaintance in need of shelter. She had thrown it open to Elizabeth and Raju three years ago, when they had had to vacate their rooms almost overnight because the landlord said he needed the accommodation for his relatives. Margaret had given them a whole suite—a bedroom and dressing room and bathroom to themselves—and they had had all their meals with her in the big dining room, where the table was always ready laid with white crockery plates, face down so as not to catch the dust, and a thick white tablecloth that got rather stained toward the end of the week. At first, Raju had been very grateful and had praised their hostess to the skies for her kind and generous character. But as the weeks wore on, and every day, day after day, two or three times a day, they sat with Margaret and whatever

WHITE NOISE

The aspen leaves and those of the poplars turn
Their paler faces toward the rush of the sound
Their making light of the wind releases. Bare
In her polished urn, the nymph of resonance
Whispers of breakers washing the afternoon
Sands coppered by the declining sun; among
Her narrowing halls, she shrinks from the deep call
Of vowels. Sounding beside me falls the crash,
Foamy and hoarse, of this shining surface, wide
Sheets turning under themselves to splash across
Motionless limbs, hands fallen asleep in hair,
Sighing almost in silence. Below the roar
Of mingled breaths, yours ebbing against my ear,
Mine rising about the caverns that enclose
Your heart, come tidal poundings that reëmerge
From under these rustlings, this unsonorous
Reminiscence of winds that have passed among
Us and our inarticulate leaves and shores.

—John Hollander

• •

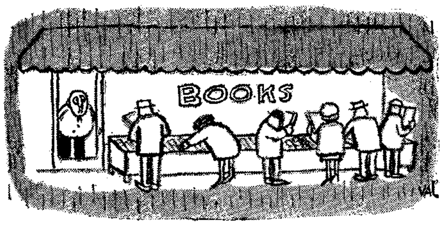
other guests she had round the table, eating alternately lentils and rice or stringbeans with boiled potatoes and beetroot salad, with Margaret always in her chair at the head of the table talking inexhaustibly about her activities and ideas—about Indian spirituality and the Mutiny and village uplift and the industrial revolution—Raju, who had a lot of ideas of his own and rather liked to talk, began to get restive. "But Madam, Madam," he would frequently say, half rising in his chair in his impatience to interrupt her, only to have to sit down again, unsatisfied, and continue with his dinner, because Margaret was too busy with her own ideas to have time to take in his.

Once, he could not restrain himself. Margaret was talking about— Elizabeth had even forgotten what it was. Was it about the first Indian National Congress? At any rate, she said something that stirred Raju to such disagreement that this time he did not restrict himself to the hesitant appeal of "Madam" but said out loud for everyone to hear, "Nonsense, she is only talking nonsense." There was a moment's silence; then Margaret, sensible woman that she was, shut her eyes as a sign that she would not hear and would not see, and, repeating the sentence he had interrupted more firmly than before, continued her discourse on an even keel. It was the other two or three people sitting with them round the table—a Buddhist monk with a large shaved skull, a welfare worker, and a disciple of the Gandhian way of life wearing nothing but the homespun loincloth in which the Mahatma himself had always been so simply clad—it was they who had looked at Raju, and very, very gently one of them had clicked his tongue.

Raju had felt angry and humiliated, and afterward, when they were alone in their bedroom, he had quarrelled about it with Elizabeth. In his excitement, he raised his voice higher than he would have if he had remembered that they were in someone else's house, and the noise of this must have disturbed Margaret, who suddenly stood in the doorway, looking at them. Unfortunately, it was just at the moment when Raju, in his anger and frustration, was pulling his wife's hair, and they both stood frozen in this attitude and stared back at Margaret. The next instant, of course, they had collected themselves, and Raju let go of Elizabeth's hair, and she pretended as best she could that all that was happening was that he was helping her comb it. But such a feeble subterfuge would not do before Margaret's penetrating eye, which she kept fixed on Raju, in total silence, for two disconcerting minutes; then she said, "We don't treat English girls that way," and withdrew, leaving the door open behind her as a warning that they were under observation. Raju shut it with a vicious kick. If they had had anywhere else to go, he would have moved out that instant.

Raju never came to see Margaret now. He was a proud person, who would never forget anything he considered a slight to his honor. Elizabeth always came on her own, as she had done today, to visit her friend. She sighed now as she arranged the letters on Margaret's worktable; she was sad that this difference had arisen between her husband and her only friend, but she knew that there was nothing she could do about it. Raju was very obstinate. She shivered and rubbed the tops of her arms, goosepimpled with the cold in that high, bleak room, and returned quickly to the veranda, which was flooded and warm with afternoon sun.

Babaji and Margaret were having a discussion on the relative merits of the three ways toward realization. They spoke of the way of knowledge, the way of action, and that of love. Margaret maintained that it was a matter of temperament, and that while she could appreciate the beauty of the other two ways, for herself there was no path nor could there ever be but that of action. It was her nature.



"Of course it is," Babaji said. "And God bless you for it."

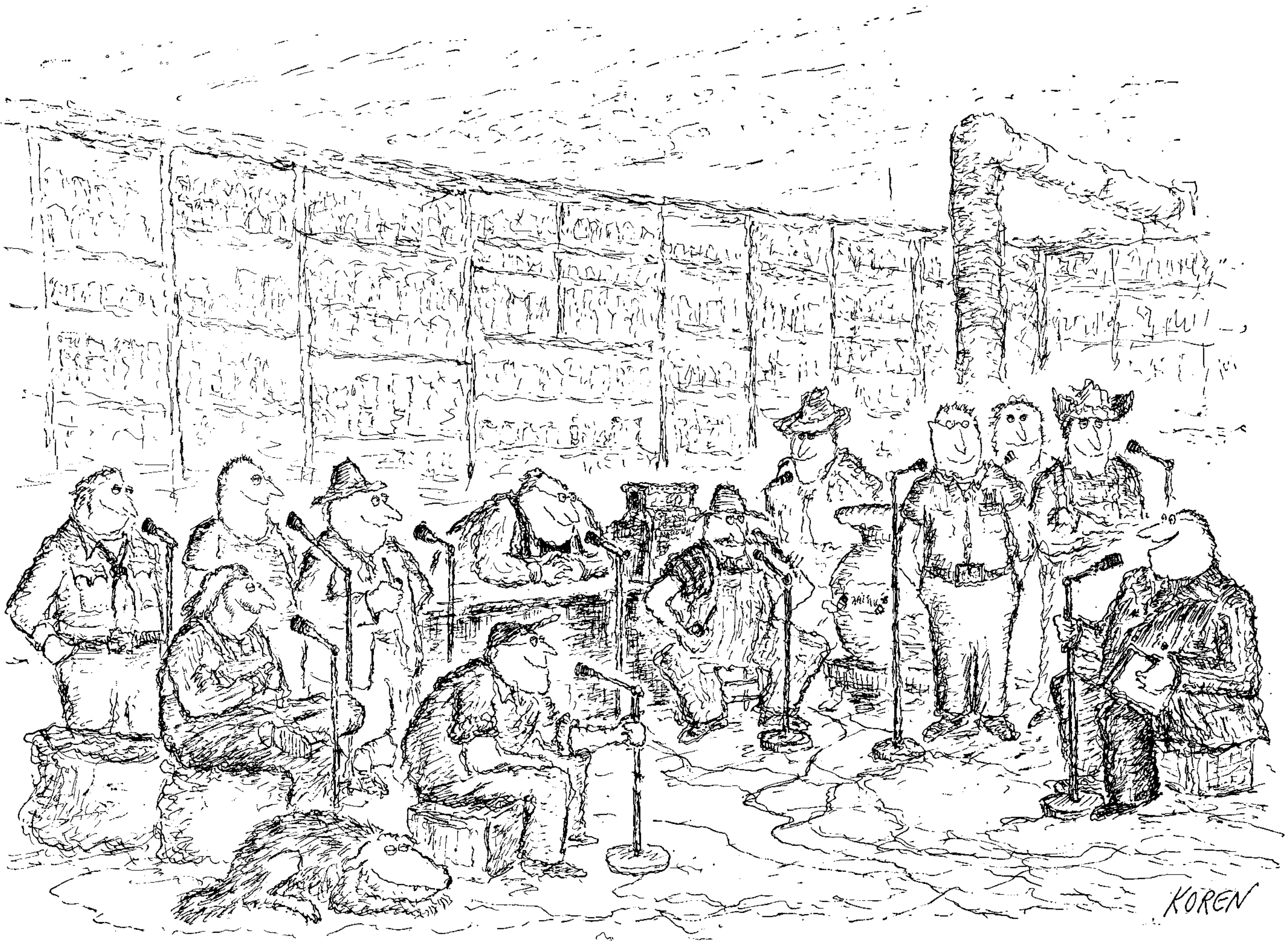
"Arthur used to tease me. He'd say, 'Margaret was born to right all the wrongs of the world in one go.' But I can't help it. It's not in me to sit still when I see things to be done."

"Babaji," said Elizabeth, laughing, "once I saw her— It was during the monsoon, and the river had flooded and the people on the bank were being evacuated. But it wasn't being done quickly enough for Margaret! She waded into the water and came back with someone's tin trunk on her head. All the people shouted, 'Memsahib, Memsahib! What are you doing?,' but she didn't take a bit of notice. She waded right back in again and came out with two rolls of bedding, one under each arm."

Elizabeth went pink with laughter, and with pleasure and pride, at recalling this incident. Margaret pretended to be angry and gave her a playful slap, but she could not help smiling, while Babaji clasped his hands in joy and opened his mouth wide in silent, ecstatic laughter.

Margaret shook her head with a last fond smile. "Yes, but I've got into the most dreadful scrapes with this nature of mine. If I'd been born with an ounce more patience, I'd have been a pleasanter person to deal with and life could have been a lot smoother all round. Don't you think so?" She looked at Elizabeth, who said, "I love you just the way you are."

But a moment later Elizabeth



"The question on everyone's mind these days is 'What is Middle America thinking?' Well, tonight we're going to find out."

• •

wished she had not said this. "Yes," Margaret took her up, "that's the trouble with you. You love everybody just the way they are." Of course she was referring to Raju. Elizabeth twisted her hands in her lap. These hands were large and bony and usually red, although she was otherwise a pale and rather frail person.

The more anyone twisted and squirmed, the less inclined was Margaret to let them off the hook. Not because this afforded her any pleasure but because she felt that facts of character must be faced just as resolutely as any other kinds of fact. "Don't think you're doing anyone a favor," she said, "by being so indulgent toward their faults. Quite on the contrary. And especially in marriage," she went on unwaveringly. "It's not mutual pampering that makes a marriage but mutual trust."

"Trust and understanding," Babaji said.

Elizabeth knew that there was not much of these in her marriage. She wasn't even sure how much Raju earned in his job at the municipality (he was an engineer in the sanitation department), and there was one drawer in their bedroom whose contents she didn't know, for he always kept it locked and the key with him.

"I'll lend you a wonderful book," Margaret said. "It's called 'Truth in the Mind,' and it's full of the most astounding insight. It's by this marvellous man who founded an ashram in Shropshire. Shafi!" She called suddenly for the servant, but of course he couldn't hear, because the servants' quarters were right at the back, and the old man now spent most of his time there, sitting on a bed and having his legs massaged by a granddaughter.

"I'll call him," Elizabeth said, and got up eagerly.

She went back into the stone-cold house and out again at the other end. Here were the kitchen and the crowded servants' quarters. Margaret could never bear to dismiss anyone, and even the servants who were no longer in her employ continued to enjoy her hospitality. Each servant had a great number of dependents, so this part of the house was a little colony of its own, with a throng of people outside the rows of peeling hutments, chatting or sleeping or quarrelling or squatting on the ground to cook their meals and wash their children. Margaret enjoyed coming out here—mostly to advise and scold—but Elizabeth felt shy, and she kept her eyes lowered.

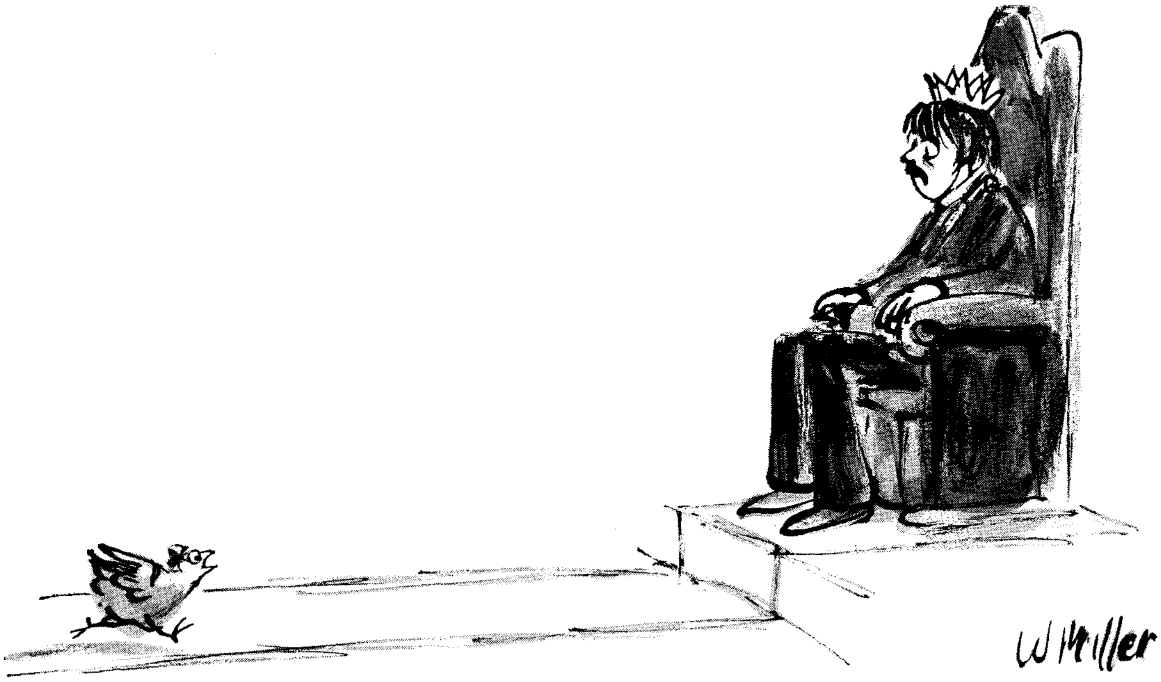
"Shafi," she said, "Memsahib is calling you."

The old man mumbled furiously. He did not like to have his rest disturbed and he did not like Elizabeth. In fact, he did not like any of the visitors. He was the oldest servant in the house—so old that he had been Arthur's bearer when Arthur was still a bachelor and serving in the districts, almost forty years ago.

Still grumbling, he followed Elizabeth back to the veranda. "Tea, Shafi!" Margaret called out cheerfully when she saw them coming.

"Not time for tea yet," he said.

She laughed. She loved it when her servants answered her back; she felt it showed a sense of ease and equality



"The Fillmore East is closing! The Fillmore East is closing!"

and family irritability, which was only another side of family devotion. "What a cross old man you are," she said. "And just look at you—how dirty."

He looked down at himself. He was indeed very dirty. He was unshaved and unwashed, and from beneath the rusty remains of what had once been a uniform coat there peeped out a ragged assortment of gray vests and torn pullovers into which he had bundled himself for the winter.

"It's hard to believe," Margaret said, "that this old scarecrow is a terrible, terrible snob. You know why he doesn't like you, Elizabeth? Because you're married to an Indian."

Elizabeth smiled and blushed. She admired Margaret's forthrightness.

"He thinks you've let down the side. He's got very firm principles. As a matter of fact, he thinks I've let down the side, too. All his life he's longed to work for a real memsahib—the sort that entertains other memsahibs to tea. Never forgave Arthur for bringing home little Margaret."

The old man's face began working strangely. His mouth and stubbled cheeks twitched, and then sounds started coming that rose and fell—now distinct, now only a mutter and a drone—like waves of the sea. He spoke partly in English and partly in Hindi, and it was some time before it could be made out that he was telling some story of the old days—a party at the Gymkhana Club for which he had been hired as an additional waiter. The sahib who had given the party, a Major Waterford, had paid him not only his wages but also a tip of two rupees. He elaborated on this for some time, dwelling on the virtues of Major Waterford and also of Mrs. Waterford, a very fine lady who had made her servants wear white gloves when they served at table.

"Very grand," said Margaret with an easy laugh. "You run along now and get our tea."

"There was a little Missie Sahib, too. She had two ayahs, and every year they were given four saris and one shawl for the winter."

"Tea, Shafi," Margaret said more firmly, so that the old man, who knew every inflection in his mistress's voice, saw it was time to be off.

"Arthur and I've spoiled him outrageously," Margaret said. "We spoiled all our servants."

"God will reward you," said Babaji.

"We could never think of them as servants, really. They were more our friends. I've learned such a lot from Indian servants. They're usually rogues, but underneath all that they have beautiful characters. They're very religious, and they have a lot of philosophy—you'd be surprised. We've had some fascinating conversations. You ought to keep a servant, Elizabeth—I've told you so often." When she saw Elizabeth was about to answer something, she said, "And don't say you can't afford it. Your Raju earns enough, I'm sure, and they're very cheap."

"We don't need one," Elizabeth said apologetically. There were just the two of them, and they lived in two small rooms. Sometimes Raju also took it into his head that they needed a servant, and once he had even gone to the extent of hiring an undernourished little boy from the hills. On the second day, however, the boy was discovered rifling the pockets of Raju's trousers while their owner was having his bath, so he was dismissed on the spot. To Elizabeth's relief, no attempt at replacing him was ever made.

"If you had one, you could get around a bit more," Margaret said. "Instead of always having to dance attendance on your husband's mealtimes. I suppose that's why you don't want to take those poor little children to Agra?"

"It's not that I don't want to," Elizabeth said hopelessly.

"Quite apart from anything else, you ought to be longing to get around and see the country. What do you know, what will you ever know, if you stay in one place all the time?"

"One day, you will come and visit me in Almora," Babaji said.

"Oh, Babaji, I'd love to!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

"Beautiful," he said, spreading his hands to describe it all. "The mountains, trees, clouds . . ." Words failed him, and he could only spread his hands farther and smile into the distance, as if he saw a beautiful vision there.

Elizabeth smiled with him. She saw it, too, although she had never been there: the mighty mountains, the grandeur and the peace, the abode of Shiva, where he sat with the rivers flowing from his hair. She longed to go, and to so many other places she had heard and read about. But the only place away from Delhi where she had ever been was Ankhpur, to stay with Raju's family.

Margaret began to tell about all the places she had been to. She and Arthur had been posted from district to district, in many different parts of the country, but even that hadn't been enough for her. She had to see everything. She had no fears about travelling on her own, and had spent weeks tramping around in the mountains, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders and a stick held firmly in her hand. She had travelled many miles by any mode of transport available—train, bus, cycle rickshaw, or even bullock cart—in order to see some little-known and almost inaccessible temple or cave or tomb. Once, she had sprained her ankle and lain all alone for a week in a derelict rest house, deserted except for one decrepit old watchman, who had shared his meals with her.

"That's the way to get to know a country," she declared. Her cheeks were flushed with the pleasure of remembering everything she had done.

Elizabeth agreed with her. Yet although she herself had done none of these things, she did not feel that she was on that account cut off from all knowledge. There was much to be learned from living with Raju's family in Ankhpur, much to be learned from Raju himself. Yes, he was her India! She felt like laughing when this thought came to her. But it was true.

"Your trouble is," Margaret suddenly said, "you let Raju bully you. He's got something of that in his character—don't contradict, I've *studied* him. If you were to stand up to him more firmly, you'd both be happier."

Again Elizabeth wanted to laugh. She thought of the nice times she and Raju often had together. He had invented a game of cricket that they could play in their bedroom between the steel almirah and the opposite wall. They played it with a rubber ball and a hairbrush, and three steps made a run. Raju's favorite trick was to hit the ball under the bed, and while she lay flat on the floor groping for it he made run after run, exhorting her with mocking cries of "Hurry up! Where is it? Can't you find it?" His eyes glittered with the pleasure of winning; his shirt was off, and drops of perspiration trickled down his smooth, dark chest.

"You should *want* to do something for those poor children!" Margaret shouted.

"I do want to. You know I do."

"I don't know anything of the sort. All I see is you leading an utterly useless, selfish life. I'm disappointed in you, Elizabeth. When I first met you, I had such high hopes of you. I thought, Ah, here at last is a serious person. But you're not serious at all. You're as frivolous as any of those girls that come here and spend their days playing mah-jongg."

Elizabeth was ashamed. The worst of it was she really had once been a serious person. She had been a schoolteacher in England, and devoted to her work and her children, on whom she had spent far more time and care than was necessary in the line of duty. And, over and above that, she had put in several evenings a week visiting old people who had no one to look after them. But all that had come to an end once she met Raju.

"It's criminal to be in India and not be committed," Margaret went on. "There isn't much any single person can do, of course, but to do nothing at all—no, I wouldn't be able to sleep at nights."

And Elizabeth slept not only well but happily, blissfully! Sometimes she turned on the light just for the pleasure of looking at Raju lying beside her. He slept like a child, with the pillow bundled under his cheek and his mouth slightly open, as if he were smiling.

"But what are you laughing at!" Margaret shouted.

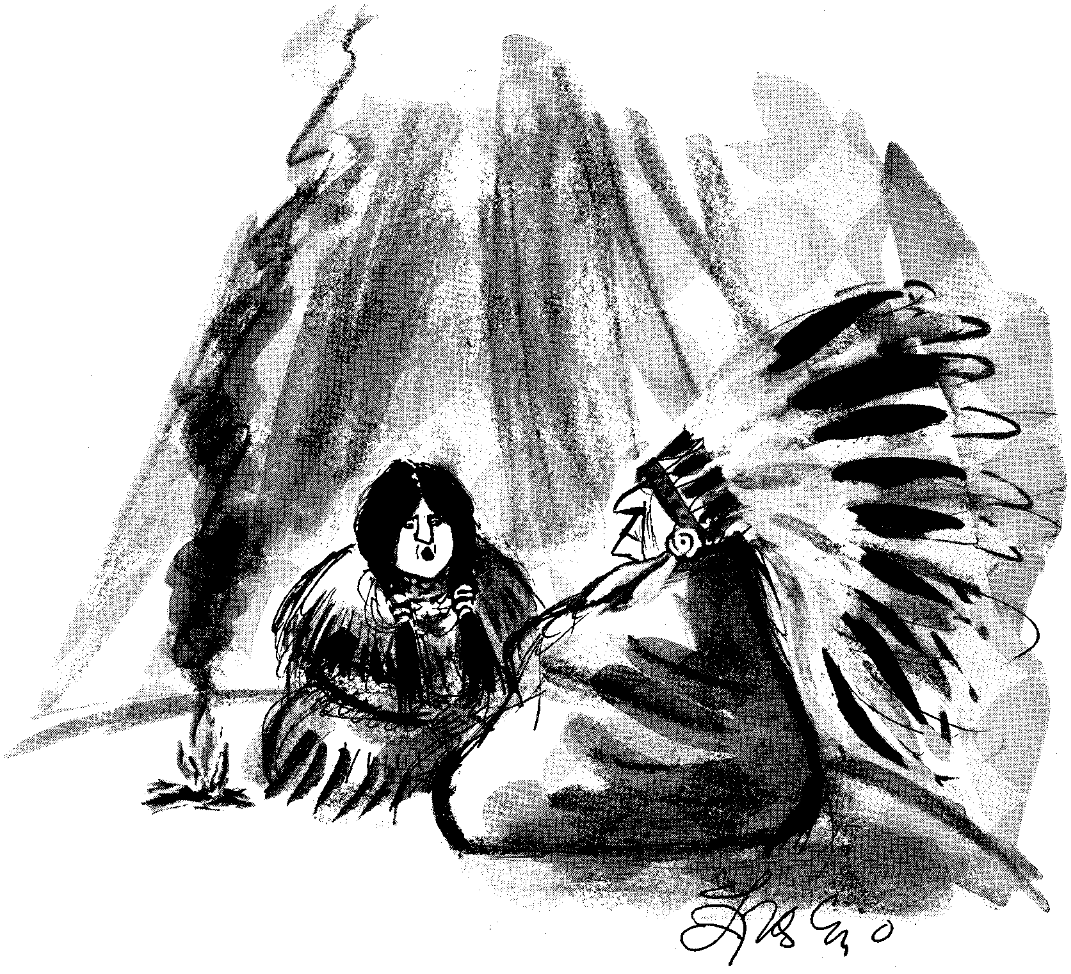
"I'm not, Margaret." She hastily composed her face. She hadn't been aware of it, but probably she had been smiling at the image of Raju asleep.

Margaret abruptly pushed back her chair. Her face was red and her hair dishevelled, as if she had been in a fight. Elizabeth half rose in her chair, aghast at whatever it was she had done and eager to undo it.

"Don't follow me," Margaret said. "If you do, I know I'm going to behave badly and I'll feel terrible afterward. You can stay here or you can go home, but *don't follow me.*"

She went inside the house, and the screen door banged after her. Elizabeth sank down again into her chair and looked helplessly at Babaji.

He had remained as serene as ever. Gently he rocked himself in his chair. The winter afternoon was drawing to its close, and the sun, caught between two trees, was beginning to contract into one concentrated area of gold. Though the light was failing, the garden remained bright and gay with all its marigolds, its phlox, its pansies, and its sweet peas. Babaji enjoyed it



"If you think things are bad now, wait till you hear who Wagging Tail and Turkey Feather sold their tepee to."

all. He sat wrapped in his woollen shawl, with his feet warm in thick knitted socks and sandals.

"She is a hot-tempered lady," he said, smiling and forgiving. "But good, good."

"Oh, I know," Elizabeth said. "She's an angel. I feel so bad that I should have upset her. Do you think I ought to go after her?"

"A heart of gold," said Babaji.

"I know it." Elizabeth bit her lip in vexation at herself.

SHAFI came out with the tea tray. Elizabeth removed some books to clear the little table for him, and Babaji said, "Ah," in pleasurable anticipation. But Shafi did not put the tray down.

"Where is she?" he said.

"It's all right, Shafi. She's just coming. Put it down, please."

The old man nodded and smiled in a cunning, superior way. He clutched his tray more tightly and turned back into the house. He had difficulty in walking, not only because he was old and infirm but also because the shoes he wore were too big for him and had no laces.

"Shafi!" Elizabeth called after him. "Babaji wants his tea!" But he did not even turn round. He walked straight up to Margaret's bedroom and kicked the door and shouted, "I've brought it!"

Elizabeth hurried after him. She felt nervous about going into Margaret's bedroom after having been so explicitly forbidden to follow her. But Margaret only looked up briefly from where she was sitting on her bed, reading a letter, and said, "Oh, it's you," and "Shut the door." When he had put down the tea, Shafi went out again and the two of them were left alone.

Margaret's bedroom was quite different from the rest of the house. The other rooms were all bare and cold, with a minimum of furniture standing around on the stone floors; there were a few isolated pictures hung up here and there on the whitewashed walls, but nothing more intimate than portraits of Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Ramakrishna and a group photograph of the inmates of Mother Theresa's Home. But Margaret's room was crammed with a lot of comfortable, solid old furniture, dominated by the big double bed in the center, which was covered with a white bedcover and a mosquito curtain on the top like a canopy. A log fire burned in the grate, and there were photographs everywhere—family photos of Arthur and Margaret, of Margaret as a little girl, and of her parents and her sister and her school and her friends. The stale smell of food pervading the rest of the house stopped short of this room, which was scented very pleasantly by woodsmoke and lavender water. There was an umbrella stand that held several alpenstocks, a tennis racquet, and a hockey stick.

"It's from my sister," Margaret said, indicating the letter she was reading. "She lives out in the country and they've been snowed under again. She's got a pub."

"How lovely."

"Yes, it's a lovely place. She's always wanted me to come and run it with her. But I couldn't live in England anymore, I couldn't bear it."

"Yes, I know what you mean."

"What do you know? You've only been here a few years. Pour the tea, there's a dear."

"Babaji was wanting a cup."

"*To hell with Babaji.*"

She took off her sandals and lay down on the bed, leaning against some fat pillows that she had propped against the headboard. Elizabeth had noticed before that Margaret was always more relaxed in her own room than anywhere else. Not all her visitors were allowed into this room—in fact, only a chosen few. Strangely enough, Raju had been one of these when he and Elizabeth had stayed in the house. But he had never properly appreciated the privilege; either he sat on the edge of a chair and made signs to Elizabeth to go or he wandered restlessly round the room, looking at all the photographs or taking out the tennis racquet and executing imaginary services with it, till Margaret told him to sit down and not make them all nervous, and then he looked sulky and made even more overt signs to Elizabeth.

"I brought my sister out here once," Margaret said. "But she couldn't stand it. Couldn't stand anything—the climate, the water, the food. Everything made her ill. There are people like that. Of course, I'm just the opposite. You like it here, too, don't you?"

"Very, very much."

"Yes, I can see you're happy."

Margaret looked at her so keenly that Elizabeth tried to turn away her face slightly. She did not want anyone to see too much of her tremendous happiness. She felt somewhat ashamed of herself for having it—not only because she knew she didn't deserve it but also because she did not consider herself quite the right kind of person to have it. She had been over thirty when she met Raju and had not expected much more out of life than had been given to her.

Margaret lit a cigarette. She never smoked except in her own room. She puffed slowly, luxuriously. Suddenly she said, "He doesn't like me, does he?"

"Who?"

" 'Who,' " she repeated impatiently. "Your Raju, of course."

Elizabeth flushed with embarrassment. "How you talk, Margaret," she murmured deprecatingly, not knowing what else to say.

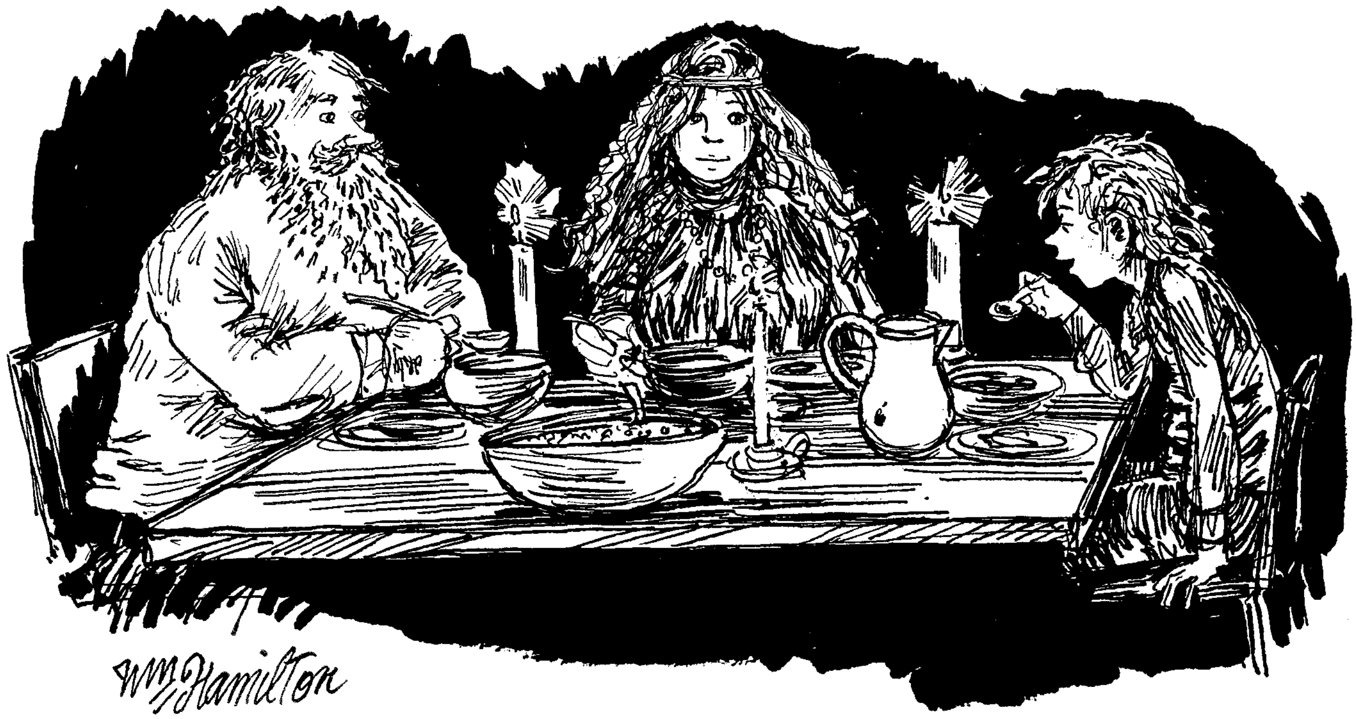
"I know he doesn't," Margaret said. "I can always tell."

She sounded so sad that Elizabeth wished she could lie to her and say that no, Raju loved her just as everyone else did. But she could not bring herself to it. She thought of the way he usually spoke of Margaret. He called her by rude names and made coarse jokes about her, at which he laughed like a schoolboy and tried to make Elizabeth laugh with him; and the terrible thing was sometimes she did laugh, not because she wanted to

THE GATHERING OF THE LOONS

In the dead calm before darkness near the shore,
The loons are gathering, rippling blue-gray
As slow as driftwood, the lighthouse blinking
And sweeping across the long calls of the gulls,
The scoters darkening, the breathlessly sighing
Wingbeats of goldeneyes across the marshgrass
Lifting the widgeons up in gold-streaked wedges
To take one way toward night against the mountains,
And the still loons, the solitary loons
Drifting together out into the bay,
The silent loons all floating toward sleep.

—DAVID WAGONER



“Peanut-lentil stew with poppy-seed sauce! Oh, wow!”

• •

or because what he said amused her but because it was he who urged her to, and she always found it difficult to refuse him anything. Now when she thought of this compliant laughter of hers she was filled with anguish, and she began unconsciously to wring her hands, the way she always did at such secretly appalling moments.

But Margaret was having thoughts of her own, and was smiling to herself. She said, “You know what was my happiest time of all in India? About ten years ago, when I went to stay in Swami Vishwananda’s ashram.”

Elizabeth was intensely relieved at the change of subject, though somewhat puzzled by its abruptness.

“We bathed in the river and we walked in the mountains. It was a time of such freedom, such joy. I’ve never felt like that before or since. I didn’t have a care in the world and I felt so—*light.* I can’t describe it—as if my feet didn’t touch the ground.”

“Yes, yes!” Elizabeth said eagerly, for she thought she recognized the feeling.

“In the evenings, we all sat with Swamiji. We talked about everything under the sun. He laughed and joked with us, and sometimes he sang. I don’t know what happened to me when he sang. The tears came pouring down my face, but I was so happy I thought my heart would melt away.”

“Yes,” Elizabeth said again.

“That’s him over there.” She nodded toward a small framed photograph on the dressing table. Elizabeth picked it up. He did not look different from the rest of India’s holy men—naked to the waist, with long hair and burning eyes.

“Not that you can tell much from a photo,” Margaret said. She held out her hand for it, and then she looked at it herself, with a very young expression on her face. “He was such fun to be with, always full of jokes and games. When I was with him, I used to feel—I don’t know—like a flower or a bird.” She laughed gaily, and Elizabeth with her.

“Does Raju make you feel like that?”

Elizabeth stopped laughing and looked down into her lap. She tried to make her face very serious so as not to give herself away.

“Indian men have such marvellous eyes,” Margaret said. “When they look at you, you can’t help feeling all young and nice. But of course your Raju thinks I’m just a fat, ugly old memsahib.”

“Margaret, Margaret!”

Margaret stubbed out her cigarette and, propelling herself with her heavy legs, swung down from the bed. “And there’s poor old Babaji waiting for his tea.”

She poured it for him and went out with the cup. Elizabeth went after her. Babaji was just as they had left him, except that now the sun, melting away between the trees behind him, was even more intensely gold and provided a Heavenly background, as if to a saint in a picture, as he sat there at peace in his rocking chair.

Margaret fussed over him. She stirred his tea and she arranged his shawl more securely over his shoulders. Then she said, “I’ve got an idea, Babaji.” She hooked her foot round a stool and drew it close to his chair and sank down on it, one hand laid on his knee. “You and I’ll take those children up to Agra. Would you like that? A little trip?” She looked up into his face and was eager and bright. “We’ll have a grand time. We’ll hire a bus, and we’ll have singing and games all the way. You’ll love it.” She squeezed his knee in anticipatory joy, and he smiled at her and his thin old hand came down on the top of her head in a gesture of affection or blessing.

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

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“Action by our committee of censors against unethical solicitation of cases will be taken upon the recommendations in the final report of the bar’s special investigation committee,” McConnell said. “To the extent that evidence of unethical solicitation is found, disciplinary action will follow.”

The special committee is suspected of unethical conduct.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

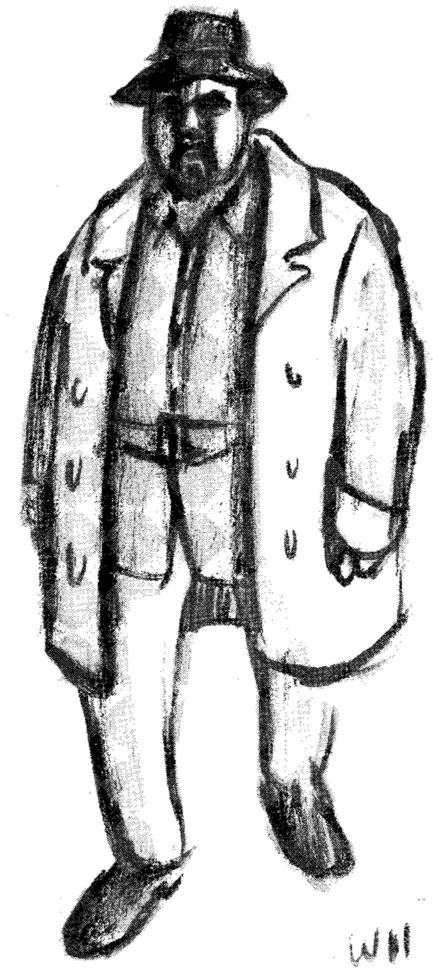
So it’s completely at home with the problem.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MINGUS AT PEACE

Charles Mingus, the incomparable forty-nine-year-old bassist, composer, bandleader, autobiographer, and iconoclast, has spent much of his life attempting to rearrange the world according to an almost Johnsonian set of principles that abhor, among other things, cant, racism, inhibition, managerial greed, sloppy music, Uncle Tomism, and conformity. His ingenious methods have ranged from penny-dreadful broadsides to matter-of-fact punches on the nose. The results have been mixed. They have also been costly, and have landed Mingus on the psychiatric couch and in Bellevue (self-committed), lost him jobs, got him into trouble with the police, and made him periodically fat. ("I eat out of nerves.") At the same time, Mingus's experiences have been steadily distilled into a group of compositions that for sheer melodic and rhythmic and structural originality may equal anything written in Western music in the past twenty years. (Their content has been equally fresh, for they have included, in the Ellington manner, everything from love songs to social satire.) These experiences have, as well, been reflected in his playing, which long ago elevated him to the virtuosic ranks of Picasso and Buddy Rich and Nabokov. But now Mingus has taken another step. He has written a book about himself—"Beneath the Underdog: His World as Composed by Mingus" (Knopf).

The book, which was edited by Nel King, is impressionistic and disembodied (there are almost no dates), and has at least a taste of all the Minguses. It is brutal and dirty and bitter. It is sentimental and self-pitying. It is rude and, in places, unfair (the curt handling of the great Red Norvo). It is facetious and funny. It is sometimes awkward and sometimes unerringly right, and it is the latter when Mingus's fine ear is receiving full tilt. Duke Ellington's verbal arabesques have never been captured better:



> [Juan] Tizol [an Ellington trombonist] wants you to play a solo he's written where bowing is required. You raise the solo an octave, where the bass isn't too muddy. He doesn't like that and he comes to the room under the stage where you're practicing at intermission and comments that you're like the rest of the niggers in the band, you can't read. You ask Juan how he's different from the other niggers and he states that one of the ways he's different is that HE IS WHITE. So you run his ass upstairs. You leave the rehearsal room, proceed toward the stage with your bass and take your place and at the moment Duke brings down the baton for "A-Train" and the curtain of the Apollo Theatre goes up, a yelling, whooping Tizol rushes out and lunges at you with a bolo knife. The rest you remember mostly from Duke's own words in his dressing room as he changes after the show.
>
> "Now, Charles," he says, looking amused, putting Cartier links into the cuffs of his beautiful handmade shirt, "you could have forewarned me—you left me out of the act entirely! At least you could have let me cue in a few chords as you ran through that Nijinsky routine. I congratulate you on your performance, but why didn't you and Juan inform me about the adagio you planned so that we could score it? I must say I never saw a large man so agile—I never saw *anybody* make such tremendous leaps! The gambado over the piano carrying your bass was colossal. When you exited after that I thought, 'That man's really afraid of Juan's knife and at the speed he's going he's probably home in bed by now.' But no, back you came through the same door with your bass still intact. For a moment I was hopeful you'd decided to sit down and play but instead you slashed Juan's chair in two with a fire axe! Really, Charles, that's destructive. Everybody knows Juan has a knife but nobody ever took it seriously—he likes to pull it out and show it to people, you understand. So I'm afraid, Charles—I've never fired anybody—you'll have to quit my band. I don't need any new problems. Juan's an old problem, I can cope with that, but you seem to have a whole bag of new tricks. I must ask you to be kind enough to give me your notice, Mingus."
>
> The charming way he says it, it's like he's paying you a compliment. Feeling honored, you shake hands and resign.

Mingus's relationship with jazz critics has been surprisingly amiable, and the lumps landed on them in the book are pretty funny. A party is given for Mingus when he first arrives in New York from the West Coast, around 1950. No matter that the critics named were never in the same room at the same time in their lives, or that at least two of them were still in college and unpublished. Mingus is talking to Dizzy Gillespie:

> "Man, that's a lot of talent, don't you dig it? I see Leonard Feather, he's a piano player. There's Bill Coss and Gene Lees—they sing, I heard. Barry Ulanov must play drums or something, dig, with that *Metronome* beat. Martin Williams can play everything. I can tell by the way he writes. Put Marshall Stearns on bass and let Whitney Balliett score and John Wilson conduct. Let all them other young up-and-coming critics dance. How would you like to review that—for the *Amsterdam News*?"

(There are, for the record, other Mingus liberties in this passage. Feather does play piano, and Lees—and perhaps Coss—sing, but so do Williams and the unmentioned Hsio Wen Shih. The late Marshall Stearns played C-melody saxophone, and this writer plays drums. And Nat Hentoff, who is mentioned elsewhere in the book, once studied classical clarinet. To my knowledge, Wilson and Ulanov are nonperformers. Finally, jazz critics, wallflowers all, rarely dance.) But the best parts of the book deal with Fats Navarro, a brilliant, concise trumpeter who died at the age of twenty-six in 1950. He tells a young and ingenuous Mingus what it is really like to be a jazz musician:

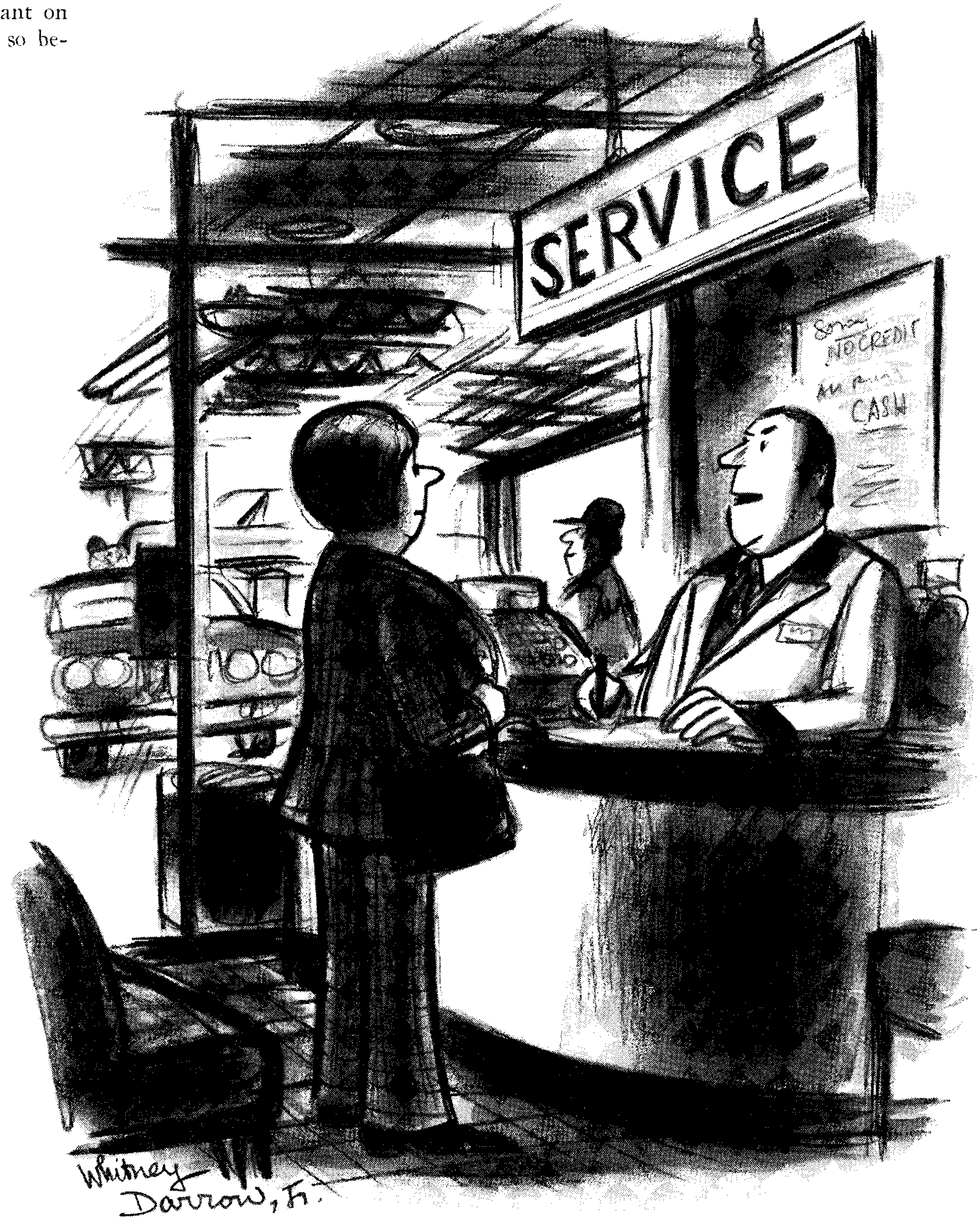
> "Mingus, you a nice guy from California, I don't want to disillusion you. But I been through all that—and I had to learn to do some other things to get along. I learned better than to try to make it just with my music out on these dirty gang-mob streets 'cause I still love playing better than money. Jazz ain't supposed to make nobody no millions but that's where it's at. Them that shouldn't is raking it in but the purest are out in the street with me and Bird and it rains all over us, man. I was better off when nobody knew my name except musicians. You can bet it ain't jazz no more when the underworld moves in and runs it strictly for geetz and even close out the colored agents. They

shut you up and cheat you on the count of your record sales and if you go along they tell the world you a real genius. But if you don't play they put out the word you're a troublemaker, like they did me. Then if some honest club owner tries to get hold of you to book you, they tell you're not available or you don't draw or you'll tear up the joint like you was a gorilla. And you won't hear nothin' about it except by accident. But if you behave, boy, you'll get booked—except for less than the white cats that copy your playing and likely either the agent or owner'll pocket the difference."

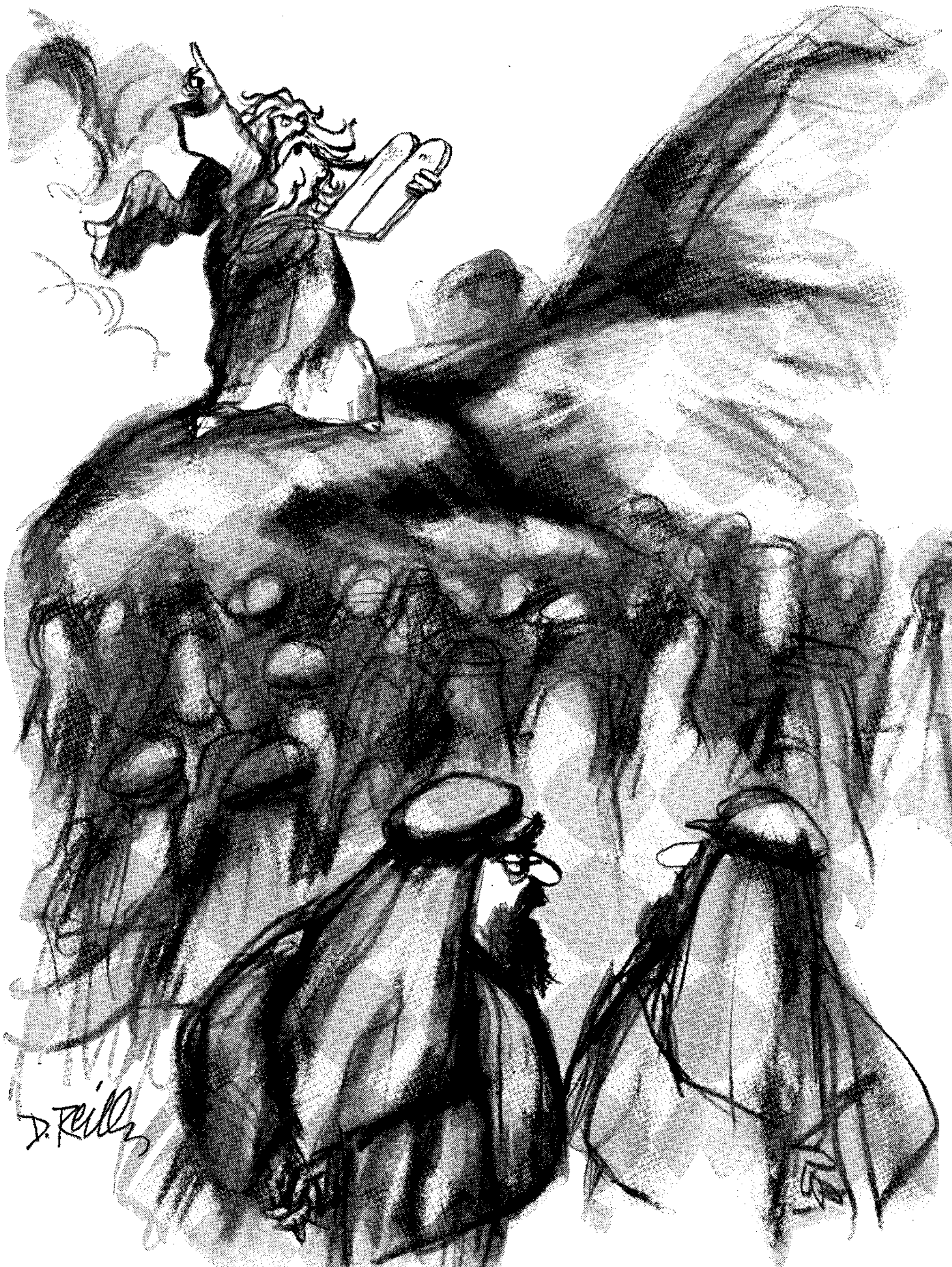
That's worthy of Mayhew's annals of the London poor.

AFTER I read the book, I looked Mingus up to see how he was handling his new career. We met late on a Sunday night in a restaurant on West Tenth Street, a week or so before his book was published. Mingus was dressed in an unusually conservative dark suit and tie, and he was in his middle state. That is, he was neither thin nor huge; he was, as they used to say in the two-pants-suit days, portly. A Charlie Chan mustache and beard were arranged carefully around his mouth, and he looked wonderful. The last time I had seen him, a year before, his face was gray and puffy; he had not played a note for two years, and he was very fat and had a listless, buried air. (During the two years, he had tangled with the police while taking photographs of a hippie parade from the roof of someone's parked car; had been evicted from his studio, an event commemorated in a documentary film; and had been seen riding, floatlike, around the East Village on a bicycle.) Now he was sitting at the bar, sampling a tall white drink. "Ramos gin fizz," he blurted out. "Milk or cream, white of an egg, orange-flower water, lemon juice, gin, and soda water. I used to drink ten at a sitting in San Francisco." Mingus talks in leaping slurs. The words come out crouched and running, and sometimes they move so fast whole sentences are unintelligible. It is an obstacle he is well aware of, for, later in the evening, he delivered a lightning two-or-three-sentence volley and asked, "Did you understand what I just said?" I admitted that I had got about sixty per cent of it. Slowing to a canter, he repeated himself and I got almost a hundred per cent. Mingus finished his Ramos fizz and ordered a half bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé and some cheese. He pronounced the name of the wine at a dead run, and it came out "Poolly-Foos." "We went down to the peace demonstration in Washington this weekend to play, and it was a drag," he said. "They've never had any jazz at these things, and it seemed like a good idea, but we never did play. My piano player didn't show, and my alto sax couldn't make it, so we only had four pieces, and it wouldn't have made any sense going on like that. I went to bed right after I got back this morning. I hadn't been to bed in two nights. I can't sleep at night anyway, but I do all right with a sleeping pill in the day. I even had a wonderful dream just before I got up to meet you. I had everything under control. I was on a diet and losing weight all over the place, and I felt *so* good. But a dream like that is worse than a nightmare. You wake up and the real nightmare starts."

Mingus asked the bartender if he could get some lobster and was told that the kitchen had closed. "Maybe they got some across the street in that steak house," Mingus said. He told the bartender to keep the rest of the wine—



"Do you want our usual sloppy, lackadaisical tuneup or our Ralph Nader Special?"



"Generally comprehensive and incisive, but with an excessively negative tone over-all, wouldn't you say?"

• •

that he'd be back right after he'd eaten. We crossed the street and went down some steps into a dark, low, empty room. Mingus moved lightly but gingerly, and, squeezing himself into a booth, ordered lobster tails, hearts of lettuce, and another half bottle of Poolly-Foos.

"My book was written for black people, to tell them how to get through life," he said. "I was trying to upset the white man in it—the right kind or the wrong kind, depending on what color and persuasion you are. I started it twenty-five years ago, and at first I was doing it for myself, to help understand certain situations. I talked some of it into tape recorders, and that girl in the white Cadillac in the book, she helped me type it up. But I wrote most of it in longhand, in the dark backstage or on buses, using huge sheets of score paper. The original manuscript was between eight hundred and a thousand pages. It went up and down, what with parts of it getting lost. I started looking for a publisher more than ten years ago. Things hadn't loosened up yet, and a lot of them looked at it and it scared them. It was too dirty, it was too hard on Whitey, they said. McGraw-Hill finally bought it, but they put it on the shelf for a long time. Then Knopf got interested and bought it from McGraw-Hill."

Mingus asked the waitress for a glass of water. She was young and blond. "Say, you my same waitress? It's so dark in here you look like you keep changing." Mingus leaned back and smiled his beautiful smile.

"I'm your waitress," she said, putting a hand lightly on his left arm. "Are you Jaki Byard?"

"Jaki Byard? Jaki Byard? He's my piano player. He's a superstar now. I'm glad you my same waitress. Now, bring me that glass of water, please. . . . Then I got hold of Nel King, who wrote a movie I was in, and she put the book in shape. It took her a year and a half. A whole lot of stuff has been left out—stuff about blacks wearing Afros because they're afraid not to, and skin-lighteners, and my wife, Celia. There was a lot about her in there, but she didn't want to be in the book, so I left her out. I wrote it a-b-c-d-e-f-g-h at first, but then I mixed up the chronology and some of the locations. Like that party when I first came to New York around 1950. It didn't take place at any apartment in the East Seventies but over at the old Bandbox, next to Birdland. The critics were there, and they didn't stop talking once. They kept right on even when Art Tatum and Charlie Parker sat in together for maybe the only time in their lives. It was the most fantastic music I ever heard. Tatum didn't let up in either hand for a second—*whoosh-hum, whoosh-hum* in the left, and *aaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrhhhhhhhh-eeeeee* in the right—and neither did Parker, and to this day I don't know what they were doing."

I said I had particularly liked the passages in the book dealing with Fats Navarro.

"Yes. Those are the best part of the book. I loved Fats, and I could hear his voice in my head the whole time I was writing him down. But that's just my first book. It's not an autobiography. It's just me, Mingus. My next book will be my life in music."

Mingus finished his lobster tails and

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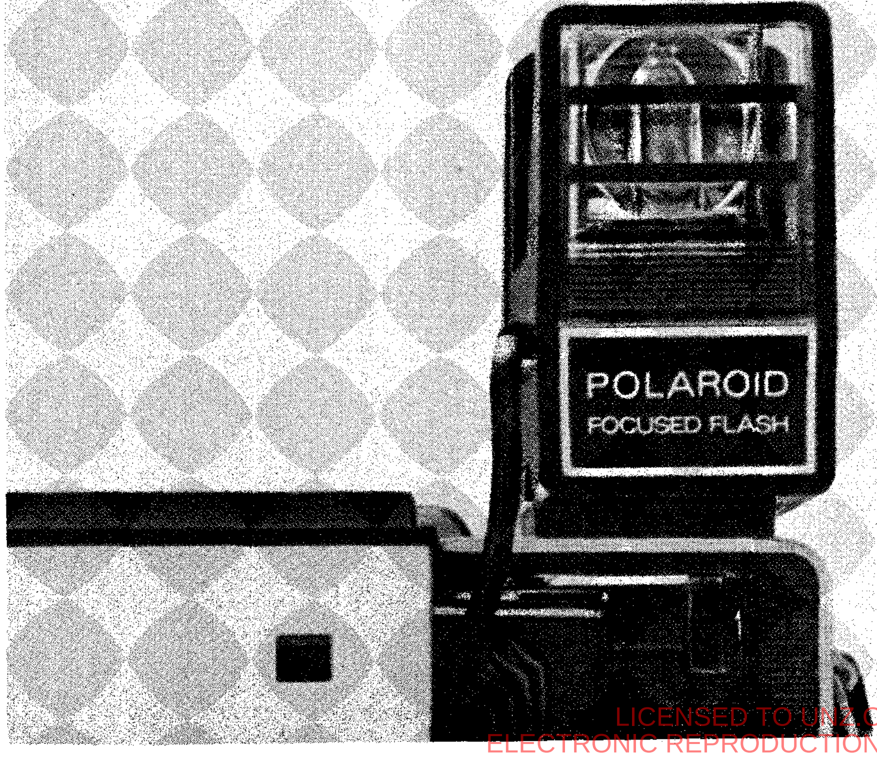

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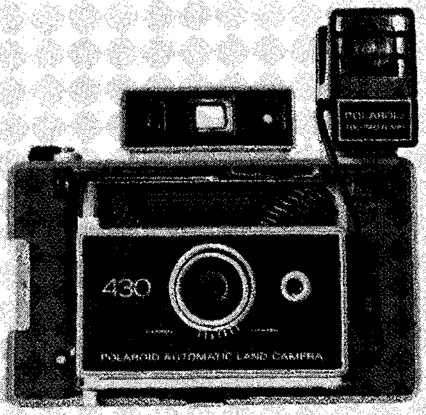

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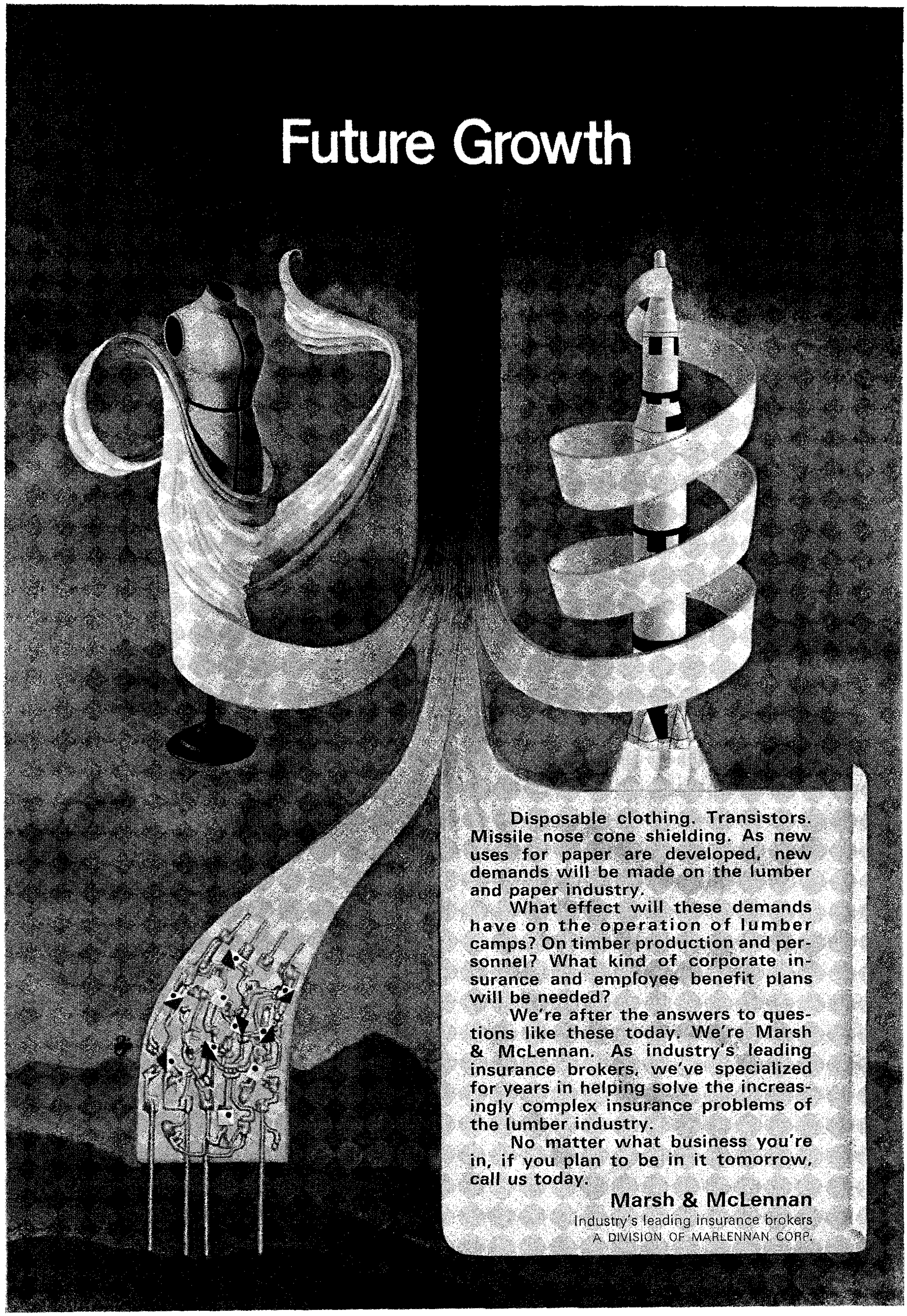

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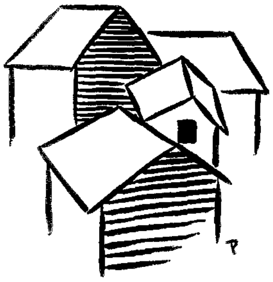
wine and we went back across the street. He telephoned his manager, Sue Ungaro, and arranged to meet her in ten minutes at a Japanese restaurant on Twelfth Street and Second Avenue. It was almost one o'clock. Mingus emptied his bottle of wine, and we took a cab across town. The restaurant was shut, and Mrs. Ungaro was nowhere in sight.

"We better walk over to her place—maybe meet her on the way," Mingus said. The street was deserted, but he reached into a coat pocket and took out a big East Indian knife and, removing its scabbard, held it at the ready in his left hand. "This is the way I walk the streets at night around here. I live down on Fifth Street, and we got so much crime I'm scared to be out at night." We passed St. Mark's in the Bowery and headed west. I mentioned that Peter Stuyvesant was buried beneath the church.

"Yeh? That the Stuyvesant of Stuyvesant Casino?"

Mrs. Ungaro was putting some trash in a garbage can in front of her building. She is a pretty, slender strawberry blonde, and she was wearing bluejeans, clogs, and a short, beat-up raccoon coat.

"They closed," Mingus said, pocketing his knife. Mrs. Ungaro said she'd still like something to eat. We took a cab to the Blue Sea, on Third Avenue near Fourteenth Street. It was closed. Mingus told the driver to make a U-turn, and we went down to a small bar-and-grill on Tenth and Third. We sat in a semicircular booth under a jukebox loudspeaker. Mrs. Ungaro ordered a hamburger and salad, and Mingus asked the waitress, who was wearing enormous false eyelashes and a black knitted see-through pants suit, for a dish of black olives and some Poolly-Foos.



"Poolly what?" she said, moving her lashes up and down like a semaphore. "I don't know. I'm just helping out tonight, because I've known these people a long time."

The manager, a short man in shirtsleeves, with gleaming glasses and a big paunch, said they had Soave Bolla. A half bottle in a straw basket was put in an ice bucket on the table. Mingus scrunched it down in the bucket and piled ice cubes carefully around its neck.

He looked at Mrs. Ungaro and smiled. "It's been five years, baby. You know that?" She nodded and took a bite of hamburger. "Sue wrote in for the Guggenheim I just got. I want to write a ballet with the money—an operatic ballet. I've had it in my head for years, like I had the book in my head. It'll have to do with Watts, where I was born and raised, and I want Katherine Dunham to choreograph it. I know her very well, and we've talked about it a long time. But getting the Guggenheim wasn't as easy as filling out forms. I had to carry about fifty pounds of music over for them to see. If I don't finish the ballet this year, I'll apply again."

"Charles wants to put together a seventeen-piece band," Mrs. Ungaro said. "And he wants to use some of the Guggenheim money, but they won't allow it. It's only for composition."

"If I do finish the ballet, I'll apply anyway, so that I can write some chamber music. That's what I started out doing years and years ago, and I want to go back to it. I've been teaching most of this winter, one day a week, at the state university at Buffalo. The Slee Professor of Composition. They invited me, and I've been teaching composition to about ten kids. They're bright, and they get their work done on time. I used some of my own pieces, showing them how to work with a melody and no chords or sets of chords, and no melody or just a pedal point, to give them a sense of freedom. But I feel sorry about jazz. The truth has been lost in the music. All the different styles and factions went to war with each other, and it hasn't done any good. Take Ornette Coleman." Mingus sang half a chorus of "Body and Soul" in a loud, off-key voice, drowning out the jukebox. It was an uncanny imitation. "That's all he does. Just pushing the melody out of line here and there. Trouble is, he can't play it straight. At that little festival Max Roach and I gave in Newport in 1960, Kenny Dorham and I tried to get Ornette to play 'All the Things You Are' straight, and he couldn't do it."

Mingus took a sip of wine and made a face. "I don't know. This doesn't taste right."

"Maybe it isn't cold enough," Mrs. Ungaro said.

Mingus fished out his knife, deftly cut the straw basket off the bottle, and put it back in the ice. The waitress ap-

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peared and said, "Everything fine, *honey?*"

"The wine doesn't taste right. It's not cold enough."

The waitress took three ice cubes out of the bucket and plopped them into our glasses and splashed some wine over them.

"Hey, that'll make it all water," Mingus said, seizing the bottle and jamming it back in the bucket.

"I'm just helping out, sir, like I said."

"She'll make the reputation of this place," Mingus mumbled.

I asked Mingus what he thought about the black militants, reminding him of the electric evening a few years ago at the Village Vanguard when he had not only tongue-lashed the predominantly white audience for twenty minutes but had publicly fired and rehired Jaki Byard.

He laughed. "Man, I'm a single movement."

"The Panthers have been to see Charles," Mrs. Ungaro said, "but he won't go along with them."

"I don't like to see the blacks destroying this country. It's a waste of time," Mingus said. "The militants have nothing to sell. And that's what this country does best—sells. Makes and sells things to the world. But the militants don't sell *nothing*. All the black pimps and black gangsters know this, because they *have* something to sell, like the king pimp Billy Bones in my book. Man, he made millions of dollars around the world. The black people don't like themselves, to begin with. You've got all these variations of color and dialect. You've got terrific economic differences. You never hear anything from the wealthy blacks, but they don't like the militants. Some of them been working at their money seventy-five years, in real estate or whatever, and they not about to let the militants come and take it away for something called freedom. Hell, what's freedom? Nobody's free, black or white. What's going to happen is there will be one hell of a revolution and it'll be between black and black. Like the big trouble in Watts, when the blacks were ready to shoot the blacks. It all started when a truckload of militants arrived and started throwing bombs into the black stores and such. Well, man, the shop owners—and I grew up with a lot of them—got upset and came charging out with guns, and by this time the truck had moved on and the white cops had arrived and saw all these blacks standing around with guns and started shooting *them*, and that was it."

Mingus leaned back, out of breath. The manager passed the table, and Mingus asked him if he had any fresh fish. The manager went into the kitchen and came back with a handful of cherrystones. Mingus looked surprised. He ordered half a dozen on the half shell, and some vintage champagne.

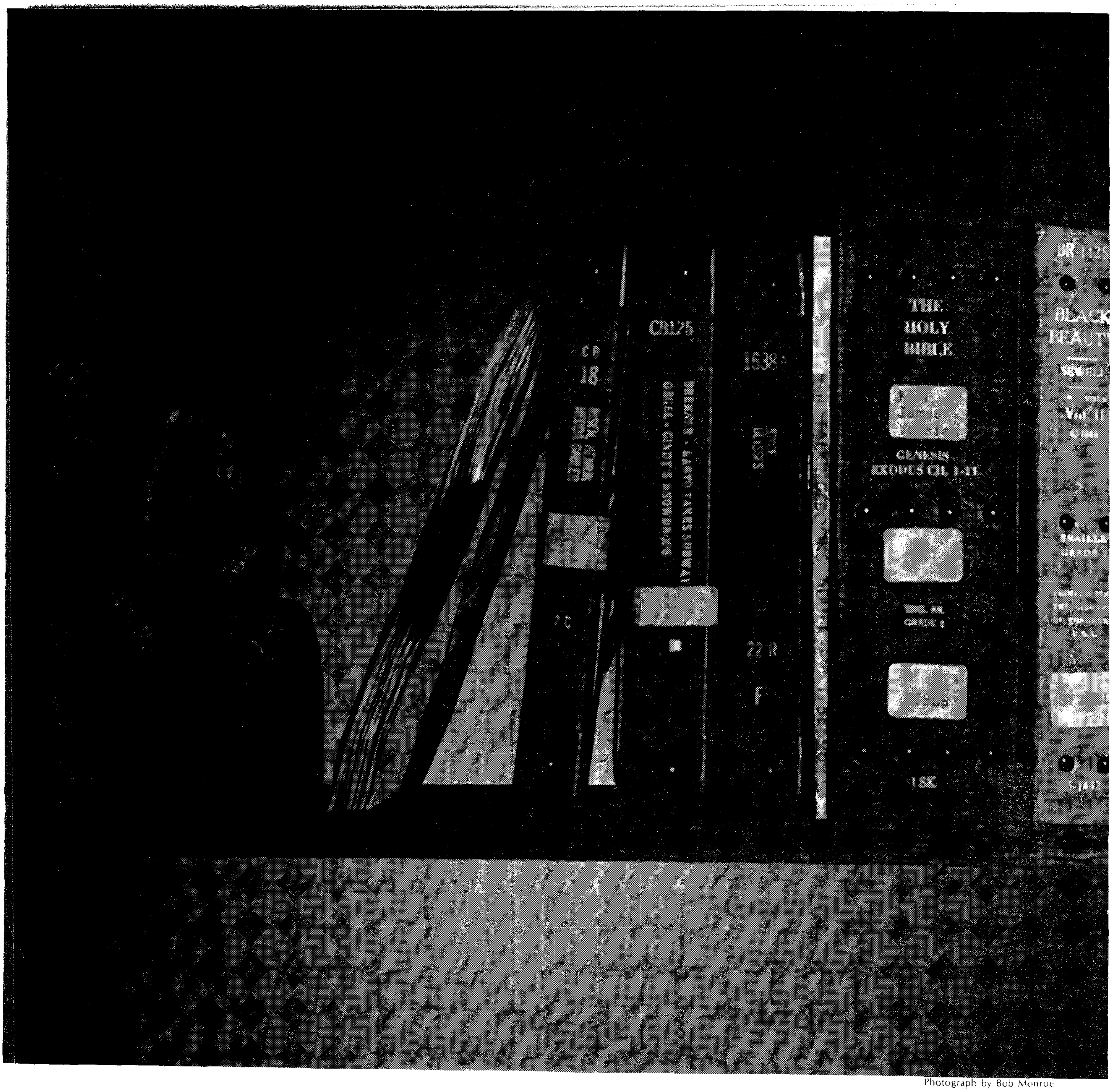
"No vintage," the manager replied. "I got a bunch of vintage in last week and it was dead, and I sent the whole mess back. I'll give you regular. Piper Heidsieck."

The clams arrived, and Mingus coated each one with lemon juice and cocktail sauce and about a teaspoonful of Tabasco. "Hell, a while back I took my daughter to Columbia to hear What's-His-Name, Eldridge Cleaver, and right away all I heard him saying was 'mother' this and 'mother' that. Well, I didn't want my daughter hearing that. That's vulgarity, no matter if the man is right or wrong. I left. I took my daughter and left right away."

Mingus looked relaxed and content. In fact, he looked as if he had finally got the world straightened around to his liking. The talk wandered easily along between jukebox selections, and Mingus and Mrs. Ungaro discussed astrology (Mingus: "My birth date is four, two two, two two. The astrologists have never been able to get over that"), weight problems (Mingus: "Man, I get to this size and it's painful. My arms hurt all the time up here from banging against the rest of me"), the effects on the stomach of too much Vitamin C, the sorrows of drug addiction, and the fact that Mingus suddenly has more "visible, taxable" money than ever before in his life.

The lights started to go out. It was almost four o'clock. Mingus went to the men's room, and Mrs. Ungaro said, "I don't really like Charles' book, and I've told him. I think the sexual parts are too savage, and I think that Charles himself doesn't really come through. It's the superficial Mingus, the flashy one, not the real one." Mingus reappeared, and the waitress let us out the door. "Night, now," she said, with a couple of semaphores. "It's been a real pleasure serving you."

TWO nights later, I went to the Village Vanguard, where Mingus was opening with a sextet for a week's stand. The sextet included Lonnie



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Hillyer on trumpet, Charlie McPherson on alto saxophone, Bobby Jones on tenor saxophone, John Foster on piano, and Virgil Day on drums. Mingus the musician is a tonic to watch. As is true of all great professionals, his husk remains visible while the inner man disappears completely into his work. He becomes a massive receiver-transmitter, absorbing every note played around him and then sending out through his bass corrective or appreciative notes. The result is a constant two-way flow that lights up his musicians, who, in turn, light up his music. A successful Mingus number invariably suggests a transcontinental train rocking and blazing through the night.

Whenever he has felt out of sorts in recent years, Mingus has taken to offering lacklustre medleys of bebop numbers or Ellington tunes, completely ignoring his own brilliant storehouse of compositions. But at the Vanguard he brought out refurbished versions of numbers I hadn't heard him play since the fifties, among them "Celia" and "Diane." They were full of his inimitable trademarks—long, roving melodies, complex, multipart forms, breaks, constantly changing rhythms, stamping, howling ensembles, and the raw, against-the-grain quality he brands each of his performances with. Most of them were also done in Mingus's customary workshop manner. When a number would start hesitantly, he would rumble, "No. No, no," and stop the music. Then the group would start again. Sometimes there were three or four false starts. In all, I heard half a dozen long numbers, and they were exceptional. Mingus soloed briefly just once, on a blues, but all the empyrean effects were there, and there were also good moments from Bobby Jones, who nearly split open Sy Oliver's decorous little band in its première a year ago, and from Foster, a mad pianist who easily mixes rumbustious gospel chords and steel-spring arpeggios. Mingus, dressed in a short-sleeved shirt and tie, sat magisterially on a tall stool and played, and he looked as serene and compact as he had on Sunday.

At the beginning of the following week, I went to see a Mingus I had not known existed—the Establishment Mingus. Knopf was giving a publication party for "Beneath the Underdog," with music. It was held in a couple of boxlike, orange-carpeted rooms in the Random House building, on East Fiftieth Street, and when I arrived, about halfway through, it was jammed, and Mingus's sextet, with a ringer on bass, was playing "Celia" at close to the one-hundred-decibel level. There were more blacks than whites, and I spotted Mingus, again wearing a dark suit and tie, talking with a lady of precisely his proportions. It was like seeing Sidney Greenstreet and Eugene Pallette porch to porch. Nat Hentoff and Murray Kempton were closeted in a corner, and Nesuhi Ertegun, the president of Atlantic Records, heading toward them, said he hadn't seen Hentoff in ten years. Ornette Coleman, dressed in a glistening black silk mandarin suit, told me he had just completed a piece for eighty musicians that sounded just like his solo playing. Nel King said that Mingus's book had been a lot of work and that perhaps her being a woman was a help in managing his tempestuous moods. Mayor Lindsay, who had been invited, hadn't arrived, but Max Gordon, the owner of the Village Vanguard and a Mingus supporter from the early days, had. He was standing with Mingus and Sue Ungaro and a tall, slender youth in a beard, straw hat, and cowboy boots. Mrs. Ungaro was still in her bluejeans and clogs. "Meet my son, Charles, Jr.," Mingus said. He poked the tall, slender youth in the stomach. "*He* doesn't have any weight problem. And look at his beard! I can't grow any more than what I have on my face." Mingus asked his son if he had read his book.

"Listen, I haven't even *seen* it yet," Charles, Jr., replied. "Besides, I've been working on my play."

I told Mingus that one of the minor but unavoidable axioms of the literary life was that children never read their parents' books, and cited as an example H. Allen Smith's son, who once admitted to me that he had never cracked a single book his renowned father had written. Mingus grunted. Nel King approached and told him she wanted him to meet someone, and I asked Mingus before he was towed away how he liked the party.

"It's strange, man," he said.

—Whitney Balliett

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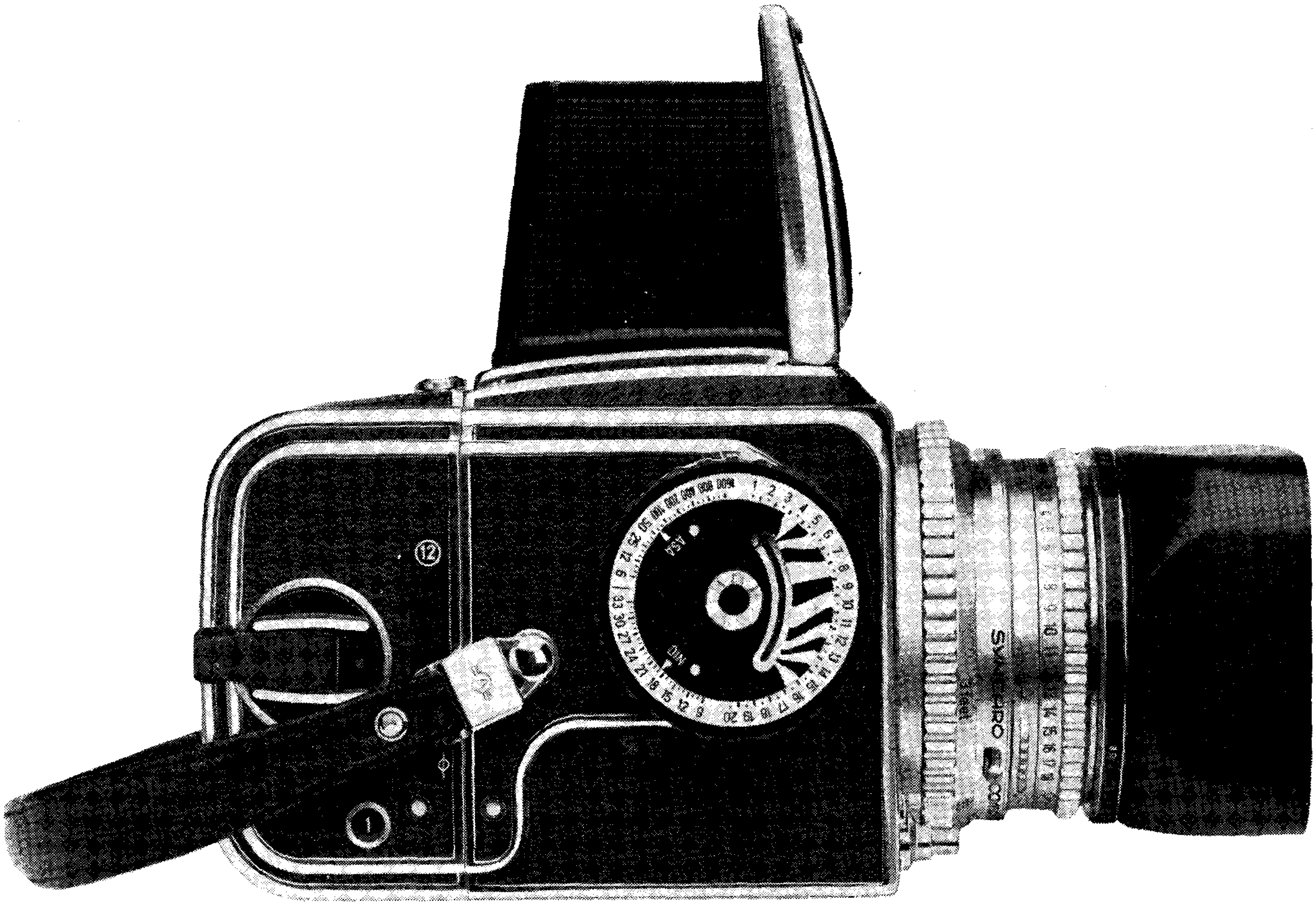
Later, Mr. Rogers said: "It makes you realize how senseless a continuation of these hostilities would be. You see the area [along the Jordan River] where the fertility of the soil is so evident contrasted with the refugee camps. It shows how under peaceful conditions all the people could live more peacefully."—*The Times*.

Provided there were no war.



The Company Camera

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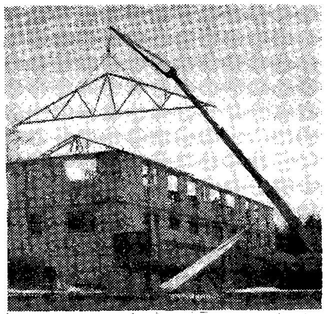

It's these things, captured on film, that breathe life into the annual report, brighten up the house organ and make for publicity releases that are more likely to get publicity.

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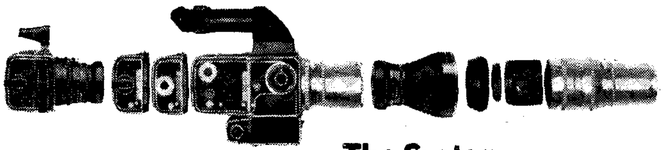

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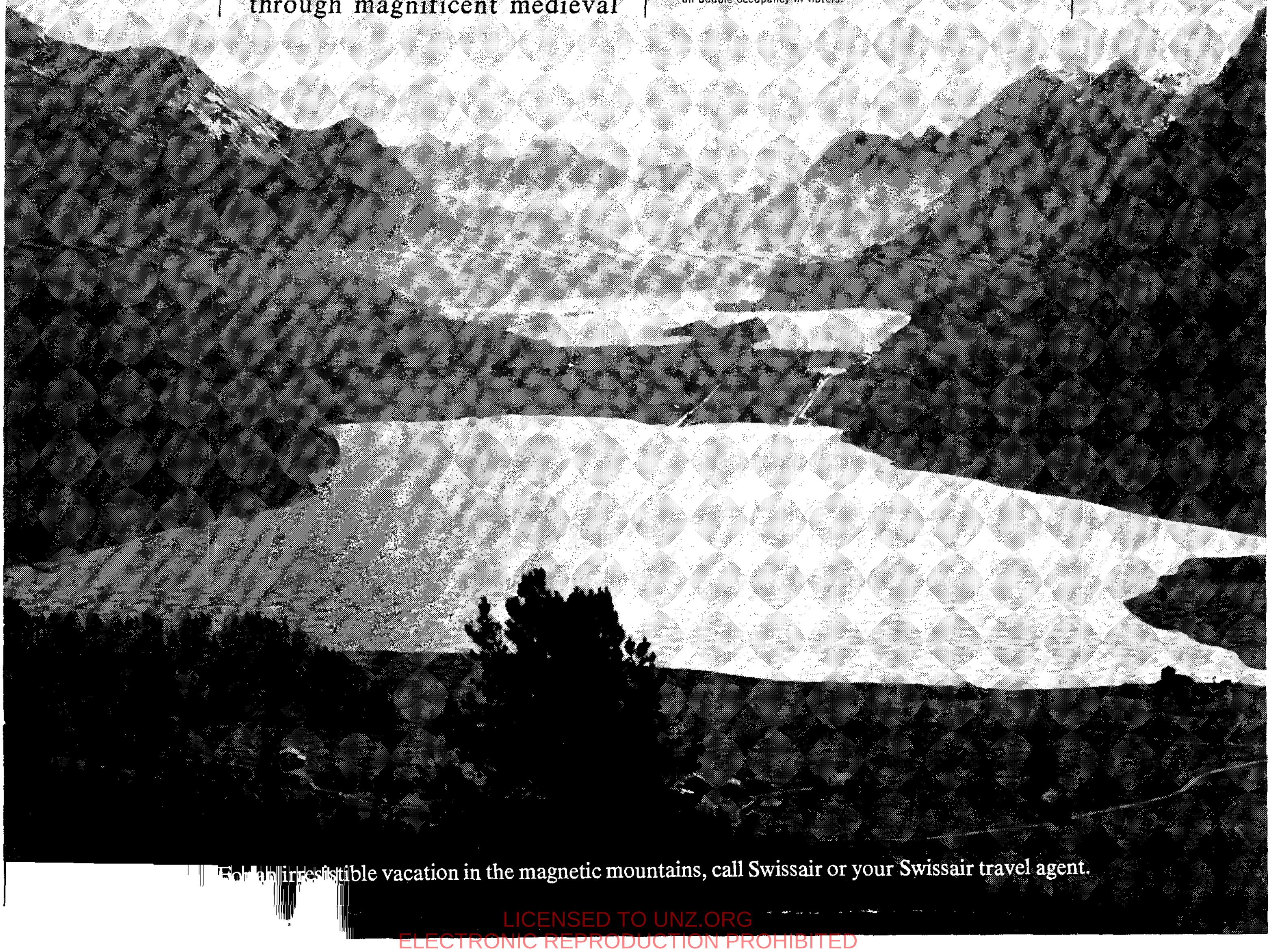

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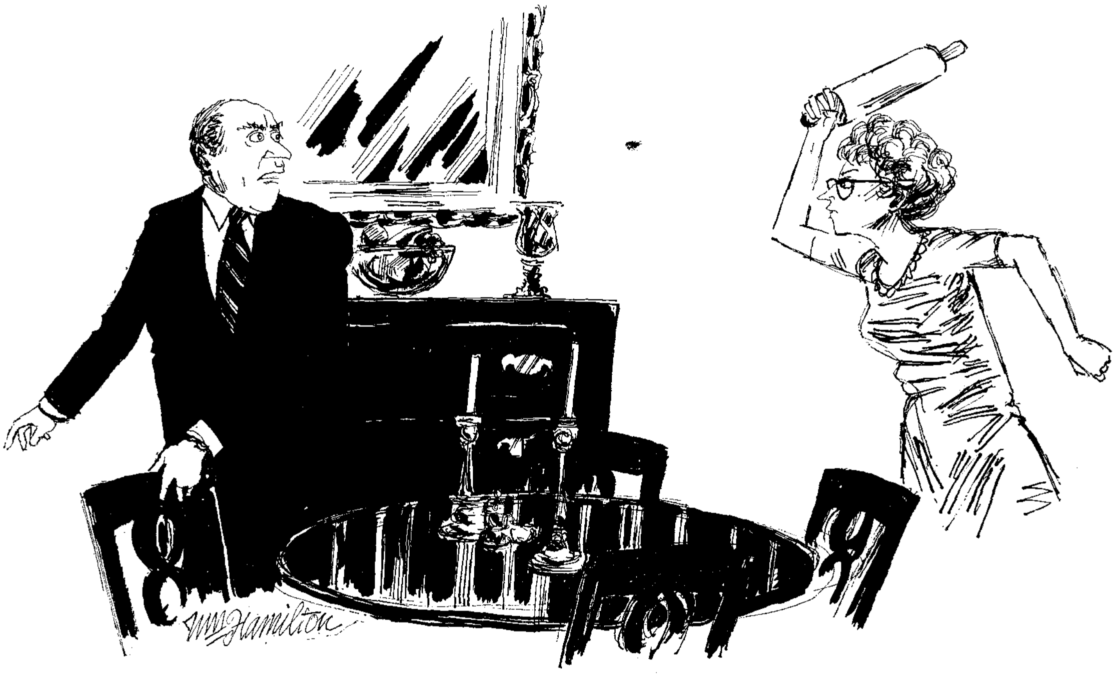
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL," a first play by David Rabe, directed by Jeff Bleckner, is an astonishing accomplishment. Mr. Rabe, with Mr. Bleckner's help, has succeeded in bringing alive on the stage of the Newman Theatre (at the Public) an Army squad in training camp and later in Vietnam. So prodigal is the play in characterizations, military details, ideas and theatrical ideas, dramatic scenes, emotion, tragedy, and humor, and so on key is its ring of truth, that it makes everything else I've seen on the subject seem skimpy and slightly false. So much has been tried Off Broadway to get at the horror of war, but this time here it is. Mr. Rabe, who teaches at Villanova, is himself a veteran of Vietnam. His play, done as a flashback, is harrowing, all right, but it is not depressing. The action opens with the killing—by hand grenade in a Vietnamese bordello—of one Pavlo Hummel, pfc., white, a volunteer, and the illegitimate son of a crazy mother and an unknown father. He is a scrappy, boastful, funny, rebellious, and difficult liar and petty thief, so distraught and eroded by depression that after a fight in the barracks he tries to commit suicide by sniffing glue and downing a hundred aspirin. He is, in short, a remarkably complex character in that he is never allowed by the playwright to become Everyman (and he is given a remarkable performance by William Atherton). As he progresses in the Army, there is always by his side—visible only to him—a man called Ardell, in uniform and wearing a *fourragère*. Ardell is his wise, ironic, sophisticated black adviser, his supporter, and, in a sense, his counterpart. "You black inside," Ardell says. "I look at you. You black on the inside." The character of Ardell is as fascinating as that of Hummel, and Albert Hall also gives a remarkable performance in the role.

Under Mr. Bleckner's dynamic, understanding direction, there is always the illusion of life (and death) on the stage. Scenes overlap. Pavlo Hummel, on furlough in New York before being shipped out, lies on his bed, at stage right, and listens to his first sergeant, in Georgia, issuing instructions to the members of his squad in a characteristically mocking, wheedling, thoroughly professional spiel. (Joe Fields is very good.) In Vietnam, as Hummel, at the rear of the stage, discusses with his captain his request to transfer from the medics to active combat, a young soldier at the front of the stage, who has been shot in the stomach, rolls around in agony calling out for help and then is knifed to death by a couple of Vietcong farmers, who also wound Hummel. An expansive sergeant who guards the PX is at home in, and very much in charge of, the whorehouse as he bargains on Hummel's behalf with the Vietnamese madam. An American shattered by a land mine lies in bed pleading to be killed: "Some guys have a stump. I am a stump." For all its factual background, the play is not a documentary but a work of the imagination, and its drama, scene by scene, lies in what it reveals about the characters, whatever their circumstances. Most of the acting looked good to me. Aside from the actors I've already mentioned, I admired, in no particular order, Edward Herrmann, Christal Kim, Victoria Racimo, Bob Delegall, Earl Hindman, Peter Cameron, John Benson, and Lee Wallace.

THE most important thing to be said about Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming" is that the script is strong enough to survive even a production as tame as the one that opened last week at the Bijou. On the other hand, Danny Sewell's performance as Joey, the rather dim-witted youngest member of Mr. Pinter's one-of-a-kind family reunion, is absolutely first-rate. Mr. Sewell is a Pinter actor, closed-faced and private, and so, to a certain extent, is Norman Barrs, as the mean-spirited, aging chauffeur-uncle, passing himself off as the timid victim of everyone else's savagery. But the performance as a whole, under Jerry Adler's direction, is far too overt, and those Pinter silences—essential elements of the play—go for nothing. Janice Rule, who is certainly beautiful and charming as Ruth, the wife brought from America to London to meet the family, tells us, by her repelled or driven or almost tearful expressions, far more than we ought to know—or perhaps more than Mr. Pinter intends us to know—about the character. Vivien Merchant's original Ruth—controlled, enigmatic, and intelligent—in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of only four years ago relentlessly haunts the work at the Bijou. There is little threat here, or subcutaneous suspense, but a lot of



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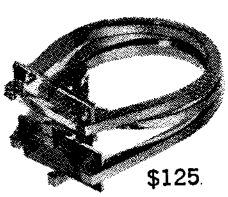

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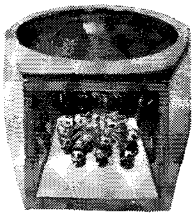

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the comedy registers, and the interest never lets down. Eric Berry's bluff, roaring paterfamilias is not especially sinister, but he is brutal enough and funny enough to keep things rolling; Tony Tanner is somewhat lightweight and feline as Lenny, the pimp, but he is funny, too; and Lawrence Keith, as the expatriate professor and husband of Ruth, looks at times quite a lot like Pinter himself.

"GODSPELL" is a musical based upon the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and it comes to the Cherry Lane from Ellen Stewart's La Mama. Many of the young men and women of the troupe are recent graduates of Carnegie Tech, as are Stephen Schwartz, who wrote most of the delightful songs (words and music), and the begetter and director, John-Michael Tebelak. (One lovely ballad, "By My Side," was written by Jay Hamburger and Peggy Gordon.) At the beginning, the company is huddled at the rear of the stage. They break to reveal themselves, by names stamped on their sweatshirts, as a variety of celebrated thinkers, and they quote, first separately and then in chorus, passages from Socrates, Thomas Aquinas, Sartre, Leonardo, and Buckminster Fuller, among others, to represent the Tower of Babel (some babblers!). Enter Jesus in clown makeup. The quiet music changes to rock, and we're off.

You wouldn't think that any show could overcome a prologue so unpromising—so insufferable may be closer—yet this one does. Whatever its revivalist intentions, it becomes a touching, resourceful celebration of theatre itself, and, especially when one considers the inexperience of the players, it is well executed by all concerned. If there is any theatrical tradition that Mr. Tebelak has overlooked, I don't know what it could be. The various Biblical parables and precepts are acted out in speech, pantomime, songs, dances, and vaudeville routines—a soft-shoe, for example, and a couple of ventriloquist acts—and I cannot imagine the hardest-shell churchgoer taking offense when there is so much joy at hand. The exceptionally imaginative costumes were designed by Susan Tsu. The exceptionally effective lighting was designed by Lowell B. Achziger.

—EDITH OLIVER

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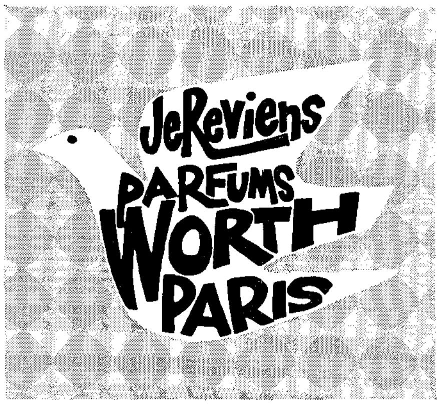

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MUSICAL EVENTS

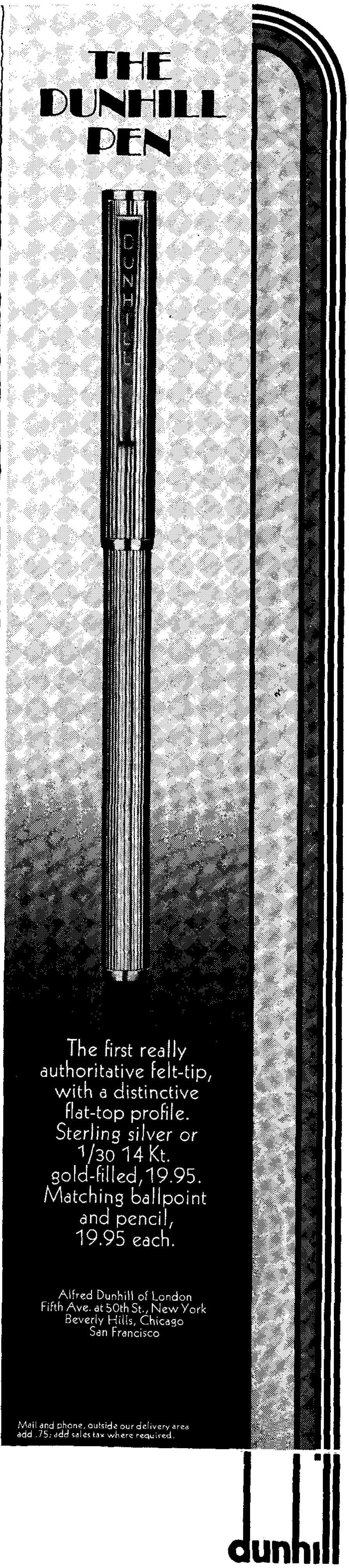
Huckleberry Hash

I WOULD not have thought, offhand, of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" as a suitable subject for an opera. But an opera by that name—the work of Hall Overton—was presented last Thursday night at the Juilliard Theatre. Its libretto, which is skillfully excerpted from the novel by the composer in collaboration with Judah Stampfer, deals mainly with Huck's trip down the Mississippi on the raft with Jim, the runaway slave who hopes to reach Cairo and freedom. The episodes with the King and the Duke—those shady characters who invade the revival meeting—are duly set forth, and though things are melodramatized here and there, the spirit of the work is fairly true to the original. The production, with settings by Douglas W. Schmidt, direction by William Woodman, costumes by Jeanne Button, choreography by Anna Sokolow, and lighting by Joe Pacitti, was of a magnificence that the Metropolitan might envy, with most of the devices of the little opera theatre (which is astoundingly rich in devices) in use. The whole Mississippi River was depicted onstage. Barges and boats passed from left to right and from backstage to front. Riverbanks and towns appeared as if by magic, and there was, off and on, great beauty in the stage picture. It was obviously a very expensive production. The program attributed its backing to the Barney Jaffin Foundation, whatever that is.

Mr. Overton's music for "Huckleberry Finn" is, however, rather unoriginal and uninteresting—occasional tonal moments interspersed with long passages of fashionable dissonance. It contains no memorable episodes, and one sequence (in which Huck consults his conscience about whether to return Jim to his owner or to help him reach freedom) attains an unspeakable degree of tedium. Perhaps this is because, for the moment, the action ceases except for the appearance of images of Aunt Polly, Pap Finn, and Jim, each pulling Huck's mind between the paths of social propriety and of human kindness. Here, where fine music is particularly called for, Mr. Overton lets his audience down with an exhibition of weak and commonplace cacophony. It occurred to me during the performance that a concert presentation of the opera, *without* all that appealing scenery, would drive an audience away after the first ten minutes.

It also occurred to me that the declamation assigned to the student cast was not of a type to prepare it for operatic careers. The chance that "Huckleberry Finn," or any other opera of its sort, will receive more than one production is minimal. Nobody appearing in this production is likely to learn from it how to sing a role in "Il Trovatore," which is going to be sung long after "Huckleberry Finn" is forgotten. It also occurred to me that the Juilliard School has presented a good many operas by its faculty members, of whom Mr. Overton is one, and that most of these operas turn out to be duds that would never be produced anywhere else. I wonder to what extent the Juilliard School is becoming a haven for second-rate avant-garde composers—something that is likely to happen when a composer is in charge of an educational institution. Neither the Manhattan School of Music nor the Curtis Institute, to mention two conservatories that are run by executant musicians, would ever have produced a work of this type. They are too concerned about the training of able executant artists, and their operatic productions follow the grand tradition closely enough to give their students real operatic experience. In short, it disturbs me to see the Juilliard School spending gobs of money to present a work that not only has very little intrinsic merit but offers its student singers no opportunity for experience in their craft.

IN this connection, I might add that the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University was dissolved last week (at least as a university-sponsored organization). The announcement was made by Jack Beeson, who is the chairman of Columbia's Music Department and a composer of respected talents. I cannot weep over this move. I have attended the Group for Contemporary Music's concerts from time to time, and I have never heard anything worth listening to. It is time that the bankruptcy of the "experimental-music" movement be recognized, and that attention return to



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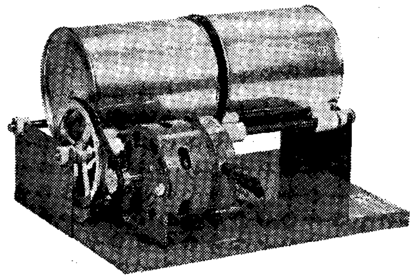

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THERE is one thing that can be said about the Philharmonic "Promenades," which opened their usual post-season festivities last Wednesday night under the baton of the inimitable Andre Kostelanetz. The audience that attends these affairs comes to enjoy itself, and does so with evident satisfaction. Mr. Kostelanetz is a conductor who might have made a great reputation in opera or in conventional symphony concerts. As it is, he has become a specialist in the semipopular repertoire, and he conducts it with enthusiasm and artistry. Wednesday night's affair was a "Venice Promenade." The usual streamers above the tables where people drink champagne were supplemented by a golden curtain depicting the winged Lion of St. Mark, symbol of Venice, and a small exhibition of Venetian paintings, plus a distinctly adolescent gondola and a portrait bust of a doge, was to be found in the lobby. The evening's program was at any rate Venetian by courtesy. The first part of it contained an orchestral suite from Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" (Wolf-Ferrari was actually a Venetian); Fauré's Incidental Music to "The Merchant of Venice" (well, that does take place in Venice); Mendelssohn's Barcarole in F Sharp Minor from the "Songs Without Words" (barcaroles have always been considered Venetian); and the Paganini-Ernst "Carnival of Venice." In the last two numbers, Aaron Rosand appeared as violin soloist, playing with brilliant technique and much schmalz. After the intermission, there was the ballet music (nowadays seldom performed in the opera house) from Act III of Verdi's "Otello." Then Anna Moffo sang the recitative and aria "Oh quante volte" from Bellini's "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi" (which is about Verona) and "Ernani, involami" from Verdi's "Ernani" (which is about Spain but had its première in Venice), and then threw in an encore from Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" (which is about Florence, but no matter). Miss Moffo's singing was at least robust. The concert ended with "The Dance of the Hours" from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Everybody appeared to be having a fine time.

ON Monday night of last week, the Stuttgart Ballet put on another of its mixed programs, this time including "The Catalyst," to music by Shostakovich; "Salade," to music by Milhaud;

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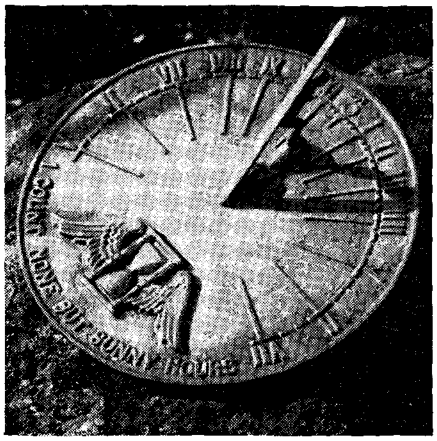

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the Black Swan pas de deux, from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake;" and Stravinsky's "Jeu de Cartes." "The Catalyst" is a ballet about a chemical reaction, and the dancers represent elements or combinations thereof. A group dressed in blue and a group dressed in orange can find no point of contact until a catalyst (Richard Cragun) shows up in a curious box at the back of the stage, comes out of it, and then drives them all through it, after which they are all dressed in white and have no difficulty in commingling. It provides for some brilliant dancing by Susanne Hanke, Judith Reyn, Jan Stripling, and Egon Madsen, as well as some striking virtuosity (including triple turns in the air) by Mr. Cragun. "Salade" is a less pretentious affair, danced by four junior members of the company—Emilietta Ettlin, Catherine Prescott, Joyce Cuoco, and Bernd Berg. It is amusing, in a gentle way, and winds up with a grotesque tango. The "Swan Lake" pas de deux was danced by Birgit Keil and Mr. Cragun. There were a good many changes in the conventional choreography, and one change in the customary score. Thus, it was distinctly John Cranko's Black Swan pas de deux. Some of the changes were stimulating, some not so effective. The big waltz, which is usually assigned to the male dancer, was given to Miss Keil, and it proved a bit heavy for a female. There were some untraditional moments during which Mr. Cragun seized Miss Keil and tucked her under his shoulder. All this was new and moderately interesting. But for those who can remember, say, Youskevich and Alonso, or even Nureyev and Fonteyn, in this number, this was hardly a brilliant effort. "Jeu de Cartes" was written by Stravinsky for Balanchine nearly thirty-five years ago, and for some reason it has not held a permanent place in the repertory. As the Stuttgarters do it, it is an entertaining romp, with fifteen dancers acting as various cards in a deck, and Mr. Madsen in a hilarious role as the Joker.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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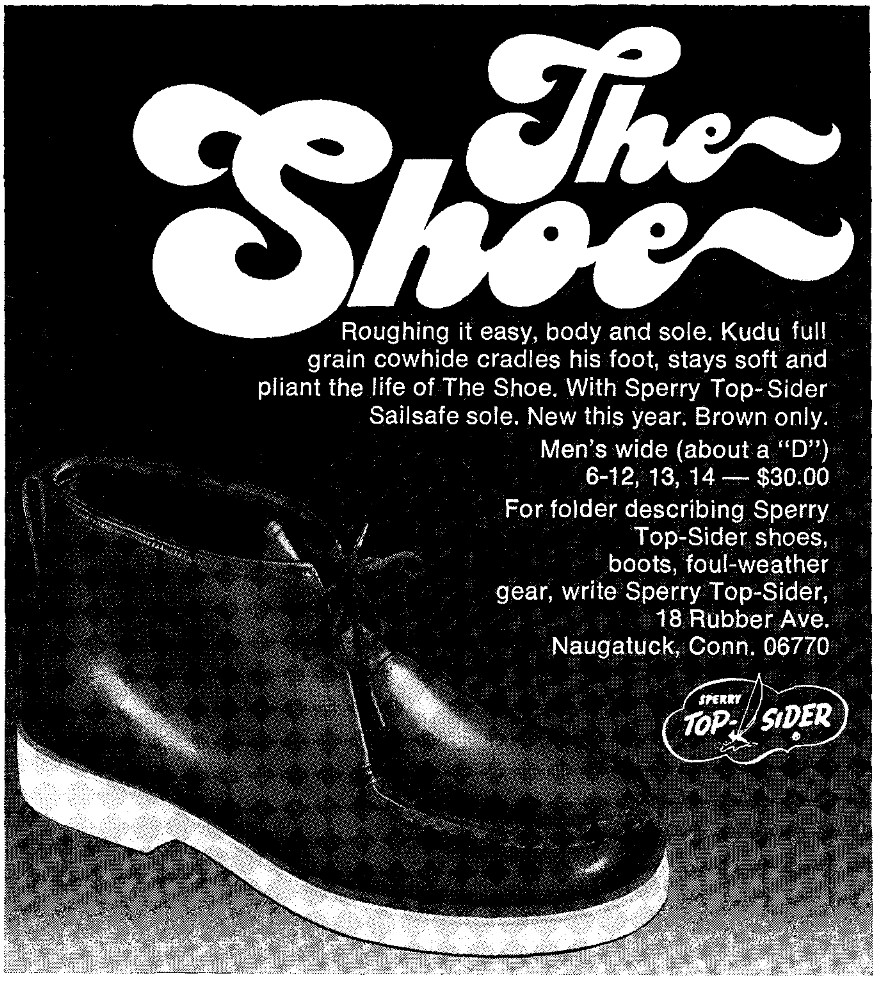

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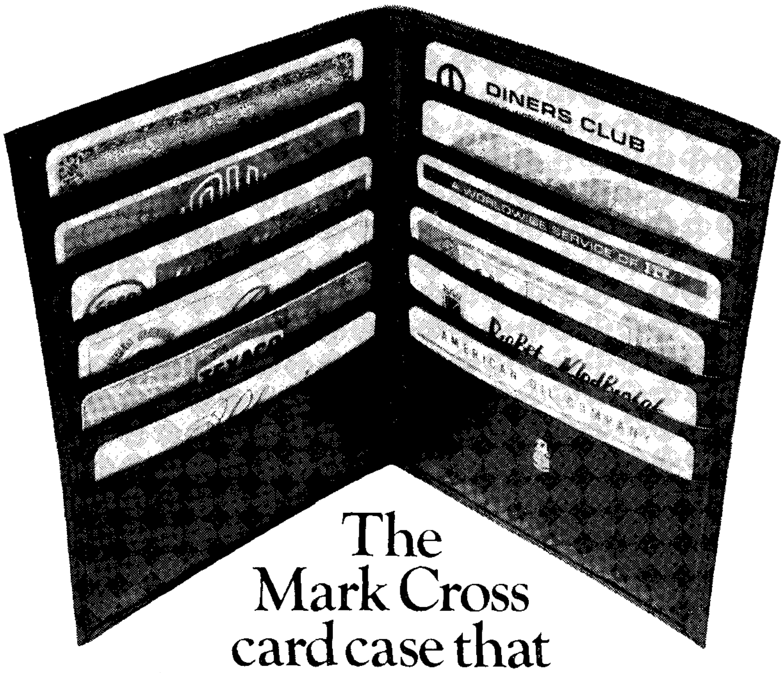

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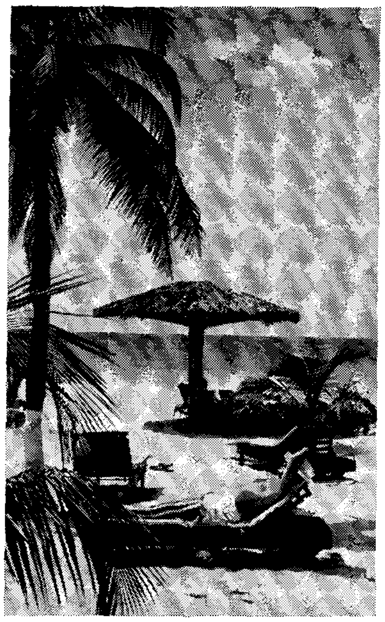

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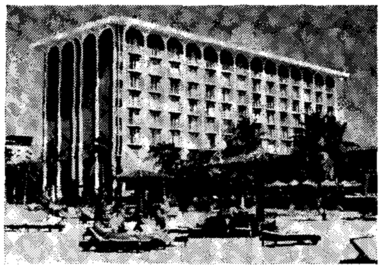

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THIS AND THAT

FOR the first time in its half-century history, Feron's, the durable old racquet-and-ball shop at 55 East 44th Street, in the Yale Club building, has opened its doors to women and installed a tennis section for them. Many of the clothes are designed by Edythe Sullivan, who was a ranked New England doubles player and, at sixty, is still participating in club tournaments. All the clothes are uncomplicated, white, and drip-dry. The most picturesque are long-waisted nylon dresses ending in lace that's woven with crossed racquets and balls; $30, the top price here. Bird's-eye piqués with red stitching outlining their collars and chest pockets are romantically buttoned with pearl hearts; fake frog closings adorn the square yokes of gabardine princesse dresses. The matching straight-legged panties under them are equipped with handy pockets for Kleenex and locker keys. Embroidered tennis racquets are stitched to the front of twill bonnets whose elasticized backs hold in any vagrant curls. White kangaroo-leather tennis shoes from Sweden have built-up arches and are lined with bright terry cloth; $25.

BETSEY, BUNKY & NINI, at 237 East 53rd Street, ceremoniously put their three heads together not long ago and came to the conclusion that the sun will come out one of these days. Hence, pinafore sundresses in a choice of fabrics—gray cotton with white crossbars and spattered with tiny black and white rosebuds, and bright-blue cotton printed with French outdoor scenes in colors that rival Nature's, more or less. These are $45 short and $50 long. Billowy Moroccan trousers ending just below the knee are made of black cotton—black cotton, that is, on which desert blossoms grow, some purplish blue and some red; $16. Turkey is the native heath of some short-sleeved cotton knit undershirts edged with hand crochet at the square necks; these to be worn as sweaters or tops. Tiny ribbon bows nestle at the V necks of openwork undershirts from France, with or without sleeves; $9 and $7, respectively.

THE TATTOO PARLOR, at Bloomingdale's, transfers iron-on patterns to inexpensive cotton knit undershirt tops, T-shirts, and ankle-length dresses in a variety of shades. Why "tattoo"? Well, among the designs are snakes and eagles, "Mother" surrounded by cupids, and a lot of other stuff first seen in Port Moresby. A well-encupided Mother, for instance, is $1.50. An additional fee of one dollar is charged if the shop does the work, which takes only a few minutes. For those desiring names, poems, or picket slogans, iron-on letters of the alphabet cost $2 for nine letters. Nine letters, with only the *tiniest* bit of punctuation, are about all the average bosom can accommodate. The Parlor can also supply previously marked clothes—natural cotton knit shirtdresses, for instance, which cover the knees, are tattooed with giant bumblebees. Long, slinky bogus-silk knits in muted hues picture what watchers of old, old movies will recognize as tango dancers—that sort of thing.

PECK & PECK has come across some young, lively beach clothes, plus long dresses to go over them that could be trotted out onto the dance floor—*après plage*, to be sure. We start with yellow-and-red calico: on the one hand, it makes frilly apron-skirted bathing suits and bloomers; on the other, it makes halter dresses that plunge nearly to their Empire waists and wind up in layers of ruffles at their hems. We go on to a wine-and-mustard cotton in sort of a Marrakesh print (vast sunbursts surrounded by a pattern of spiky tulips). It appears in bathing suits suspended from slender shoulder straps; quaint cover-up minidresses with flounces and puffed sleeves; harem pajamas; and halter dresses that graze the ankles. Sizes are 5 to 13, and no item mentioned is over $23. What we almost *forgot* to mention is that the calicoes are only at the 48th Street shop (581 Fifth Avenue), and the Marrakeshy stuff only at the 54th Street shop (677 Fifth Avenue).

AT Jensen, a fairly recent concern, at 202 East 53rd Street, everything comes from Copenhagen and England. (*Georg*, over on Madison Avenue, comes from Copenhagen, too, but that's the only connection.) Hanging on the well-filled racks are pants suits—flared trousers, and shirt jackets slit in back below deep, pointed

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yokes—in rose, blue, or beige denim. In front, stitched bands from the shoulders to the waist taper into pointed pockets. The jackets are $38 and the trousers $18, if you care to buy them separately. First-rate cotton knit T-shirts (short or long sleeves) and long-sleeved belted tunics are on tap in Joseph's-coat colors, including purple and rust, and all are edged with contrasting hues. The shirts are an unbelievable $4, and the tunics $6. Sizes are 6 to 11.

Bonwit Teller's revamped Distraction area (sizes 3 to 15) has acquired a lot of fine feathers from all over the globe. First, some Danish feathers, for any time of day, any time of year: white bouclé knit dresses decorated at their round necks and at their waists with taupe and black lozenges; triangles in the same colors rim the mid-calf hems. More Danish feathers: purple cotton late-day dresses with drawstring necks and dropped shoulders; white peacock feathers (see?) and fuchsia butterflies swirl all over the place. Indian feathers: red muslin skirts appliquéd and embroidered here and there with yellow doves and peacocks, the latter, strangely, with green-and-white tails. Israeli feathers: hooded cotton caftans, for the beach or at home, in lively stripes of red, purple, orange, and white. Prices range from $36 to $58. The Pair Tree shoe department—a few steps away as the partridge flies—has received from France lightweight canvas (but well fitting) boots that lace in front or zip up the sides; the braided rope that frames their composition soles gives the impression at first glance that they're a new version of espadrilles. These are $18, in such colors as Shocking pink, emerald green, mauve, black, or white. Italy's soft walking oxfords in lilac suède have fringed flaps over the insteps.

The Country Clothes Shop, at Lord & Taylor, has received from Cacharel, in Paris, a shipment of lighthearted raiment, including ankle-length skirts of gold cotton smothered with black moths and fastening with double rows of buttons over the stomach; these are topped by shirts of gold cotton voile. Long black cotton dresses sprinkled with small all-over floral designs are encircled by matching belts that buckle with two full-blown red plastic roses; $65. The same belts nip in the waists of short black surplice-bodiced crêpe dresses printed with white sailor hats that have perky red-and-white

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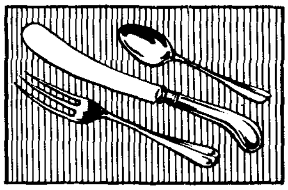

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dotted bows encircling the base of their crowns; $75.

SAKS' YOUNG ELITE EVENING SALON has a spread of finery by Anne Fogarty, all of it made of synthetic-silk jersey in riotous pinwheel tints. We start with some orange long-sleeved short jump suits that are O.K. for the beach and have a choice of two skirts: (1) a confection of midi-length purple panels anchored by orange streamers to tie around the waist, and (2) a more modest yellow item, split at one side and bordered with turquoise at the long hem. Fifty dollars for the jump suit and one of the skirts. Three-piecers are composed of long, skinny-sleeved, bare-midriff orange tops; turquoise short shorts; and orange midiskirts split from the waist to the hem at both sides. These are $68. Sizes are 6 to 12.

JAX, at 7 West 57th Street, is doing summery Edwardian party dresses in white cotton that are edged with eyelet ruffles at the standing collar and at the wrists, and are banded back and front with infinitesimal vertical tucks and insertions displaying pink posies and contrasting scallops. Dresses of white cotton or pastel-and-white checked gingham are square at the chest and have smocking wandering over the bodices and elbow-length sleeves. Sizes are from 8 to 12, and prices are from $45 to $95. Other dresses, of an ethereal pale-pink voile in a delicate yellow-and-white Paisley design, are ruffled high at the throat and have smocking at their bodices and over their shoulders; sizes and prices as above.

—M.M.

•

SHAKESPEARE CLUB
PLANS LAST MEETING
Farmer City (Special)

The Shakespeare Club will end its activities for 1970-71 with a meeting at 7:30 p.m. today in the home of Mrs. Beryl Rutledge, Farmer City.

Mrs. Katherine Niklaus will present the program on palmistry, based on the book, "You and Your Hand."—*Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) Courier.*

They may seize on the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand.

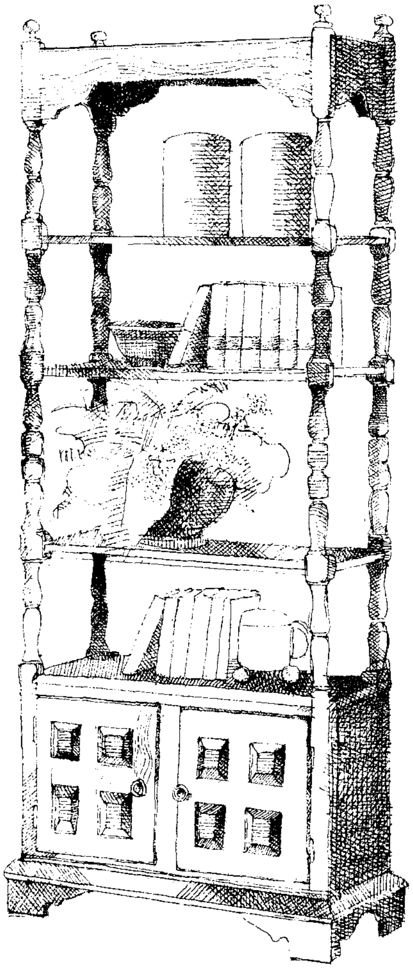
•

Charles Aylworth, a pszctologist, organized the experiment to show the effects of overpopulation and food shortages he predicts in the year 2000.

"It isn't going to be pleasant," he warned volunteers at the outset. "It is going to be a harrowing experience."

—*Staten Island Advance.*

That's what *one* pszctologist thinks, anyway.



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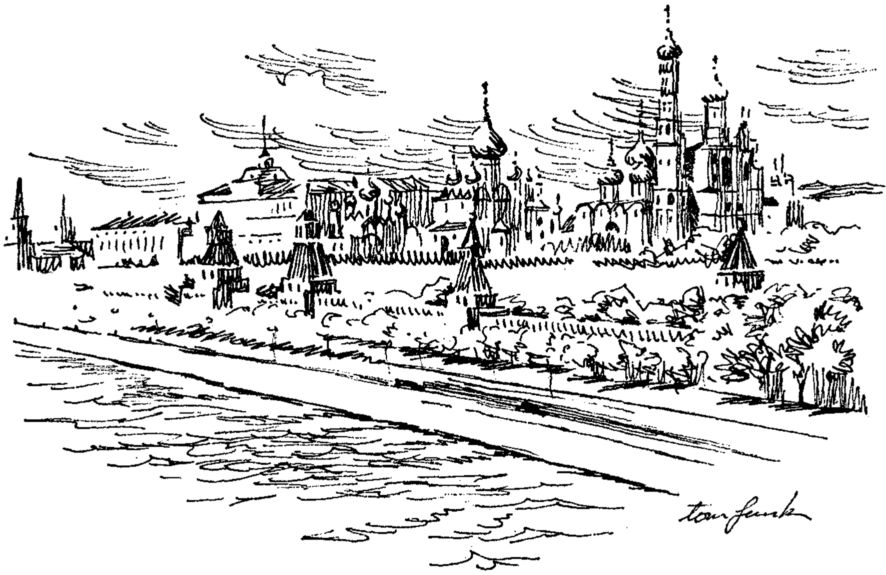
LETTER FROM MOSCOW



SPRING came late to Moscow this year. It snowed almost every day in Easter week, and the temperature was at freezing. But Passion Saturday, as the Russians call the day before Orthodox Easter, the fine weather began, and Muscovites with rubles turned out in large numbers to do what they like best in the world, which is to buy stuff. The fancy shops along Kalinin Prospekt bustled the way those on Fifth Avenue would if Madison, Lexington, and Third didn't exist. Long lines formed outside a store selling photographic equipment. At a florist's next door, there were hundreds of women and men, including many Army officers, buying roses in bundles of two to a customer. Young people stood three and four deep at the counters of a record shop, mainly buying, as far as I could judge, the nineteenth-century romantics—Bizet, Mendelssohn, and Rimski-Korsakov. Vivaldi and Bach were requested, but not to be had. Delicacies were also in short supply at the food shops, and, as usual, there was a joke on the subject going the rounds. It tells of a man who approaches a counter in a market and asks, "Don't you have any caviar at this counter?" "Of course not," the sales clerk replies indignantly. "At this counter we don't have meat. At the *next* counter we don't have caviar."

Buying what *is* available, however, has become much easier. The last time I was in Moscow, back in 1967, customers always waited in line three times to make a purchase—first to pick out what they wanted and to get a chit with the price, next to pay for the article at a cashier's booth and have the chit stamped, and then to pick up the article by presenting the receipt at the original counter. The length of time spent in line, in fact, became a measure of quality. "What a wonderful pair of stockings I bought today!" a woman would exclaim. "I had to wait in line two hours for them." But now the supermarket principle is coming in. Just around the corner from Kalinin Prospekt, in the Gastronom on Tchaikovsky Street, customers walked in, picked out the food items they wanted, paid a cashier, and walked out. The problem of not pushing people out of jobs—a sacred principle in Russia, sometimes known as featherbedding in the United States—had been met by having the extra employees detailed to watching for shoplifters. A bigger problem was that of providing a variety of goods; only carrots and potatoes in sacks, canned foods, and wines from Georgia were available. The pickings were even slimmer in the leather-goods section of a department store. Four different kinds of handbags were available—all brown, all plastic, all square in shape, and all with a metal clasp on top. Women stood for several minutes sniffing and poking, and then walked away. I clocked one interval of ten minutes without a sale. Later, the wife of an American journalist told me that in her experience the major complaint of Soviet women was the lack of variety. "Even diaphragms come in only two sizes," she said.

Passion Saturday also happened to be a Subbotnik, or Working Saturday—a day of some ideological and political significance. The idea, ordained by Lenin, is that one Saturday in April the people of Russia should work for nothing in order to build Communism. The custom, abandoned for a while, has been revived in recent years. There was one at the time of Lenin's hundredth birthday, in 1970. This year, the occasion was the Twenty-fourth Congress of the Communist Party, which ran from March 30th through April 9th. The advance buildup for this Subbotnik was terrific. There were posters advertising the event all over town. Exhortations to get out and work had prime time on television Friday night, and front-page notices in *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. The turnout in factories and office buildings was said to be large (one factory claimed in a May Day Parade poster to have built four hundred cars on Subbotnik). There were some sections of the city where streets were cleaned and walls painted by volunteer workers, but the disposition to volunteer was not overwhelming. One Russian told me that the service he performed on Subbotnik was to wash his car. An American girl who visited Leningrad that day expressed surprise to her taxi-driver that the Subbotnik applied there as well as in Moscow. "Yes," he said, "it's Subbotnik here, too. But it's only Subbotnik for the Communist Party." In Moscow, at a small park off Tchaikovsky Street, I watched a few children with rakes turning up the ground around some birch trees. A group of elderly men, in black suits and melon-shaped felt hats, stood gossiping, brooms in hand. Occasionally, a couple of them would drag their brooms over a patch of hardened earth, as though they were groundkeepers at Yankee Stadium carefully smoothing the infield. I asked a Russian who was with me what they were supposed to be doing. "They're intellectuals," I was told. "Professors. They're showing the dignity of work."

THAT Russians are more interested in buying things than in showing the dignity of work has not been lost on the leaders of the Communist Party. Emphasis on increased production of consumer goods was one of the two main features of the Twenty-fourth Party Congress. The ninth five-year plan adopted by the Congress calls, for the first time in Soviet history, for larger growth in consumer-goods production than in the output of heavy industry. While promises of more consumer goods have been regularly aired since the Stalin era, the accent is different now. Khrushchev used to run on about more milk and butter and clothes, the better to overtake the United States and put down Communist China. But Leonid Brezhnev, who succeeded

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But that's a lot of car for the dollars.

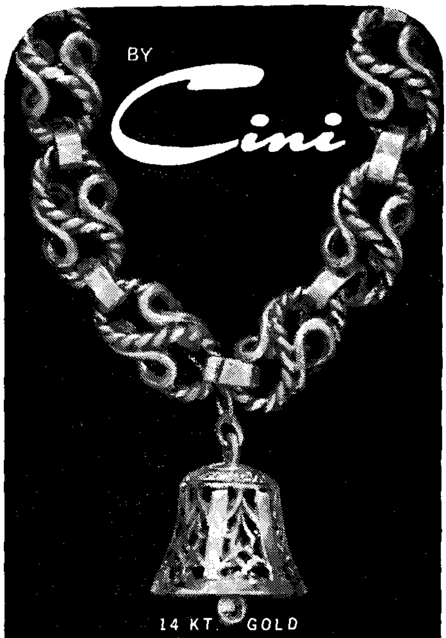
Khrushchev as First Secretary, plumps for consumer goods as something necessary for the Soviet Union on their own merits. "Raising the standard of living," Brezhnev said flatly in his main report to the Twenty-fourth Party Congress, "is the supreme aim of the Party's economic policy."

The contrast between the Khrushchev and Brezhnev approaches was pointed up for me with particular force by Georgi Arbatov, the head of the U.S.A. Institute of the Academy of Sciences, in Moscow, who is reckoned to be the man most deeply involved in advising the Soviet leadership on American affairs. He is Russia's main Americanologist, so to speak. In a chat with him at the Institute, I mentioned my feeling that Khrushchev pushed for consumer-goods production as an expression of invidious state power, and that Brezhnev was voicing a different rationale. I said, "Brezhnev spoke of consumer goods as something he wanted for—" At that point, I began to fumble for the right word. "For all the people," Arbatov said, finishing the sentence for me. The same point was stressed by a leading commentator for the Novosti news agency, Spartak Beglov. Beglov referred to the Party Congress as the "realistic Congress." It had come to be understood, he said, that "if you want to do big things you can't rely on more sacrifice from people," and he added, "People need to have their ideological interests reinforced by material interests."

The other big development at the Congress, of course, was the emergence of Brezhnev as the undisputed No. 1 in Soviet politics. During the Congress, he visibly outdistanced in all kinds of ways all other Soviet leaders and interest groups. His opening and closing addresses were broadcast full-length and live on television. He read aloud and in order of rank the membership of the newly elected Politburo. The formal *Pravda* announcement of the event declared that Brezhnev had been "unanimously elected" General Secretary of the Party, and then listed in alphabetical order the names of those who had been named to the Politburo. In Brezhnev's listing by order of rank, Premier Alexei Kosygin was named third (below Brezhnev and Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny) in the Politburo—a sign that, however important his responsibilities may be, he is no challenger to the chief. One supposed challenger, Alexander Shelepin, dropped from seventh to eleventh place in the Politburo standings. Another man, representing an interest group reputed to be moving up, Yuri Andropov, the secret-police boss, stayed just where he had been—a candidate member of the Politburo. With all these men checked, something like a Brezhnev cult is inevitably beginning to build up. But the selling of the General Secretary is the selling of a modest image. When I asked Arbatov what Russians thought of Brezhnev, he replied, "The strength of Comrade Brezhnev is that he feels the needs of ordinary people. He does not have a snobbish attitude. He is not afraid to emphasize such things as services in the economy."

WITH economic improvement for ordinary men as its appeal, the Party no longer has to depend on ideology as the sole source of faith and inspiration. Ideology is freed, so to speak, to serve almost exclusively as a standard of orthodoxy, a control on the spread of ideas and attitudes that the regime finds distasteful. The tightening of the line expected by many to be proclaimed at the Twenty-fourth Party Congress through renewed expressions of admiration for Stalin did not take place. But it hardly had to. The artistic flowering that was fostered by Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign was cut off by the trial and sentencing of the writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel in 1966, and the cultural scene in Moscow now registers the results every day.

High technical proficiency remains the rule in such traditional art forms as ballet, instrumental music, and theatre. But there is noticeable tension between media and message. In an evening at the Central Puppet Theatre, for example, I found the manipulation of the marionettes as matchless as ever, but the material was at the Ed Sullivan level. The performance, a kind of slapstick variety show, was called "An Uncommon Concert"—a lowbrow parody of the title of a highbrow novel by Ivan Goncharov called "A Common Story." The skits included a French chanteuse in a slinky black dress singing "Toujours l'Amour, Toujours;" three Mexican guitarists, dressed in sombreros and serapes, singing a song that went "Ole, ole toro/ Viva el mata-



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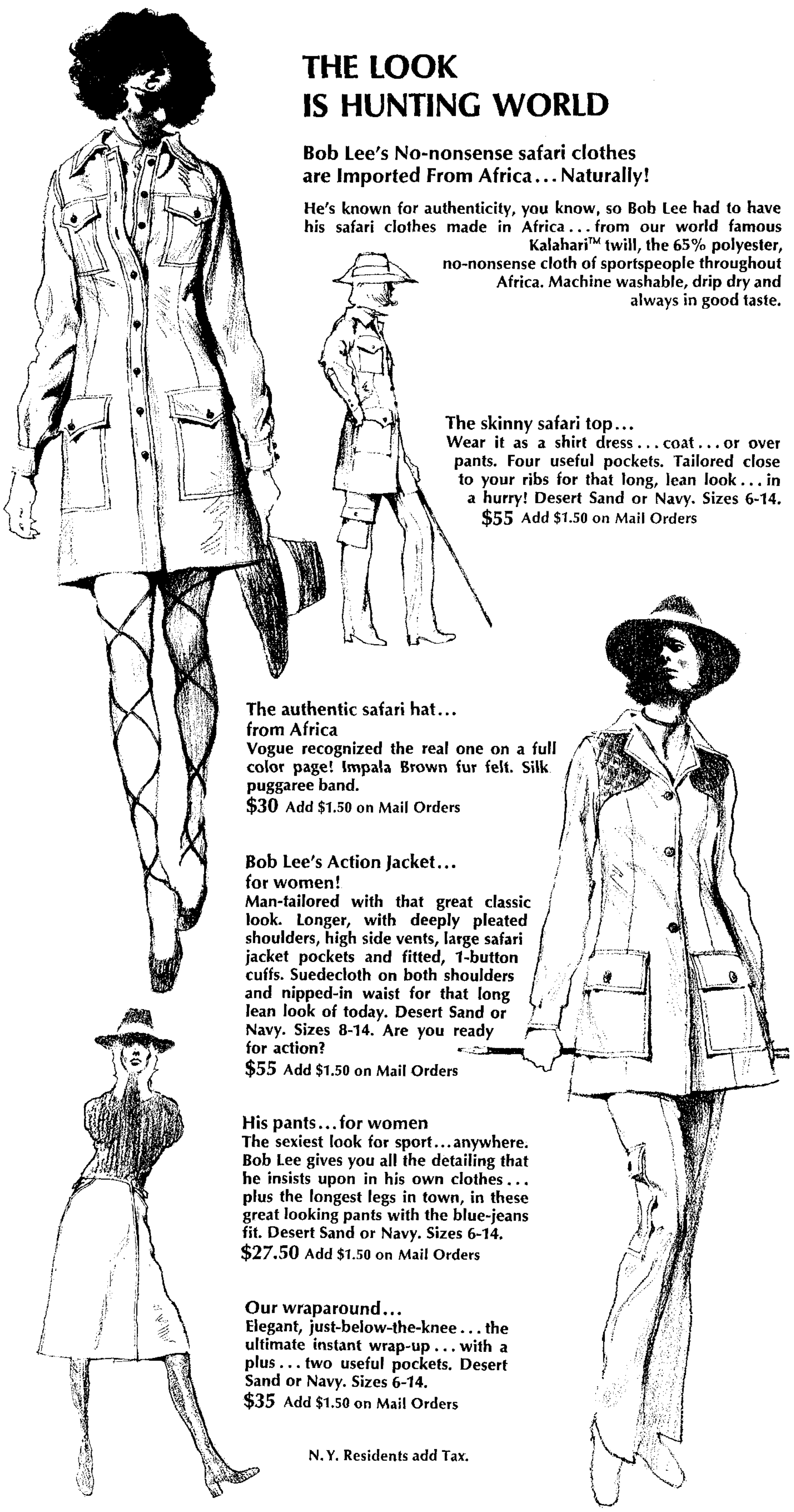
dor;" a gypsy ensemble singing the "Volga Boatman;" and some tap-dancers in bow ties and straw boaters. A soprano with a huge bust and a squeaky voice took a bow after singing a selection from "Carmen," and broke up the place when her behind hit the piano and sent it skidding across the stage. The master of ceremonies had lines such as "The author of the following piece of music is—the composer." At one point, he compared Russian humor to the figure for cement production announced every year by the Party leaders: "It gets heavier and heavier."

A current play—"Svoy Ostrov," or "One's Own Island"—tells the story of three Estonian students who, having failed their examinations, go to work for an older man who is desperately trying to conserve land by eliminating strip-mining. In the end, he succeeds and everybody is happy. But along the way there are some unorthodox touches. At one point, in a surprisingly frank expression of generation-gap anguish, a boy says, "I wonder if there is anything in the world that is worth believing in." The role of ideology in education is ridiculed when one student laments, "Those who see everything clearly pass their exams." There is even a knock at bureaucrats who are interested only in fulfilling the plan, no matter what the consequences. (One bureaucrat draws a laugh by saying, "We have planning organizations, and they undoubtedly think.") Steinbeck is quoted in the play, as is the controversial Leningrad poetess Akhmatova. The music and some of the dance patterns are from "Hair." Suffusing the whole play is a theme that seems about as strange to current Russian drama as the Age of Aquarius is to the Age of Brezhnev. It is the difficulty of finding a place in society—of not being one's own island.

Probably the most popular film going is "Beg," or "Flight," a story about the Russian Revolution that some say is the Soviet answer to "Doctor Zhivago." It was adapted from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov that had been banned because of its supposed sympathy for the antirevolutionary cause. In the film, the Whites do not come off as entirely bad guys. They come off as clowns, instead, and the Communist military hero Mikhail Frunze is represented as a saintly figure with the military genius of Napoleon. Another widely publicized movie, "One of Our Own," centers on the N.K.V.D., the secret police who conducted the purges of the Stalin era. The action is set on the eve of Russia's entry into the war, in



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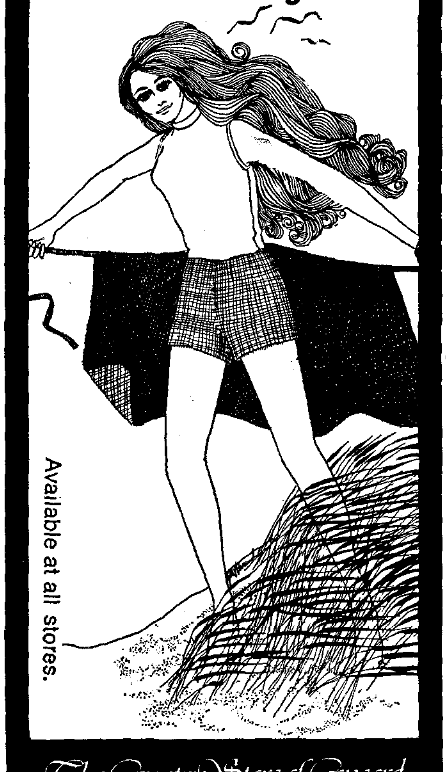
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1941, and the story tells of N.K.V.D. efforts to uncover a Nazi spy ring and some would-be Russian collaborators. The N.K.V.D. men are heroic figures—professional, calm, benevolent, and good athletes to boot. Naturally, they apprehend both the Germans and the collaborators, who are turned over to the courts. The obvious message is that national-security considerations justified the purges of the nineteen-thirties.

A glittering musical event at the Moscow Conservatory in late April featured the pianist Svyatoslav Richter and the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. But, significantly, the occasion was a visit by the London Symphony Orchestra, with Benjamin Britten conducting a concerto specially written for Rostropovich. Another cultural event of note in the last few weeks was an anniversary—the four-hundredth performance at the Taganka Theatre of "Antiworlds," a play produced from the poetry of Andrei Voznesensky. Much of the verse is intensely dramatic. "The Skull Ballad," for example, tells how Peter the Great executed an unfaithful mistress, Anna Mons, by himself striking off her head, which in the translation of Stanley Kunitz "rolls from the blow of his axe to the toe of his hunter's boot." Suddenly the severed head begins to speak:

"Beloved one O worshipful Czar
I will not judge thy guilt
but why do thy hands stick to my
  skin
and taste of my own heart's salt?

Let me confess my womanhood
my crime deserves the whip
I tremble where that crimson fleck
hangs on thy bristling lip.

Love is so small who cares for love
in times like these . . ."

Every seat in the small Taganka Theatre was filled, and people stood in the aisles. There was prolonged, rhythmic applause at the end, and tulips and roses were presented to the performers. Voznesensky then rose to read a few recent verses—his first public reading, I was told, in several years. He stood there, a slight, boyish figure, dressed in a black leather jacket, a white turtleneck sweater, and flannel trousers. Two of his new poems were dirges—the first for a revolutionary Latin-American poet killed by the police in his homeland; the second for a Russian university student, Svetlana Popova, who died two years ago in the cold of Northern Siberia, reciting his poems. A third poem he read was a "humorous requiem" for the star of the play, an actor and musician named Volodya Vysotskiy, who has had some difficulty with the authorities. In another poem, Voznesensky spoke of himself. "I cannot write in times like this," he said, according to the Russian who was with me. "But I know the other poets in the Writers' Union will write my poems for me." It was his special stock-in-trade—the bitter, ironic thrust. The audience clapped and clapped and clapped.

THE Russian who was with me at the performance—who had, in fact, made it possible for me to get in to the Taganka on that memorable evening—was a poet with whom Voznesensky is frequently associated, Yevgeny Yevtushenko. I had met Yevtushenko a couple of days before at a dinner given by Edmund Stevens, the veteran Moscow correspondent who now works for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Yevtushenko looked much more youthful than his thirty-eight years—tall and thin, with a fresh country-boy face and regular, slightly nicotine-stained teeth, which were much in evidence. He wore the most conventional suit—a dark-blue pin-stripe with narrow lapels. He had just had a yellow-fever shot (in preparation for a trip to Peru), and at first was reluctant to drink. But, once started, he drank and talked almost non-stop for the rest of the evening, moving rapidly from subject to subject in the almost random fashion of the characters in Russian novels.

I asked Yevtushenko about a pin he had on his lapel. He said, "It was given to me by the workers on the Bratsk Dam in honor of the poem I wrote about Bratsk. There are not many of these pins, and I am very proud of it. I come from Siberia, you know. I killed a bear with a knife when I was only twelve. You should never underestimate the provinces. The provinces make history, especially in Russia, which is a very big country. We have a saying that in Moscow they usually punish a man by clipping his nails, while in the provinces we cut off his hand; but when they cut off a man's head in Moscow, in the provinces we only shave his hair. I remember at the time of my greatest troubles here, when all the papers were screaming against me, I went to the Siberian region, to Irkutsk, and there they had organized a demonstration for me, and everybody was cheering and shouting. I asked the Party chairman if he wouldn't get into trouble giving me such a welcome when I was out of favor in Moscow.

He said, 'No, no, no. You must remember that here the sun rises five hours before it rises in Moscow.' "

I mentioned a woman we both happened to know. Yevtushenko said she was naïve. I said that being naïve was not so bad, and, to provoke him, cited Alyosha in "The Brothers Karamazov" and Myshkin in "The Idiot." He said, "Alyosha and Myshkin were not naïve. They were pure. There is a difference." Then, as if to make amends in case I should feel offended, he added, "But you are right. It is better to be naïve than cynical. Take Stalin, for instance—he only referred to Don Quixote in a contemptuous way."

I asked what Stalin had made of Sancho Panza. Yevtushenko said, "He didn't say anything about Sancho. Stalin's character doesn't come out of Cervantes. It comes from Dostoevski—from 'The Possessed.' Once when I was in Mexico reading to some radical youth, I was asked what was my bedside reading of a revolutionary nature. I replied, 'The Possessed.' Our cultural attaché was by my side, and he at once began tugging at my sleeve, asking me what the book was. But the young people there knew well enough that it was a book about the danger of revolutionary ideas, and they began to shout angrily. Then an old man, a Mexican, stood up. He said, 'Listen. Something wonderful has happened. A Russian has said that Dostoevski is the greatest writer on revolution.' That silenced them, and they didn't tear me limb from limb after all."

About his own work Yevtushenko was much less effusive. He has a new play about the United States, "Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty," in rehearsal at the Taganka Theatre. "It's a string of monologues," he said. "By Jesus Christ, by John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy, by Pancho Villa, and by me." I had heard that he was having some trouble about the play, and asked whether it would be produced soon. Somewhat despondently, he said, "There is a big word in the Russian language, probably the biggest word—maybe."

A SAYING among Russian intellectuals is that Soviet society is like a layer cake—the workers on top, the peasants on the bottom, and the intellectuals squeezed in between. Certainly there is no widespread popular sympathy for the plight of the intellectuals or alarm over the decline of cultural activities. Thousands of Russians, maybe even millions, must have read the works of Alexander Solzhenit-

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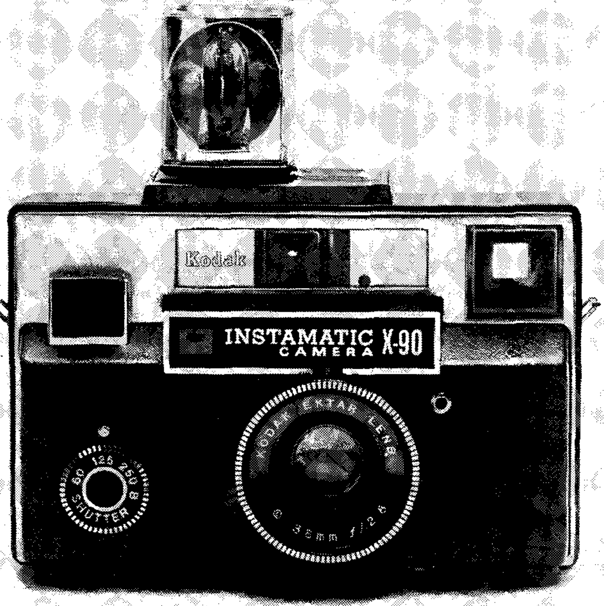

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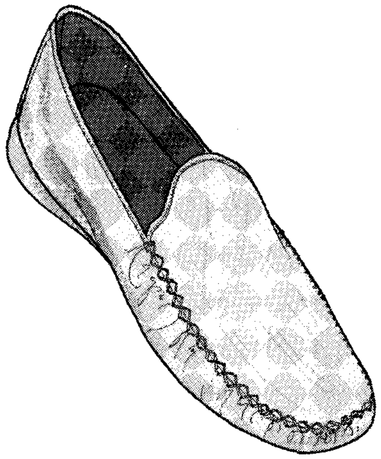

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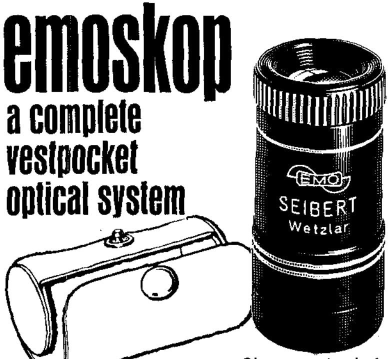

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syn, though only a few short stories and a single novel, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," have been allowed to appear here. But very few people have protested the ban on publication of his books, and one of these few is the cellist Rostropovich, who has taken Solzhenitsyn under his wing as a kind of ward and given him a place to live in his home. While part of the reason nobody protests is fear, a more important consideration is that hardly anybody seems to care. The availability of refrigerators and radios and other consumer goods has caused most Russians to go in for getting and spending as never before. Moreover, as the 1970 census figures—which began to appear in April—reveal, many Soviet citizens are moving upward on the social ladder.

Western accounts of the census emphasized chiefly the population figures. The growth since the last census, in 1959, was slight—a little over one per cent annually. Women outnumbered men, a hundred and thirty million to a hundred and eleven million—a continuing sign of the toll taken by the war. While Great Russians, to the surprise of many, continued to be a majority (fifty-three per cent), the predominance of the Slavic big three was breached; Uzbeks, who have been doubling their number every twenty years, replaced the Byelorussians as the third-largest nationality, behind the Great Russians and the Ukrainians. To the surprise of practically everybody, and the suspicion of not a few, the number of Jews in the Soviet Union, which had been estimated by the Novosti news agency as three million, actually came in at 2.151 million—a decline from the 1959 figure of 2.268 million, and the only decline registered by any important nationality group since the 1959 census.

But Russians, not looking for negative indicators, could find plenty of reasons for self-congratulation in the census. In education, particularly, there was an impressive rise. Those in the working force with a college degree more than doubled from 1959 to 1970. Those with a vocational-high-school education rose from 6.6 million in 1959 to 12.1 million in 1970. The number with more than an eighth-grade education rose from forty-three million in 1959 to seventy-five million in 1970. Perhaps the most revealing numbers had to do with the urban-rural balance. In 1959, the Soviet Union was still dominated by the villages of its endless, sad plains; fifty-two per cent of the population lived on the land. During the next decade, the balance shifted. In 1970, fifty-six per cent of all Russians lived in towns and cities. The Soviet Union, in other words, is now experiencing the headlong move of millions from country to city that has been in almost all nations a prime source of individual opportunity and economic growth.

Because of the restrictions of the Soviet system, these opportunities are open chiefly to men ready to take chances—to enterprising operators. Indeed, it still takes a certain amount of wheeling and dealing to acquire an apartment, a television set, or a dacha, not to mention those supreme features of gracious living, a car and a trip abroad. Most of the acquisitive arrangements are made behind the scenes, away from the eyes of authority and foreign visitors. But hustling is too commonplace to be concealed completely. One good sampling of how operators work can be found in the collective-farm markets in Moscow. The ground floor of the central market on Tsvetnoy Boulevard is a huge hall filled with little exhibition stands at which farmers from the countryside, many of them from hundreds of miles away, have laid out foodstuffs—nuts, apples, pears, pickles, dried fruit, eggplants, and just about everything else that grows. Though the prices are about double those in the state stores, the superior quality draws a steady flow of customers, who come from all over Moscow, by taxi and private car and bus and subway, to do their shopping. I spoke briefly, through an Intourist guide, with one of the venders. He was an Uzbek from Tashkent, and he wore an embroidered red hat, something like a fez. He and a small son had come up from Tashkent by train—a two-day trip. They had filled half a dozen suitcases, which now stood empty beside the stall, with tomatoes and dried apricots. They had bedded down for the past three nights in a dormitory above the market, and would be going home the next day, since they had sold almost everything they had brought. I asked him if he had had a chance to do much sightseeing in Moscow. "Not much," he said with a grin. I asked if he had seen the tomb of Lenin. "Why don't you have an apri-

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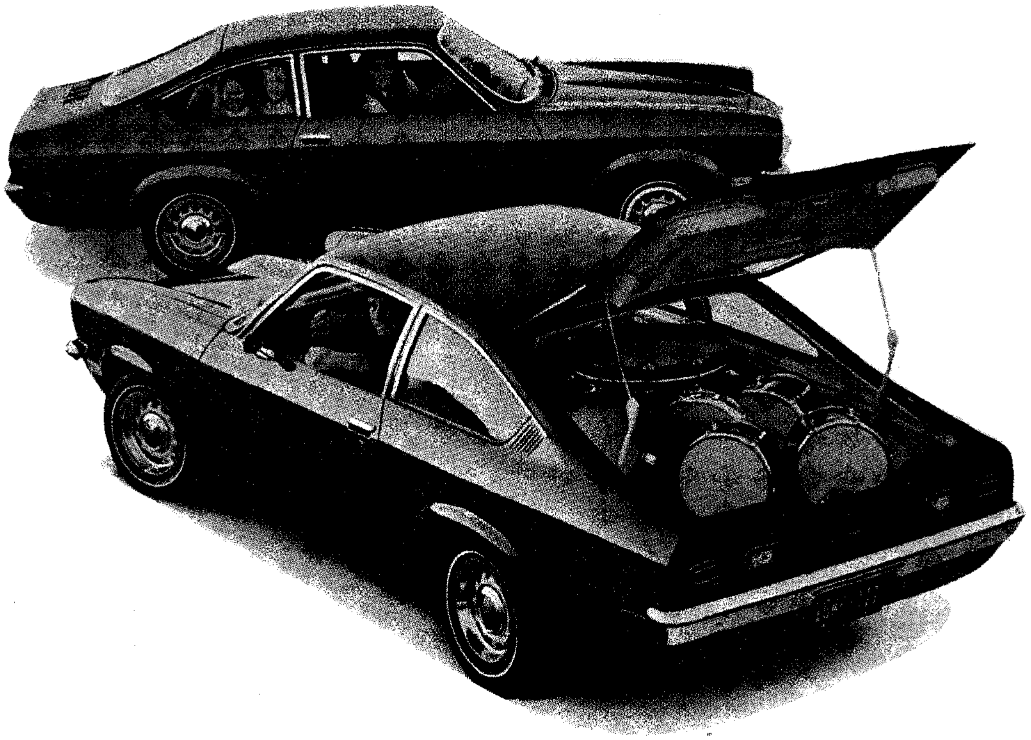

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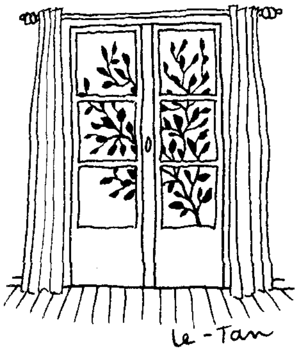
cot?" he asked, grinning more broadly. "They're very good." And they were.

AT a more spectacular level of wheeling and dealing, there is the case of Victor Louis. Louis, a Russian, is the Moscow correspondent of the London *Evening News* and the author of a popular guide to Moscow. Various murky activities, such as supplying unkind family photographs for the memoirs of Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, and an ambiguous association with the publication of the Khrushchev memoirs abroad, have led many people to suspect that he is an agent for the secret police, charged with spreading misinformation. Harsh articles have been written about him by Herbert Gold, for the New York *Times Magazine*, and by Stanley Karnow, for the Washington *Post*, so I was surprised when he responded to a phone call with a cheery invitation to Sunday lunch at his dacha, about ten miles west of Moscow. I asked him in the first minutes how he felt about the Gold and Karnow articles, and he allowed that he felt they had been unfair. "Still," he said with a smile, "it's good publicity." He then took me on a tour of the very accommodations that had attracted so much criticism and suspicion—a spacious house in the woods, with TV sets, a sauna, a living room full of lovely icons and antique furniture, and a cellar stocked with Danish beer and Cokes and French champagne. In the garage were a Mercedes and a Porsche, and all kinds of tools, including welding equipment, used, even on Sunday, by a man who works for Louis and also services the cars of his neighbors, friends, and acquaintances. There was a tennis court, strung with overhead lights, and used during the winter months, Louis told me, as an ice-skating rink. "Now," he said, again with a smile, "I'm going to show you something nobody else has written about—something that you can use as your own story. I'm going to show you where I'm going to build my swimming pool."



Louis told me that he had recently been invited to lecture at Harvard. I asked him what his subject would be. "The difficulty of getting an American visa," he replied sharply. Then he told me a long, rambling, and not altogether coherent story about past difficulties he had had in travelling in the United States, about the delay he had encountered in getting a response to his inquiries this time, and about an insulting State Department questionnaire that he would not fill out. He showed me a map of the world with pins in almost every country. Those were all the nations he had visited—"mostly," he said, "on a transit visa." That brought him back to the theme of the visa to the United States he wasn't getting—and in my view wasn't trying very hard to get. He began denying charges made in American papers about his connections with the secret police. He said, "I am a correspondent for a foreign newspaper, and my wife is a British citizen. We have no privileges that other foreign correspondents don't have. I just work harder. I produce guidebooks and sell pictures abroad. I learned long ago that I can write an article for one of your newspapers on the basis of four clippings. Sure, I like French champagne and German cars. Why not? Nothing I do is illegal, and nobody has ever proved anything against me. What I do is the same as the millionaires in your country who take tax exemptions, or the shipowners who sail their boats under the flag of Panama or Liberia."

Later, Louis talked at length about tourism, about which he is an expert. He spoke of the unexplored, ancient towns of Russia. Louis had been in Hannibal, Missouri, the town where Mark Twain spent his youth. "You don't know what Mark Twain means to Russians," he told me. "We grow up with Tom Sawyer and with Huck Finn. So when I was in Hannibal I wanted something that had on it the touch of Mark Twain, something with a local meaning. But the only souvenirs there were made in Japan. The trouble with you Americans is you're too rich. You buy everything. You don't make anything for yourselves anymore. There are things people have to do for themselves."

AT least one group in Russia has not been attracted by the opportunities for better living so relentlessly exploited by Victor Louis. Because of its revolutionary idealism, Communism once exerted a special appeal to the oppressed Jews living in the Russian Pale. "I am a revolutionary, not a Jew," Trotsky said, and Lenin concluded that

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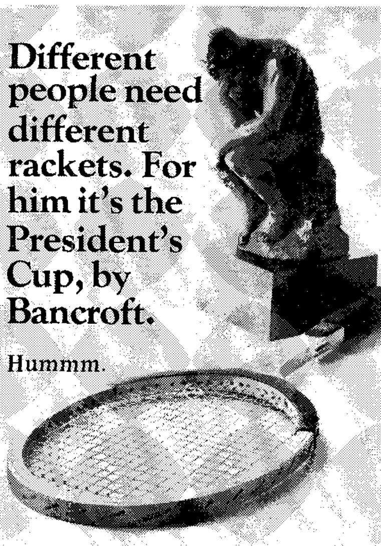

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Jews "with their stubbornness and fanaticism make excellent revolutionaries." But the continuation of anti-Semitism in Russia and the wearing thin of revolutionary idealism have caused many Jews who were once keen Communists to turn to Zionism. That, at least, seemed to be the case with a group of Jews I encountered in Moscow.

Friends in Washington had given me the name and Moscow address of a Zionist, and I set out to visit him one evening about nine. I gave no warning of my visit and moved furtively, stopping to look in store windows, and crossing streets and looping around blocks. Though my tactics were ridiculously amateurish, I was quite confident when I rang the doorbell that I had not been followed. My host was playing cards and received me casually, as though it were nothing unusual to have an unknown visitor from America drop in unannounced after dinner. At first, it seemed to me that all my precautions had been silly, that, in fact, the man was advertising, not hiding, his activities. He wore a rabbi's beard and his son had plastered a Star of David on his black leather jacket. Around the living room of what seemed a spacious apartment there were pictures of Golda Meir and Moshe Dayan and the founder of Zionism, Theodor Herzl. But when I started to speak my host pointed toward the ceiling in the way Russians have of indicating a place is bugged. He brought out pencil and paper, and wrote down answers in English in response to my written questions. These were some of the exchanges:

Q: Were you always a Zionist or is it recent?

A: Four or five years ago I came to it.

Q: Why?

A: I saw how Jews lived in our country. I got information about Israel. I thought what Israel could be if many Jews were there, and so I understood that I must be there—I and my sons.

Q: What do you do professionally?

A: I am an engineer in radio electronics.

Q: What kind of discrimination have you encountered?

A: I ended the institute in 1950. I could not get a job for half a year. My father lost his job. My sister after finishing the university was out of a job. Last year my son could not enter the institute because he is a Jew.

Q: Do ordinary Russians sympathize with you?

A: Some Russians. But few sympathize with us. But few.

Before I left, he gave me an eight-page typewritten account of a protest he and thirty-eight other Jews had

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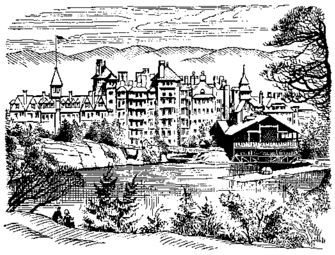

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made on March 25th to the Supreme Soviet about pending trials of Jews in Leningrad, Riga, and Kishinev. As we stood in the stairwell, I asked him how he happened to have such a good apartment; the answer was that it had been given to his father, who had once been a Communist in good standing. Then we made arrangements for another meeting with some of his fellow-Zionists.

He picked me up, by prearrangement, outside the main Moscow Post Office, on Gorky Street, and we drove in a taxi to a southeastern suburb. After making a phone call, he led me to an apartment in a housing project. A man, a woman, and their daughter, a girl of about twenty, were in the apartment, and we were soon joined by several more men. There was no inhibition about speaking. I talked mainly with the woman, whose English was very good, and one of the men, who was a professor and liked to talk.

The professor sketched out the contradictory impulses that inhibited the regime in its dealing with the Jews. He said the official policy was assimilation, and that many Soviet leaders wanted to take Jews in on an equal basis as individuals. Others, he said, were afraid. "They're afraid of us. They're even more afraid of the Ukrainians and the Baltic peoples and the Turkish peoples, whom they would also have to take in. Sometimes the Russians improve their standing with the other nationalities at our expense. Things are very bad for Jews in the Ukraine, Moldavia, and the Baltic States." His theory was that when the contradiction between assimilation and persecution became intense, the regime relieved the pressure on itself by letting more Jews emigrate to Israel. That had happened recently, and in this connection the trials of Jews in Leningrad, Riga, and Kishinev seemed to him a big opportunity. He said, "Everybody knows the evidence is bogus—cooked. The leaders go through with the trials only because the police insist. But the regime is very sensitive to outside pressure and protests. I don't mean destroying buildings or anything violent. That's very bad. But loud popular protests are effective. Especially against the trials. That's what helps us."

The woman told me that her husband was an engineer in a government department, and had been a Communist Party member for twenty-six years; that she had been an interpreter; and that her daughter had been a computer analyst. Since indicating a desire

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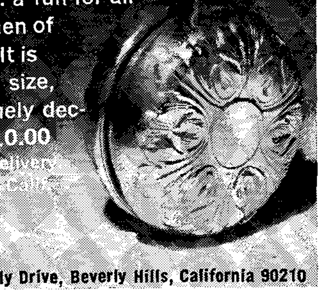

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to go to Israel some months ago, the woman had been fired, her husband had been expelled from the Communist Party, and her daughter demoted to secretary. "We live well here," she said. "About as well as anybody can in this country. But, you know—'Not by bread alone.' " She told me the main push to go to Israel came from the young people, and I then noticed that her daughter wore a necklace with a Star of David as pendant. "Many of us who are older have known bad moments and fear," the woman said. "We have hesitations. But not the young. Nothing can stop them."

A FERVOR equal in intensity but very different in focus I found among many of the Christians who turned out for Orthodox services on Easter Eve. At the Church of All Mourners, just across the Moskva River from the Kremlin, where I went with the American consul, Peter Swiers, and his wife, a couple of thousand people stood packed together through hours of worship. The press was so great that several persons fainted. Most of the worshippers were middle-aged women, heads wrapped in newly washed scarves. They crossed themselves passionately when the prayers began, and rocked back and forth to the rhythm of the music. There were golden candelabra, altarpieces, burning incense, marble pillars plastered with pictures of the saints, a choir and priest in medieval robes. Candles were sold at the back of the nave and were held throughout the service. At midnight, all the lights went up, and the priest led a procession around the outside of the church in a symbolic search for the body of Christ. Then he returned to the altar and cried out, "Christ is risen!" "He is truly risen!" the congregation chanted in response. And for the next half hour, in staccato bursts, that exchange echoed over and over again.

A fair sprinkling of young people were on hand, both inside the church and standing just outside the doors. They smiled indulgently at the passing of the candles and the procession around the church, but they were all quite well behaved. I was told, however, of incidents at other services, particularly in the main cathedral, where bullies from the Young Communist League roughed up worshippers, or lit cigarettes from the candles, or made sport of the whole thing, saying, "Vanya, Vanya, I don't see God. Do you see God?"

The following morning, I went with Henry Shapiro, the veteran U.P.I. correspondent, and his Russian wife, Ludmilla, to the Novo Devichy cemetery, which is reserved for important personages who are not quite grand enough to be buried in the Kremlin. The Russian style is for graves to represent the dead in their prime. Above the grave of a famous surgeon—Alexander Bakulev, 1891-1967—there were golden hands, five times larger than life, cradling a pink stone cut in the shape of a heart. Marshal Pavel Rybalko, a commander of armored forces in the Second World War, had a miniature tank painted battle green and fitted with a black cannon. Chekhov's tomb, in the corner reserved for theatrical personalities, actually had a small cherry orchard by it. The Easter tradition is that graves are to be decked with flowers, and eggs are laid out as food for the soul. As I walked among the dead, I found myself comparing garlands. A regular forest of wreaths and bouquets had been laid on for Artem Mikoyan, the main designer of the MIG fighter plane and brother of the retired political leader. Hydrangeas and jars of fresh roses graced the statue of Vladimir Mayakovsky, the poet laureate of the Revolution. Someone had remembered Stalin's second wife, the mother of Svetlana Alliluyeva, with a spray of pussy willow. Leaving the cemetery, we paused before a relatively new grave, that of the wife of Russia's Premier. The headstone was simple—Klavdiya Kosygin, 1908-1967. There was no Party insignia on her tombstone, as there was on many others, so possibly she had not even been a member of the Communist Party. Flowers were neatly arranged around the grave, some of them with plastic coverings against the elements. There were also two eggs.

—Joseph Kraft

•

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[*From an account of a Florida Gulf Coast Symphony concert, in the St. Petersburg Times*]

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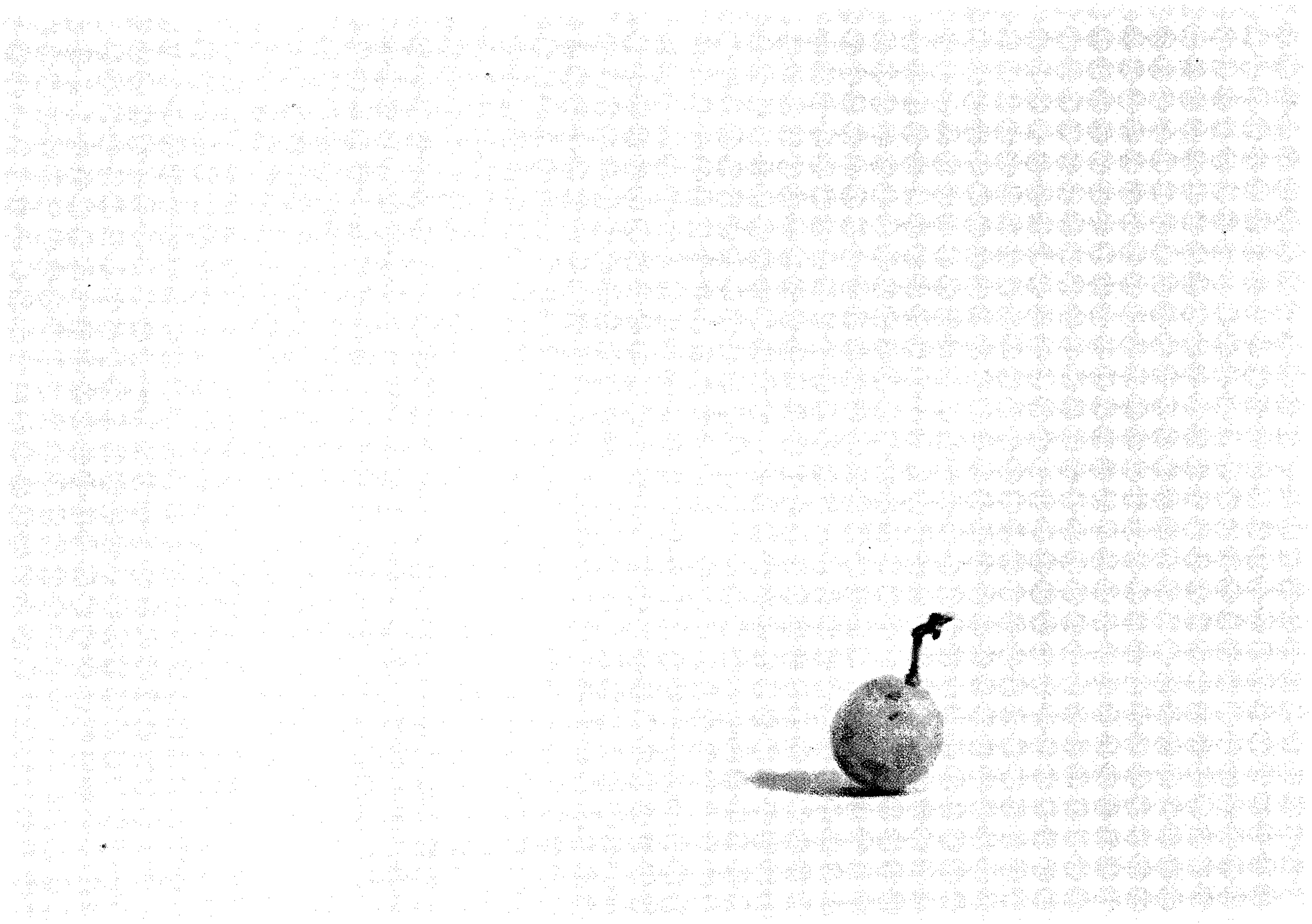

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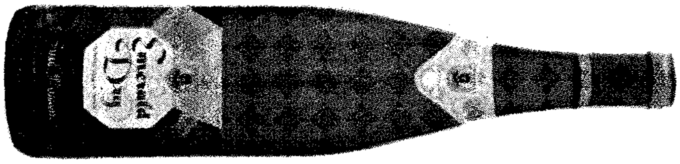
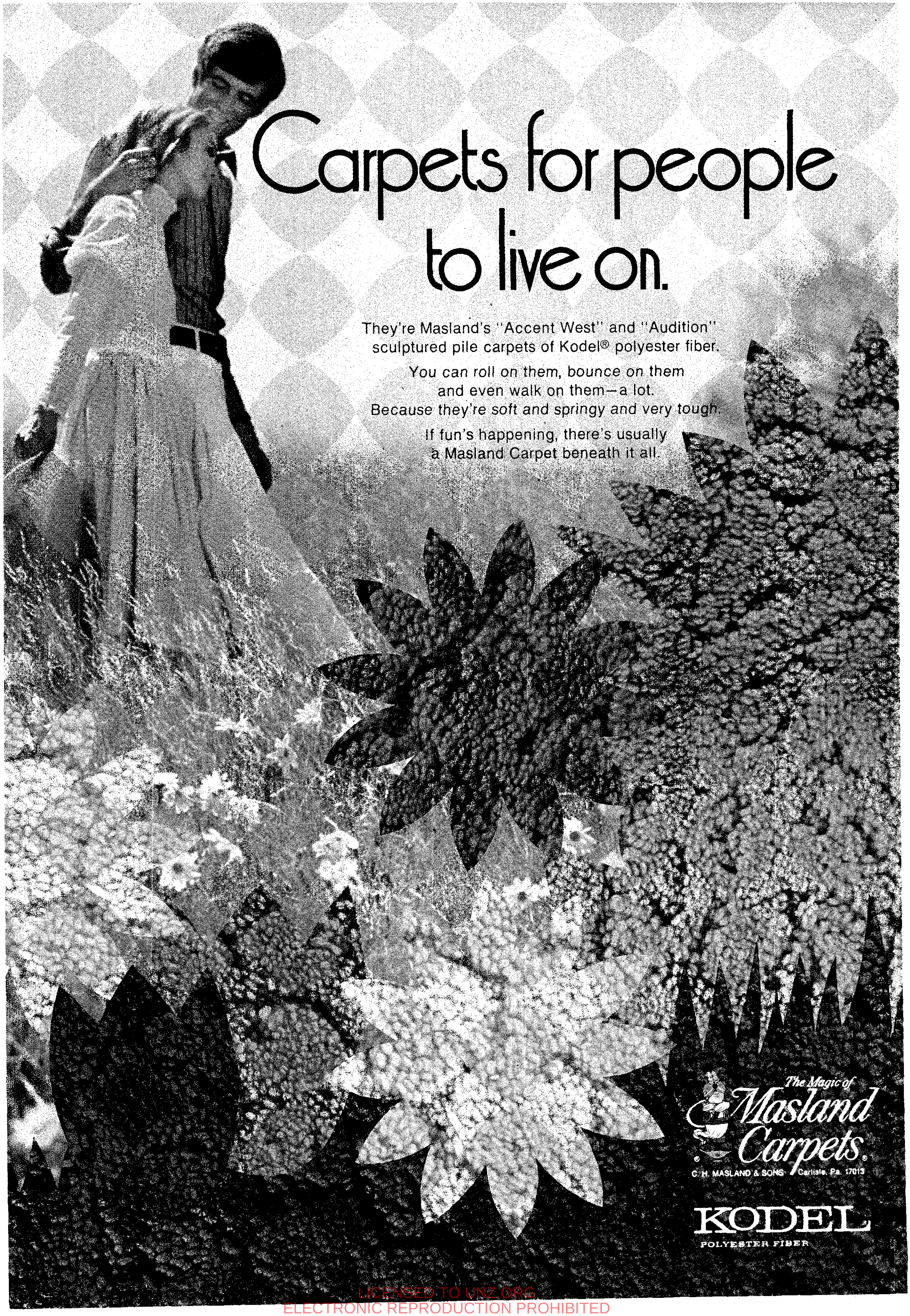


PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970



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Bresson

A ROCKING chair and a table spill on a balcony, a white shawl floats down through the air, feet run on streets, a girl is dead on the pavement. "She looked eighteen, Anna, remember?" says the voice of her pawnbroker husband to their housekeeper, throwing what we are seeing into the past tense and pulling shock away from us like a rug. Robert Bresson's "Une Femme Douce" begins with the last act; so does the Dostoevski story it is based on. Suspense is smothered from the beginning. It always is in Bresson's films. We watch the husband, a stingy, self-deceiving man, as he tries to understand what happened to his gentle creature in her revolt. "How dare she leave me!" he shouts in his cramped soul. His notes to us about the past are airy but undecided, as if he were dictating a draft to a stenographer. The film moves backward and forward between the record of his wife alive with him and his upbraiding of the reposeful, rebellious corpse. Her living behavior is ominously both docile and stubborn. She is bent on one of Bresson's characteristic enterprises of privacy. Though only sixteen or eighteen, and though married, she already looks as lonely as anyone on the point of ordinary death. The automatic cry of "Stay with me!" from the other people in the world apparently comes from an unmanageably long way away. In Bresson's films, communication between human beings is a conversation between souls, and it is a sort of talk that she seems long since to have outgrown. Bresson would always show contact welded by a meeting of eyes, and her eyes slide away. She likes books and records. She is deeply caught by a performance of "Hamlet." "What a wounded name, things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me" visibly bites hard. Her stuffy young husband, who happens this time to have free seats to the theatre but generally limits outings to the cinema, looks not much stirred or alert to her, although her response is obviously almost posthumous. "Report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied": she is Hamlet's kin. She exists already as some sort of rebuke to life. In spite of killing herself, she never seems a victim. It is odd that such a religious director as Bresson could have made such a tale of spiritual victory about such a Catholic sin as suicide.

But maybe the fact is that the picture is really one more in his series of reflections on escape from states of being buried alive. "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," the great "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Échappé," "Au Hasard, Balthazar"—his stories are about condemned prisoners and hermits and martyrs and overused, gentle animal spirits like the donkey in "Balthazar." He has made films again and again about people walled up in both kinds of cells, criminal and religious. Even in "Pickpocket," the thief hero is a recluse living in a room the size of a broom cupboard. "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne" is the journal of a man trapped in doubt and about to die. The figures who interest Bresson are in states of mind that lead to solitude and that consign them to finding the aura of present reality as dead as the air in a crypt. Then they make their way out. His style is one of extreme frugality, but the effect is mysteriously bountiful. He is concerned with what befalls the self when it knows itself, with the fortunes of intact temperaments pledged to flight. The sumptuously pretty young girl in "Une Femme Douce" feels herself to be as incarcerated as any nun or convict; the cell is her body, which seems to exist for her already in the past. It is as if her bones themselves haunt and repel her by the recollections they call up of the skeletons of beasts long extinct. Like all the main figures in Bresson's best films, she is not in any conventional dramatic conflict. The enemy is not her husband but apathy. The hero of "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Échappé," imprisoned in Occupied France, is really escaping his own dragging suspicion that there is no escape, and she is doing the same thing. She has a project, and, like the project of the man in "Pickpocket," it makes love something to be refused for the moment. Bresson believes that contact between people is a sort of grace, achieved not through will but through lightness, and the girl and the thief temporarily feel weighted; their project is to lose ballast. The films of Bresson are about ways of staying light, as Susan Sontag has said, and open to the possibility of receiving some other view.

The girl in "Une Femme Douce" is a student without a franc in present-day Paris. She is looking for a job. She meets her future husband when she pawns her bits and pieces of jewelry. He scorns them, with impregnable self-importance—this is one of the few things that Bresson exactly transcribes from Dostoevski, this comic absence in the man of any sense that he is ludicrous—and impresses her with a quotation from Mephistopheles. He seems to be feeling rather Mephistophelean himself. "I am part of that Power which still doeth good, though scheming ill." He lords it over her. Little does he know how minute the Power is; the girl, whom he patronizes even for the way she words advertisements for jobs, is actually immune to him already. Seeing it as an act of immense manners, he marries her. She makes love gloriously but without any expression whatever. The husband remains closed to signals and grows ratty with her for the mute insolence that he sees creeping into her face. One of his points of congratulation to himself is that he has never compromised where his own happiness is concerned; so has he now betrayed this sacred trust? It perfectly bewilders him that his wife should cause him a pang. It confuses him in all his ideas about wives, and, indeed, about girls altogether. Apart from his real though baffled grief, her suicide induces fury about her having committed an original act when he had always held that women were incapable of originality. Sometimes his natural vanity reasserts itself, in the company of the eerily picketing corpse. You can see the attempts at retort in his face. Is what is lying *there* original? Humph! But sometimes the longing to have her back defeats him. Let her open her eyes once more for a second. Everything was once normal. She was still alive this morning. The film has just shown us the morning's breakfast toaster. "We'll start a new life," Bresson's wooden, ridiculous, tragic man says. "But we ourselves won't be new." There's the flaw. And as he says it, what's more, the suicide that he refuses to take in has already happened, and the girl in the shot is dead. He has tried abusing romantic love, but the truth is that he misses her. "My mistake lies in the ridiculous way men imagine women," he says to the corpse, maintaining severity, and then, "Speak. I'll give you paradise." At the end of the film, he is still pleading with her. The coffin is being closed. But as long as her body is moved from the room everything can still be all right.

The girl, called only "She," was played by a seventeen-year-old model, Dominique Sanda. "He" was played by

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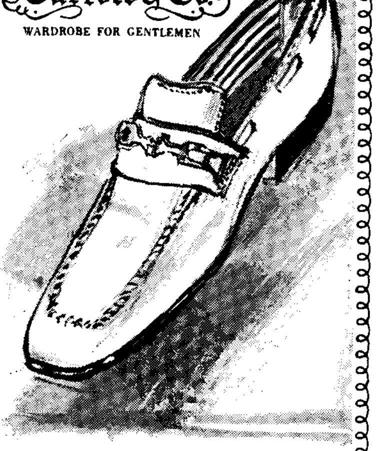

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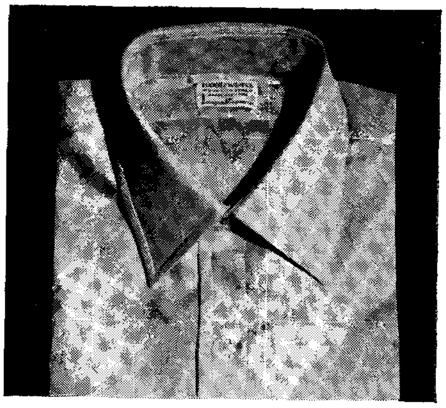
Guy Frangin, a painter whom Bresson saw at a gallery opening. Bresson likes using nonprofessionals; he has done the same thing in all but his first two films, "Les Anges du Péché" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne." He rehearses with actors for months to get them to be as expressionless as possible, and the light that glitters through the remaining cracks is blinding. Like Brecht when he was training the Berliner Ensemble company, Bresson wants actors to report, not to represent; with the same unemotional pledge, his photography lets us watch and doesn't comment. He likes to shoot fairly close and from the front, because he wants us to know what's happening in the head of a character. Though his films are put together in a formally planned way, they have the strongest pulse of life. They are not at all like, say, "Last Year at Marienbad." He doesn't take to symbolism. He shows us the physical details of life continuing. When Joan of Arc is about to be burned at the stake, a dog walks around; at historic moments something irrelevant is always happening. He tends to hold still with the camera, so that the movement of a cut in his films begins to have almost the same role as the movement of a camera in other people's. The cuts often happen in startling places. He is an imagist, after all; so was Shakespeare, and Shakespeare also cut at strange moments. Bresson's shots have a very touching sense of the rock-bottom things that his characters are tuned to. In "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc" and "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Échappé" he keeps showing us doors, because the door is the most important thing to someone in prison. In "Une Femme Douce" (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet, and Bresson's first film in color, though one tends to remember it in black-and-white) one sees the girl's feet and legs again and again as the husband talks—not because Bresson is a foot fetishist, like Buñuel, but because her self has gone, and her self was most nearly in her face. No point in the icon when the meaning has fled.

Bresson is often called a frigid director. It takes a long time for pennies to drop. When he is attacked for coldness, it is as though Brecht and Godard and many of the great poets of our benighted age had done no work. In his own way, but like them, he is exercised to keep us at a distance and to use a difficult system that insists on an audience's intelligence. The Brechtian alienation effect seems to be there in Bresson because he feels that to identify with a character to the extent of imag-



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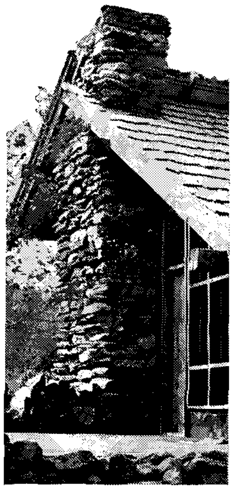

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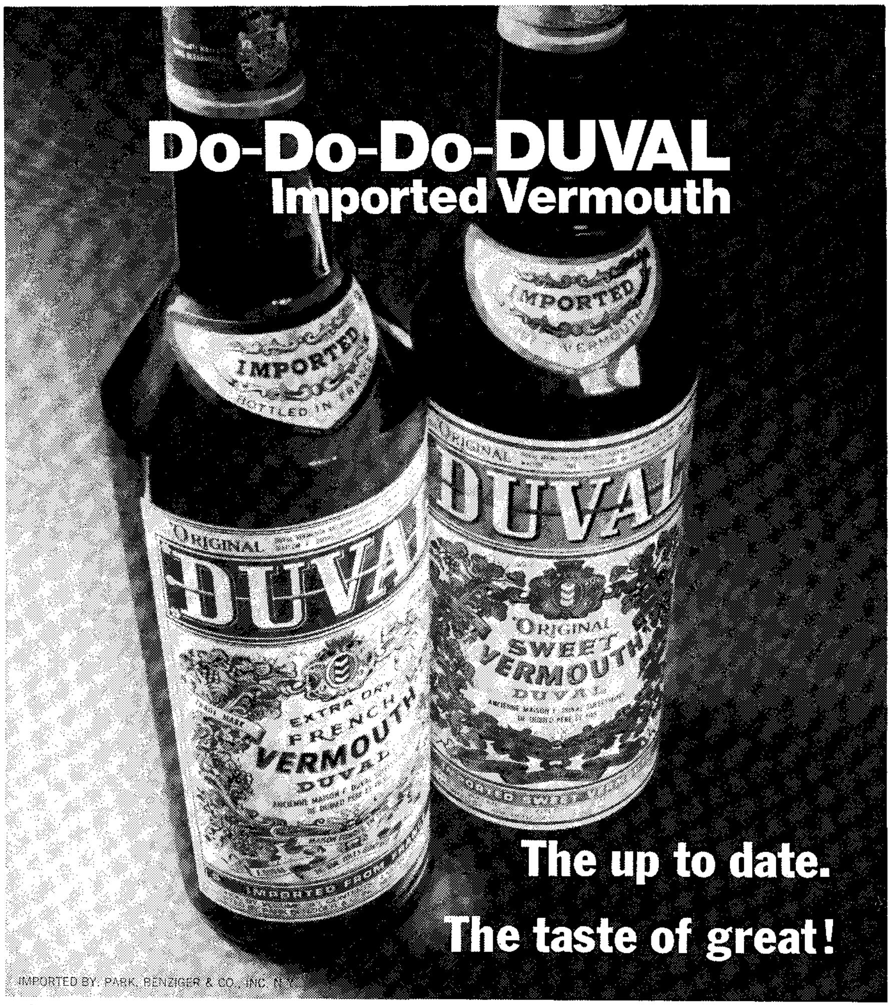
ining oneself someone else would be to commit a sin against the mystery of human temperament and behavior. Freakishly among film directors, form for him lies not in visual composition but in the plan of a narrative. He writes his own scripts now, and anything else has obviously become impossible. He is interested in the postponement of feeling by technical means. Emotion floods in, but later. In "Une Femme Douce," as in a lot of his pictures, he retards things by repeating an action in different time scales. We see an action and then hear the description of it by a figure placed later, or we hear the announcement of a happening and then see it. In "Pickpocket," we watch the hero writing and hear his voice reading his memoirs and then see the event he has already reported. In "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Échappé," the man in his prison cell comments in recall on small pieces of escape technique that we have just seen him practicing with a piece of rope and an iron bed. This doubling back is the total method of "Une Femme Douce." There is the untidy, self-satisfied narrative of the husband, who may be smug but isn't thereby protected from puzzling bereftness, and then there is the visible reality of the past, sliced into by what he says. The duplication sets us at a distance that movingly intensifies the charge of what we see.

Bresson endows us with a way of looking at people, like all filmmakers and writers of his rank. His *femme douce*, for instance, who comes to seem a beauty, begins by striking you as immensely plain. So do all of Bresson's big figures. She has been rehearsed and edited so that it is a performance of barest expression. She looks stultified; her life has stalled, and she is trying to move it. She reveals herself in her own time, and then luminously. It is like the transformations in people's faces that strike us after watching Chekhov. When she smiles at herself suddenly in a looking glass—the moment has been so withheld that it seems the only smile in the picture, and as important as some new idea—one begins in a flash, as in life, to find her splendid and reviving. The film has no ready embrace of death, in spite of the sound of the plot. It can't muster the lunging farce of Dostoevski in the voice of the narrator, but it has something all Bresson's in his way of cutting scenes short and then holding shots on empty rooms after the characters have walked out of them. The earth was here long before we were, he says, and it will be here a long time after us. —PENELOPE GILLIATT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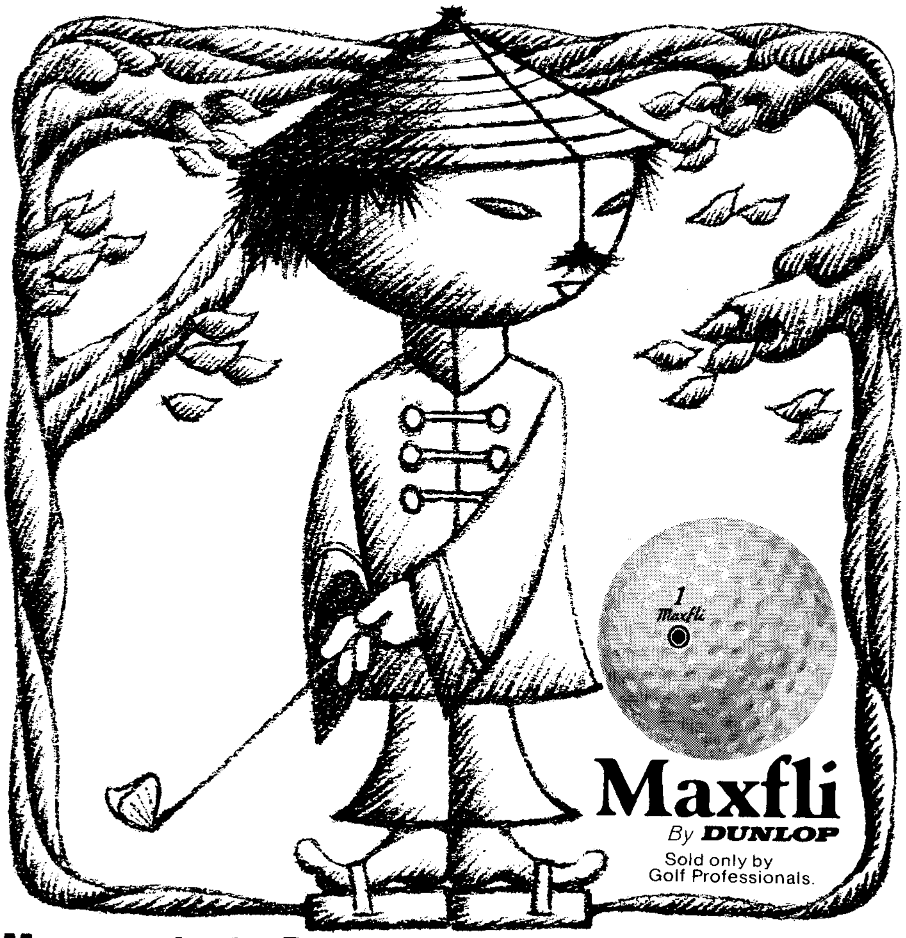
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THE RACE TRACK

Fast Girl

THERE'S no finer sight in racing than a good, game mare in action—for instance, Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee, who last Saturday afternoon at Aqueduct won the Top Flight Handicap for the second time. Bearing down on the leaders on the turn for home, she went on to win by three-quarters of a length from Cathy Honey. Office Queen was third, a length and a quarter away. In passing, Shuvee settled a score with Office Queen, who, with a two-pound advantage in the weights, beat her in the Bed o' Roses Handicap at the Big A a month ago. In the paddock before the Top Flight, Shuvee outlooked the four fillies opposing her. Small fields lack the dramatic effect of a thundering herd coming down the homestretch, but on the other hand you can watch every detail in a small field, and sometimes see something worthwhile remembering. In the Top Flight, Cold Comfort led for nearly half the mile and a furlong, with Office Queen closest, while Turcotte, on Shuvee, was content to keep just off the pace. Approaching the far turn, Shuvee began moving up; a furlong farther on, she took command, and she had plenty in hand to withstand the challenge of Cathy Honey at the end. She's on her way again.

SINCE his arrival at Belmont Park last week, Canonero II has become the chief object of interest to all the Latin Americans on the grounds. He galloped over the track the other day, and apparently likes it. But he still hasn't been sold to a Florida syndicate for the incredible price of $4,000,000, as you may have heard he was. Juan Baptista, who owns him, wants him to run in and win the Belmont Stakes on June 5th in the name and colors of Edgar Caibett, his son-in-law, just as he did in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and take the Triple Crown back to Venezuela.

SOME of the fancied three-year-olds were out early in the week. The Kosgrove Stable's Bold Reasoning, who won the Withers in the mud, did an impressive mile on a fast track in an overnight race, leading all the way in the zippy time of 1:35. He is now unbeaten in six starts. He will probably go in the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park on Monday. Paul Mellon's Run the Gantlet didn't do so well in another mile affair a couple of days later. He finished seventh behind Mrs. Taylor Hardin's Sole Mio, who came from ninth in the last quarter to win going away. Run the Gantlet went well for six furlongs, then shortened his stride and dropped back. Rotz, who rode him, said later that nothing happened in the race to make him do that. Anyhow, he's out of the Belmont. Right now, it looks as if there'll be a big field for the Jersey Derby and a small one for the Belmont. One reason is that the Jersey Derby is at a mile and an eighth and the Belmont at a mile and a half. Another reason is Canonero II.

OBVIOUSLY, Ogden Phipps has a runner in Numbered Account, a two-year-old bay filly of beautiful quality, by Buckpasser out of Intriguing. In her first start, she spread-eagled her field, winning by ten lengths. Her performance in the Fashion Stakes at Aqueduct the other day was also spectacular. She started off slowly, and as she turned into the homestretch it looked as though she'd be no better than third. Then she cut loose with an astonishing burst of speed and passed the leaders, Rondeau and Bendera, as though they were standing still. Ed Neloy, who thinks she's the best filly he has ever trained, is putting her aside until Saratoga. And the other morning I saw the best-looking two-year-old colt I've come across so far this season. He is a half brother to Fort Marcy, he is owned by Paul Mellon, he is a big bay by Graustark out of Key Bridge, and he is named Key to the Mint—hopefully, no doubt, though I'd say that Mr. Mellon hardly needs a key to a mint.

HEIGH-HO. You now can bet O.-T.B. on the trots at Yonkers, and maybe next week or the week after on the races at Belmont.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

NEW YORK (UPI)—An immediate permanent tax cut could go a long way toward relieving social and economic discontent in this country, according to First National Cuty Bank.—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

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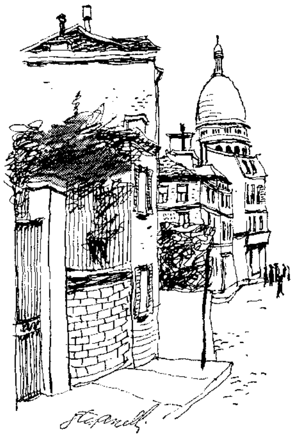
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 18

IT would seem invidious to say that only bankers understood the dollar crisis that plagued both sides of the Atlantic this past fortnight, for if they had really understood it to begin with, they would have, or could have or should have, averted it. Scraps of belated wisdom or anger can be gleaned from the Paris newspapers, such as the headline in the intelligent and forthright little morning paper *Combat,* which said, with candor, “The United States is the least affected by the crisis, which it partly provoked itself.” Other Paris commentators declared that it had been provoked by the United States entirely, beginning with Washington's going off the gold standard in 1933, when, as *Figaro* sarcastically stated in an editorial, “to avoid fever, the United States broke the thermometer.” Some French editorials have taken the view that, what with the dollar crisis and with England supposedly readying to enter the Common Market, now is the time for the Common Market nations to decide whether they are betting on an American Europe or a European Europe. In his recent book “Le Péché Monétaire de L'Occident,” the omniscient French economist Jacques Rueff says that ten years ago he warned the world that a rigid monetary system could lead to international inflation, and that a continued American lag in international payments to Europe could lead to a gigantic American debt, which would not be easily honored. He proposed at the time that the price of gold be roughly doubled, because a country that spends abroad more than it earns abroad is eventually forced to tighten its own belt as a corrective. “Of the world leaders, only General de Gaulle accepted this view,” M. Rueff recently stated here. “Yes,” continued *Combat* on the same theme, “the French made a big mistake when they refused to vote that last referendum that de Gaulle wanted, because he saw clearly, and remarkably so in money matters.” At the present moment, what the French note most is the talk of a possible revaluation of gold itself, or at least an official revaluation of the German mark. “How to avoid such logical shocks,” *France-Soir* asked the other evening, “which follow America's payment of heavy military expenses in Vietnam, its aid to the third world, its stationing of armies overseas, its implantation of industries abroad?” “The Common Market is practically emptied of its meaning,” another Paris paper stated, more bitterly. “This little Europe of Les Six now looks even more clearly like what it always was—the screen that badly concealed the brigand-like character of American imperialism, which United States citizens are, on the whole, totally unconscious of.”



As for the French government's present plans, it considers it useless right now to take part in any experts' meetings to discuss implementing the programs of L'Union Économique et Monétaire des Six while the currencies of the Common Market countries are still floating around in such a whirlwind. M. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Minister of Economy and Finance, has just stated that conversations can be undertaken only when the Common Market countries have reëstablished their monetary solidarity. His statement has been accorded grave import in the reconstruction of European affairs, since financial balance among the different currencies is regarded of paramount importance, and was to be the subject of a meeting of the Economic and Monetary Union, scheduled for June 15th and now adjourned for one reason or another. It is felt in high circles that those responsible for the recent runaway financial drama must be called to order, and not only here in Paris. All Europe now seems determined to reconstruct itself unitedly and afresh. This is the most important new atmosphere. The dollar drama gave everyone a fright.

In the recent crisis, some American companies here were hard hit and had to let part of their staffs go, as hasty economy. More than one American who had married and fathered a family here was let out of what had been considered an attractive, solid job with some international concern—perhaps marketing gasoline in several languages or working for the air-transport networks. One young man in a managerial position was suddenly demoted to pumping gas at a filling station in Switzerland. Another, whose work was

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to select airline hostesses from all over the world, was suddenly demoted to the job he had started with—steward in a white jacket serving the pre-lunch cocktails. One young American bachelor created a job for himself as a courier, carrying banking papers and other valuable documents daily from Paris to London, picking up a new set there, and flying on to New York to sleep before setting out on the return trip to France the next morning. He has lost weight but feels fine, and is getting a lot of serious reading done while flying the Atlantic.

Paris has just enjoyed a rare operatic treat, which it was unable even to *house suitably—two weeks of the Bul*garian opera troupe from Sofia, singing Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," as well as his less important "Khovanshchina" and Puccini's "Turandot." It performed in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, because the splendid red velvet Paris Opéra has been closed tighter than a drum since last year, and may not even open next year—a disgraceful cultural vacuum for the capital of France. This foreign feast was highly enjoyed as the richest musical fare Paris has had since the Bolshoi sang here a year and a half ago. The Sofia troupe brought everything with them—their orchestra, their *chef d'orchestre*, their cumbersome scenery, their scene shifters, and, naturally, their fine Bulgarian bass voices, which inexplicably appear to be a national gift. It seems that after Chaliapin the finest Russian bass voices were always born Bulgarian. Certainly the most celebrated Godunov in Europe is the Bulgarian-born Boris Christoff, now starring in Rome and Milan. There were three splendid basses in the visiting Sofia group, the youngest being Nicolai Stoilov, a voice too youthful in timbre for the role of the white-bearded monk Pimen, which he sang, but an authentic great basso, like a new church organ. Of the two Boris Godunovs whom the company presented—Nicolai Guselev and Dimitri Petkov—this correspondent chose Petkov to hear. Big in body, tragic and handsome of face, he was impressively human as the haunted Czar, and a splendid, mobile tragedian, especially for a man of his size. In the scene in which Boris thinks he sees the ghost of the infant he murdered in order to found his career, Petkov—magnificently dressed in a red embroidered loose silk robe, and wearing scarlet-and-white boots—managed to slide from his chair onto a bench, from *which he inched closer and closer* toward the dreadful vision until he was

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almost prostrate. His death scene was tremendously realistic and effective: with a gesture toward his heart as if suffering an attack, he rose to his full height and fell forward, noiselessly, like a figure cut down in a trance. He controlled his big, resonant voice and his vigorous acting, so there was no melodramatic male sobbing or bleating. He sang his role like a fatalist, caught by guilt and history, and was especially impressive in the scene where he unexpectedly enters his children's schoolroom, the great voice rising and flowing in mixed currents of hope and remorse, like a stream of Slavic self-expression.

The Sofia set design was complicated, oddly building up into a peak—as if Moscow had been laid out on a mountain—with two staircases leading up into the cathedral for the coronation in the Prologue. The magnificent choruses were squeezed into solid packs of singers, representing the enormous voice of suffering Russia, but sang splendidly on pitch and in rhythm. As for the scenery, it was awkward. In the Polish-garden love scene with the false Dimitri, no sooner had Marina finished her last note than the ballet began its mazurka on the artificial heights behind and at the very top, with a group cavorting around practically on the skyline.

THE other Russian event here was the appearance of Rudolf Nureyev as Prince Charming in Tchaikovsky's ballet "La Belle au Bois Dormant," accompanied by the Marseille City Ballet (whose ballet mistress is now Rosella Hightower). By necessity, this extensive production was housed at the Palais des Sports, where Maurice Béjart's athletic ballets last year alternated easily with boxing matches. It was no ambience for Tchaikovsky's romanticism. The makeshift stage was so immense that the dancers had to hustle dangerously to get across it, or to hurry up and down the perilous double staircases, one on each side of the stage. A kind of scrim-covered grotto furnished the backdrop, serving as the single set of scenery and giving some sort of illusion only during the more darkened moments, when the dancers seemed like animated figurines from some eighteenth-century painting, magically progressing across the vast stage on tiptoe. The most charming event of the evening was the dancing of the new French ballerina star, Mlle. Noëlla Pontois, as Princess Aurora. She is pretty, has amazing technique, and, above all, is endowed with a weightless aerial grace, like a floating leaf. It is painful to have

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to report that the male star of the evening, the once savage and untamed Nureyev, who defected from the Russian Kirov Ballet here in Paris ten years ago, has grown stout. His thighs have thickened and his hips seem padded, especially when seen from behind as—with ineffable pomp, his toes carefully turned out at every step—he treads his path across the boards. As a dancer, he is still technically fantastic. The other night, for a brief few minutes, he executed some of what were obviously his own inventions, which he interpolated into the familiar set piece of the ballet—steps that were positively mystifying in their speed as he juggled his weight on his feet the way magicians juggle objects with their hands. At each appearance, he received an ovation from the sports-palace spectators—loyal, excited, and easily pleased. Nureyev has been a great legend. —GENÊT

•

The Kalins' room was on the 10th floor of the hotel where they were staying and the self-operating elevator didn't work until the last day they were there. Noticing that it WAS running that day, Mr. Kalin started down in it, the only person in it at the time, but at the 6th floor it stopped. Mr. Kalin shook it, knocked on one side, hoping to attract someone's attention, and, finally, gave it a whack with the umbrella he was carrying whereupon it started again and took it off, turned it right-side out, put it on again, and the dancing turned wild.
—*Madison (Wis.) Wisconsin State Journal.*

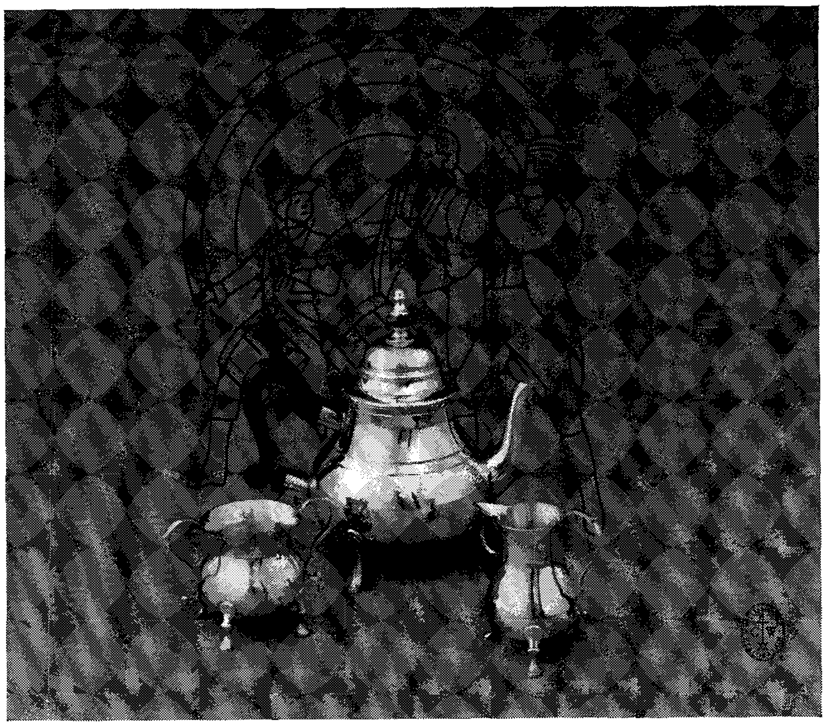
It pays to carry an umbrella.

•

SENTENCES WE COULDN'T WAIT TO FINISH SO WE COULD SEE HOW BIG THE PERIOD WAS

[*From an article called "The Obsolescent Mother" in the Atlantic*]

It is understood that the egg when it bursts from its follicle in the ovary is about as big as the period at the end of this sentence; that if it happens to be fertilized during its journey down the fallopian tube (in Latin, oviduct), the genetic material from it and the sperm combine and rearrange, and the new organism (an embryo) divides, and divides again, and again, until it arrives in the uterus looking something like a segmented soccer ball, and implants itself into the mucus lining of the uterus, where about two weeks after fertilization there begins to arise between the embryo and its mother one of the most complicated structures in nature: the placenta.



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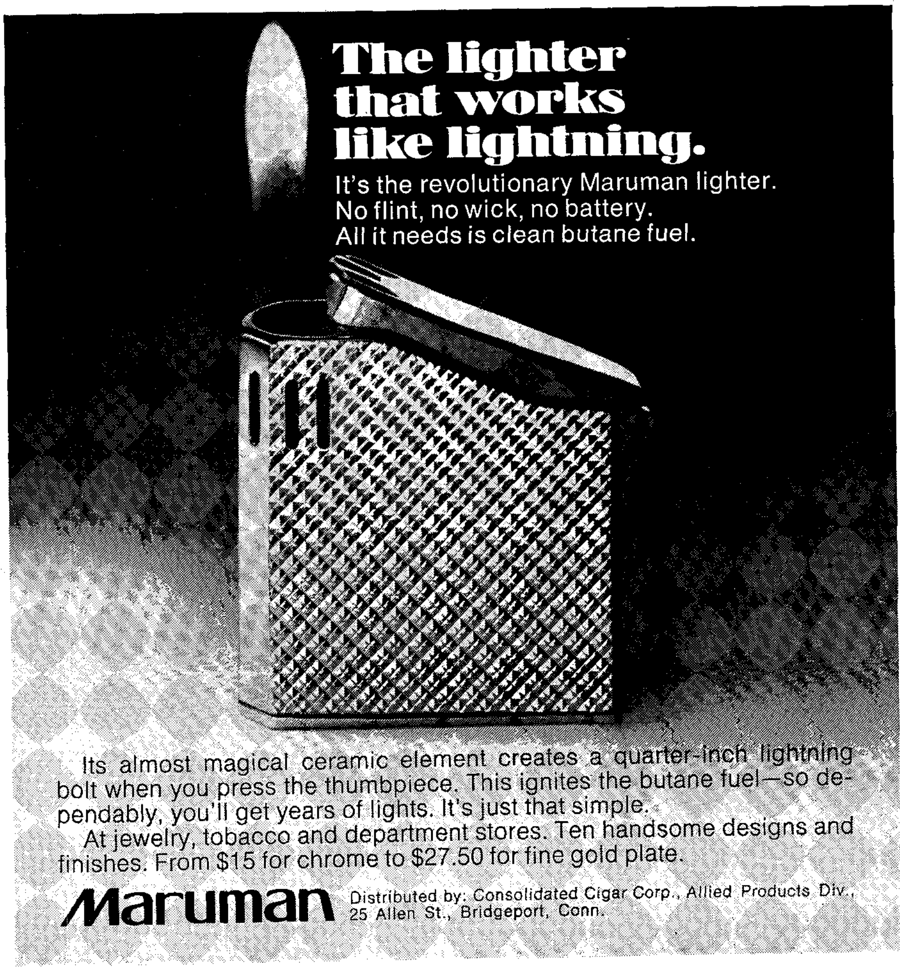

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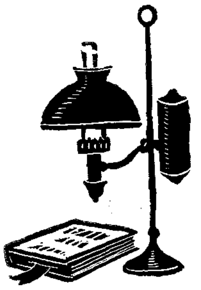
BOOKS

A Testimony; A Bestiary

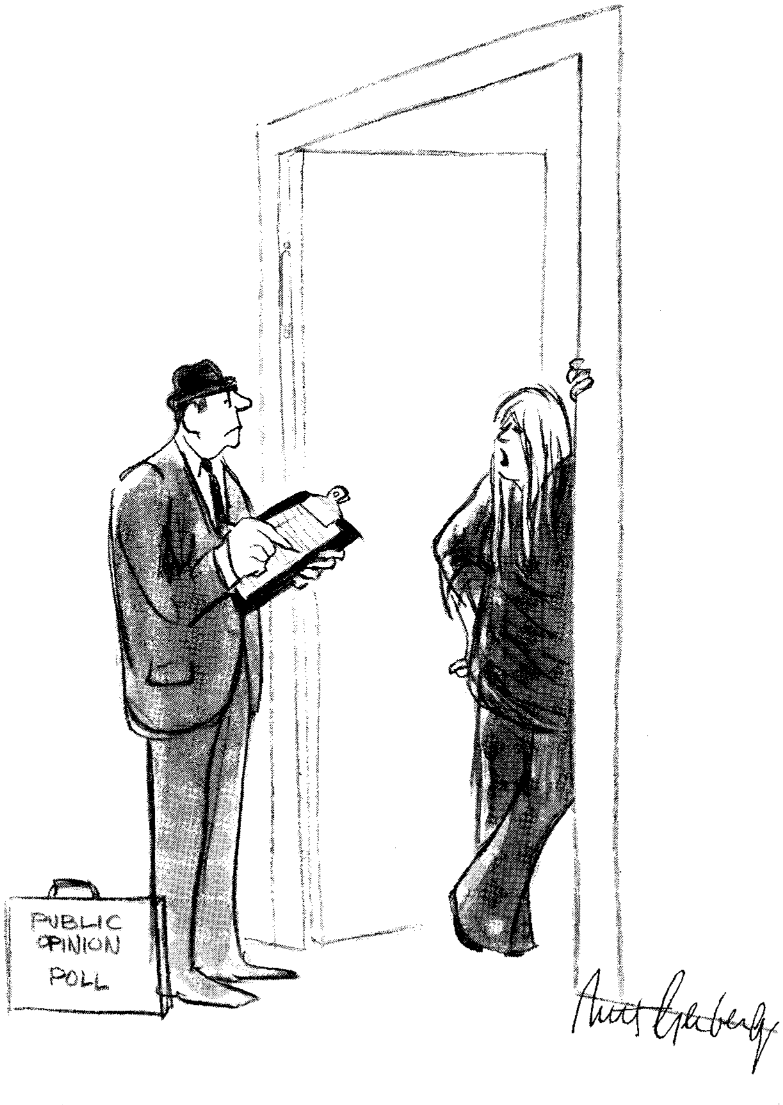


MALE American writers are often unlucky with women—unlucky, that is, in depicting them as characters. Too seldom does a Fitzgerald or a Philip Roth see a whole woman roundly and objectively and succeed, so to speak, in pinning her to paper; too often does a Hemingway or a Norman Mailer objectify his fantasies in the form of a woman who is really a resistant or compliant—but in any case romanticized—obverse of himself. There are, of course, exceptions to these strictures—in the best of Hemingway's short stories, for example, a single facet, a squiggled line of a real woman's personality often obtrudes itself and exerts a profound influence upon the action—but, by and large, women in American fiction are distorted, obscured, and occluded by their male creators.

Thus it is exciting to come upon a book that confronts the problem head on and takes all sorts of literary risks to deliver an exhaustive portrait, an extended testimony, of an American woman in her own words. The book is "The Season of the Witch" (Simon & Schuster), by James Leo Herlihy; the testimony is that of Gloria Random, who calls herself Witch—a seventeen-year-old runaway from a comfortable, upper-middle-class home in Michigan who goes to New York to find her real father and to enlist in the youth culture. The novel, in the form of Witch's journal, dares a great deal to bring her to life for the reader: for nearly four hundred pages, the forty-four-year-old novelist must confine himself to the diction, tone, and manner of a teen-age girl—if an exceptionally bright and verbal one—and must re-create the world entirely from her viewpoint. This Mr. Herlihy achieves with ease and power, contriving, as he does so, to depict Witch in all her phases of openness and bitterness, naïveté and sophistication, purposefulness and drift.

She is, for all her parrotings of hip passwords and her faith in such psychic nostrums as astrology, an exceptionally tough, lucid, and winning young woman, and in the course of the book she changes from a passive fugitive from her mother's uneasy, ordered world to an active seeker of a new world of her own. After arriving in New York by bus (some forehanded Ph.D. candidate ought to do a dissertation on the myth of the bus as transporter and translator of youth in the work of such modern novelists as Mr. Herlihy—see also "Midnight Cowboy"—and Calder Willingham) with her draft-evading friend John, whom she has rechristened Roy in honor of their new life, Witch falls victim, temporarily, to the terrors of the city, as exemplified by a black prostitute whom she treats as an equal, only to be taken for one, and by a drug pusher who robs and strips Roy in a ritual debasement of the greenhorn. But she soon attains higher ground; at a Western Union office where she waits for money falsely extracted from her mother on a promise to return, Witch meets Sally Sunflower, a member of an East Village "family," who invites her and Roy to take up residence with them.

The life in the urban commune, described with a convincing growth of delight in the idea of a group of diverse men and women, ranging in age from the teens to the forties, banding together to work out new modes of mutual love and support, serves as a counterpoint to Witch's search for and discovery of her real father, an Old Left radical and history instructor called Hank Glyczwycz, who lives, embittered and alone, on a small farm on Staten Island. In order to destroy her old, false identity as Gloria Random and become herself, the half-Jewish illegitimate daughter of an ex-Communist intellectual, she must face and come to understand her father. But, in a scenario of ambiguities, she cannot confront him directly; instead, masquerading as a student in his class, she deliberately manifests herself to him as a potential acolyte and seductress. The growth of their relationship to the brink of becoming lovers is handled with force and delicacy; his bitter, blinkered refusal of life, his self-denied, but still present, sexual force as a man, are seen ambivalently by Witch as the qualities of both father and lover. Finally, at the earliest real turning point of her



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life, she must decide whether to complete the seduction and, by competing successfully with her mother, deliver herself into the terms of her mother's life, or to tell her father the truth and end the courtship ritual. This, at the last moment, she does, and emerges her own woman, able, at the end, to return to Michigan and reach what might be called a mutual, but forgiving, misunderstanding with her mother.

Apart from its success as a novel on its own terms, "The Season of the Witch" crosses the generation gap and provides the view from there—a view that, with all its in-group fads, nonce words, and distortions, is still an essentially humane and attractive one. Mr. Herlihy, I am told, spent seven years in the youth culture before he attempted this book, and I should say that, although his original intention was not to research and report it, he has brought us back one of the first full—perhaps too full; my only major complaint with the book is its unnecessary length—and reliable renderings of the new consciousness. It should be required reading for anyone too old to be a part of it.

WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE, a young and talented short-story writer who might reasonably be expected to be a member of that consciousness, is something else again. On the evidence of his first collection, "Elephant Bangs Train" (Pantheon), he is standing rather uneasily on the corner of Fantasy and Whimsey, not knowing quite which way to turn. Mr. Kotzwinkle sets up as a fabulist, for the most part, and he has given us a kind of bestiary in which the presence and the actions of animals echo or activate the passions and foibles of men. He writes in a lucid, didactic (and sometimes self-consciously lyric) style that is often admirably suited to the subject matter, as in "A Most Incredible Meal," where the meticulous, deadpan manner underscores the desecration of the corpse of a mastodon—its head is sawed off to be stuffed, and its flesh consumed at a drunken banquet—found frozen in the Siberian ice, and in the title story, where it provides an unspoken comment on an elephant who must reassert his kingship by attacking a train that crosses his preserve. But there is also something potentially arch and false—yes, whimsical—about the revival of an antique mode of storytelling, and the reader often feels that Mr. Kotzwinkle walks his tightrope between trivial coyness and pretentious bathos with an uncertain and unnerving step. Nevertheless, there are several stories in the book that succeed without qualification, I think, including "Follow the Eagle," a beautiful and hair-raising folk-rock tale about a motorcyclist who attempts to leap a canyon on his machine, where the eagle stands as an allegory for a kind of American vainglory; "Nippy," a small, naturalistic reminiscence about a boy's runaway dog, which, in four short pages, turns into a perceptive comment about a child's distance from the world; and "The Trap," a burlesque of all Northwest Mounted Police stories that delightfully metamorphoses, too, into something altogether broader and more pointed. Several of the other stories, notably "The Magician," come very close to bringing off a difficult feat; only one, "The Jewel of Amitaba"—a coarse and opportunistic pastiche that milks a hatful of thriller-movie themes for flat and obvious gags—is an unredeemed failure.

Mr. Kotzwinkle is already in pretty impressive—occasionally masterly—control of his diction and his material, and I hope he will bend all his energies to bringing to perfection his odd, fresh, off-center stories, with their emblematic, looming animal presences and their comic, foreshortened men and women. I hope, too, that he will eschew the labored, the platitudinous, and the obvious, and write with increasing toughness, lightness, daring, and reserve, balancing ever more effortlessly on the strange platform he has staked out for himself. I will look forward to his next collection.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

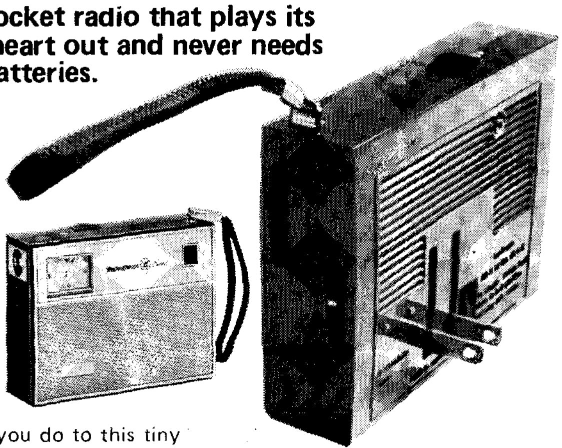
FICTION

THE COTILLION, OR ONE GOOD BULL IS HALF THE HERD, by John Oliver Killens (Trident). Mr. Killens writes as one Ben Ali Lumumba, "free, Black, and twenty-three," who has jubilantly determined to write a "Black black comedy" not in "the king and queen's faggoty unimaginative English" but with plenty of "Black idiom, Black nuances, Black style. Black truths. Black exaggerations." Unfortunately, the idiom tires and the comedy creaks. From its promising start as a portrait of the Harlem scene in its nonstatistical variety and vitality, the novel degenerates into a mean-spirited, mechanically bawdy, and scarcely relevant satire upon a group of brown ladies whose quaint cotillion is shattered by a dashiki. Refreshingly, the author loves his heroine, the "black and beautiful Yoruba," but once her virginity has been shed "'neath a rainbow at the end of love's horizon which was also the beginning," she becomes too good to be true, a Candide without an earthquake. We need to be told, along with the bad news, that "underprivileged" life has its ecstasies and fun, its respites and relativities and perspectives; Mr. Killens wants to tell us, and perhaps next time out he can clothe his generous intentions in less borrowed clothes than P. G. Wodehouse's old dinner jacket. For all its protestations, "The Cotillion" seems not so much Black as in Blackface.

Where Am I Now—When I Need Me? By George Axelrod (Viking). A frantic, coarse-grained, extravagant, wisecracking, self-indulgent, pitiless, and—paragraph by paragraph and sometimes even sentence by sentence—extremely funny novel by a writer who, like Finnegan, would make jokes at his own wake. The subject matter includes failed novelists and successful tarts, and the scene is mostly Hollywood in its present terminal (and therefore, to Axelrod, hilarious) condition.

GENERAL

Bring Us Together, by Leon E. Panetta and Peter Gall (Lippincott). Unaccountably, Mr. Panetta, the director of the Office for Civil Rights in H.E.W., chose to say very little at the time he was summarily fired by President Nixon for attempting to enforce the civil-rights laws at the expense of the Southern strategy. Instead, with the aid of his press secretary, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter who quit when Mr. Panetta was ousted, he chose to write this book describing what led up to the rupture. The book is vulgarly written ("It took gutsy guys to stand up to that kind of treatment"), and it is almost utterly ruined by the constant use of what purport to be verbatim quotations in the most improbable situations: "It was an ungodly hour of Saturday, maybe 7:00 A.M., when [Secretary Robert Finch called]. . . . I groggily reached for the receiver. 'Leon, I hear you were a smash. You'd better tell me what you said, because I have to face the same audience today.' With my head still on the pillow, and eyes closed, I repeated . . ." Most of the book describes in detail what any careful newspaper reader understood in general at the time



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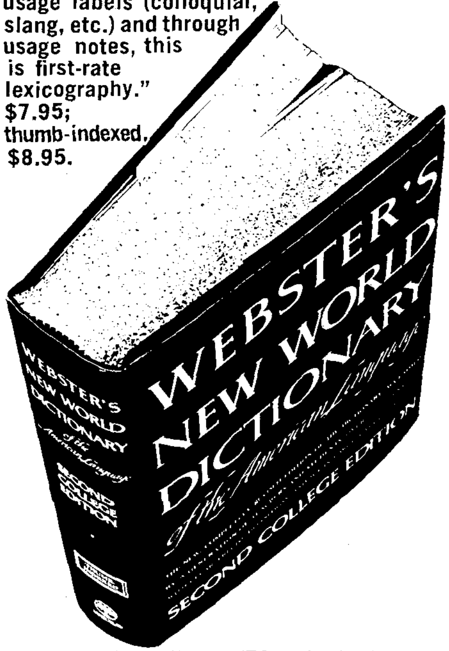
WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, Second College Edition, is "the best college dictionary I know,"* says John Barkham of the Saturday Review Syndicate. "In quality and precision of definitions," writes Carlton F. Wells, Professor of English, University of Michigan, "in up-dating of pronunciations, in functional illustrations, and in sound discriminations both through usage labels (colloquial, slang, etc.) and through usage notes, this is first-rate lexicography." $7.95; thumb-indexed, $8.95.



WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR

the events took place. Still, it amply demonstrates that the Nixon Administration has little feeling for black people, and it contains a few nuggets—none more glittering than the proposition that Hubert Humphrey planned on using a Southern strategy like Nixon's to beat Robert Kennedy at the Convention.

FOUR AGAINST THE BANK OF ENGLAND, by Ann Huxley (Citadel). In 1872, three young American men of strong larcenous instincts went to London to see if they couldn't take the Bank of England for some easy money. The hurdles were staggering (for one thing, the Bank did not deal with ordinary depositors, so maneuvering into a position from which to even launch a confidence scheme was an initial poser), but within six months they, and a fourth compatriot invited to come over and join the fun, had a hundred thousand pounds in cash neatly packed into suitcases and were ready to sail away; they would have, too, except for a little clerical error in one of their phony memorandum bills for discount. Instead, it was Old Bailey. The author has researched this old caper from newspaper files and court records; she is a somewhat pedestrian writer, but her careful reconstruction of the financial mechanics of the fraud is very well done. Illustrations.

ECONOMICS, PEACE, AND LAUGHTER, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin). These essays, written during the past decade, deal, as one would expect, with economics and politics; there are also some enchanting reminiscences of people the author knew, and of times and events in his own life. Mr. Galbraith cannot help sparkling, and his shine gives light: the essay "The Nixon Administration and the Great Socialist Revival" illuminates the present, as "How Keynes Came to America" illuminates the past.

OGDEN NASH

OGDEN NASH, who died last week, wrote three hundred and fifty-three verses for this magazine. The first one appeared in *The New Yorker* on January 11, 1930, and the last was accepted in March of this year, just before his final illness. There is no way to comment adequately upon such an enormous body of joyful, surprising, pointed, and always gentle poetry, and no way to express gratitude for a man who gratified four generations of readers. No way, perhaps, except to run the newest and last Nash verse here, and let it speak, comically and pointedly and now sadly, for all the others.

YOU STEER AND I'LL TOOT

Henry Henley had a hero, Henry the Navigator, that maritime-minded Portuguese prince,
Whom he wished to be the greatest navigator since.
Perhaps from this decision he might have divagated
Had he known, as you and I know, that Henry the Navigator never navigated.
Not only did he never navigate, he never even made a voyage—
He just had a lot of navigators in his employage.
But of the truth I am not an extravagator
When I say that even if Henry Henley had chosen Henry Hudson as his model he would never have been called the new Henry the Navigator.
None could deny Henry Henley's pluck,
But while yet a babe in the bath he couldn't even correct the course of a yawing celluloid duck.
Later, as a courting swain on the lake in Central Park, he attempted simultaneously to row and woo,
Thereby achieving temporary fame as the only adult unaccompanied by a child to ground out his boat in the Children's Zoo.
The day he was appointed to the steering committee of his yacht club his heart was light as a perfect chicken *vol-au-vent*,
But after a year of Henry's steering the club was hopelessly insolvent.
You might suppose that at this point he would have ceased to dream of being known as Henry the Navigator II and quietly dropped anchor,
But he didn't, and now he is captain of a spanking new seventy-thousand-ton tanker.

—OGDEN NASH

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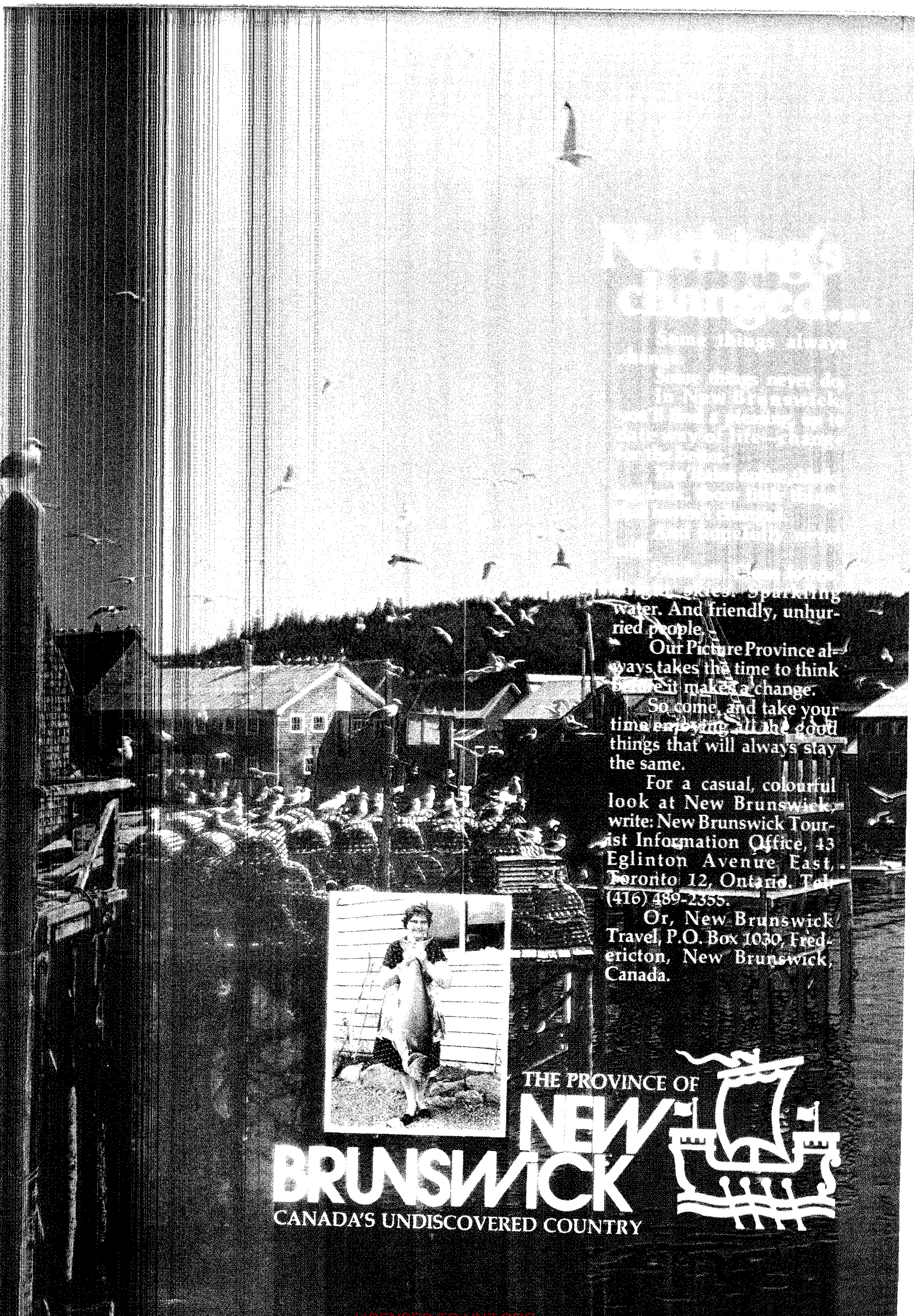

Nothing's changed...

Some things always change.

Some things never do.

In New Brunswick, you'll find a pleasing up to date way of life—change for the better.

[illegible]

And hopefully never will.

[illegible] bright skies. Sparkling water. And friendly, unhurried people.

Our Picture Province always takes the time to think before it makes a change.

So come, and take your time enjoying all the good things that will always stay the same.

For a casual, colourful look at New Brunswick, write: New Brunswick Tourist Information Office, 43 Eglinton Avenue East, Toronto 12, Ontario. Tel. (416) 489-2355.

Or, New Brunswick Travel, P.O. Box 1030, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

THE PROVINCE OF
NEW BRUNSWICK
CANADA'S UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

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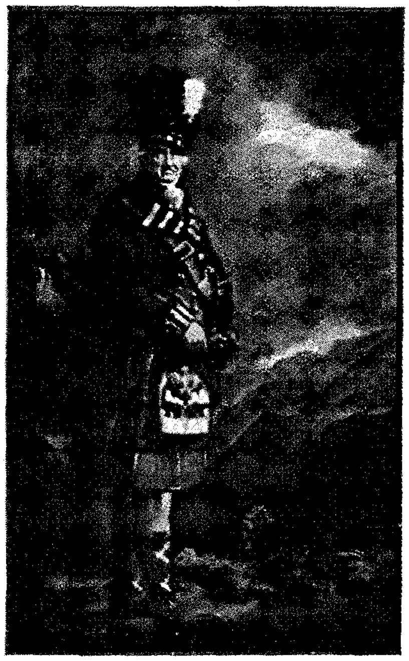
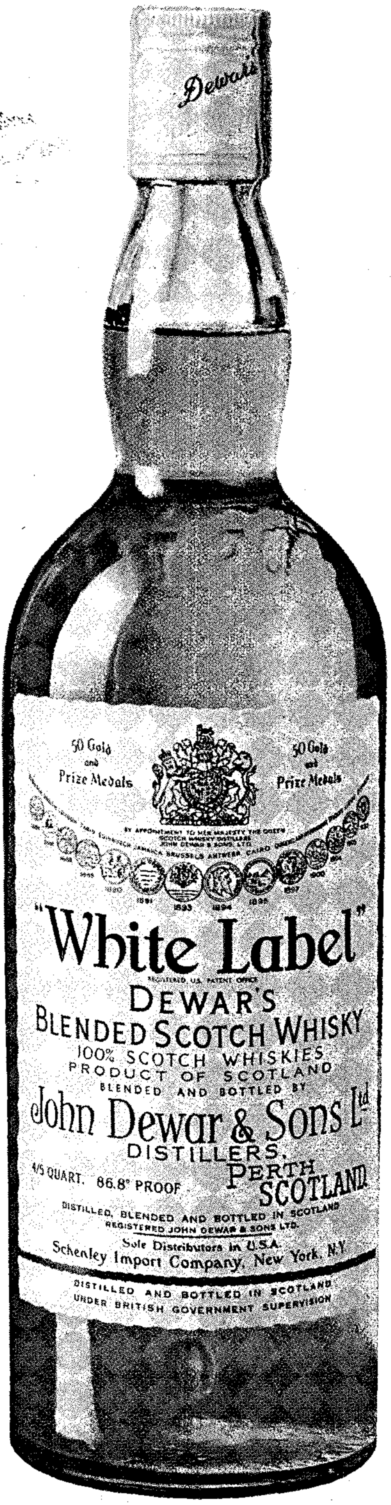
Authentic.

This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.

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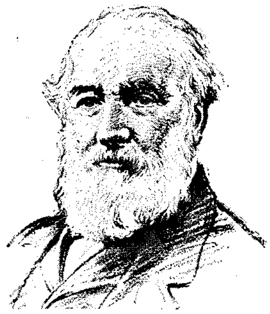
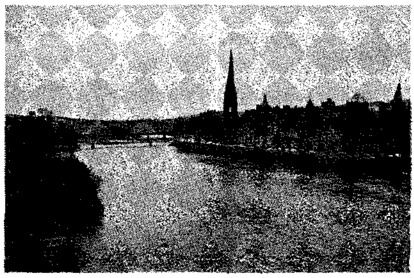
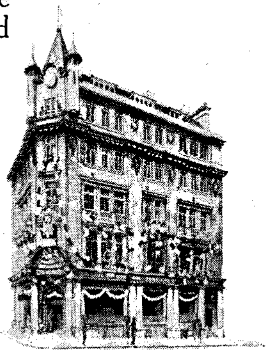


When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth. The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquillity. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.

Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantrey Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



Dewar's never varies

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.